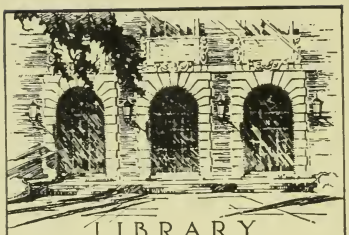
# A CHILD WIDOW



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
W66c
V. 3

# A CHILD WIDOW

A Novel

By MRS. F. H. WILLIAMSON
AUTHOR OF 'IN WHITE AND GOLD,' ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES
VOL. III.

London
CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY
1891

The presence of her is young sun-rise
That gladdeneth, and in wondrous wise
Glorifieth the earth and skies.

* * * * * * *

The memory of her is mellow light
In darkness, mingling something bright
With all things ; like a summer night.'

823
W66c
v. 3

# CONTENTS OF VOL. III.


| CHAPTER | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| XXVI. | JAYNES MAKES TERMS | 1 |
| XXVII. | A MESSAGE | 14 |
| XXVIII. | AT THE ACADEMY | 38 |
| XXIX. | TOO LATE | 62 |
| XXX. | ENLIGHTENED | 87 |
| XXXI. | MOTHER AND DAUGHTER | 112 |
| XXXII. | TOO GREAT A COST | 130 |
| XXXIII. | A GRANTED PRAYER | 147 |
| XXXIV. | A REVELATION | 169 |
| XXXV. | PLOTTING | 193 |
| XXXVI. | POOR MACHIAVELLI ! | 217 |
| XXXVII. | OPPORTUNITY | 228 |
| XXXVIII. | AT LAST | 248 |
| XXXIX. | FOREVER—NEVER | 267 |

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

http://www.archive.org/details/childwidow03will

# A CHILD WIDOW

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### JAYNES MAKES TERMS.

Mrs. Messiter heard the jar of the hall-door as it was sharply closed, and knew all hope was gone. Blindly she groped her way to where she had been sitting before, with something of the same instinct that sends a hare back to its 'form,' but half-way she stumbled against someone, and looking up in quick alarm saw it was Jaynes, who must have come in from the door of her writing-room, and perhaps had been standing there during the latter part of her interview with Mark Skene.

His expression was, as usual, inscrutable. Not the face of a small statuette of winged Apollo on a bracket just above his head was more devoid of meaning, nor apparently so oblivious of what he might have witnessed. But Elsie Messiter, who, like many other women, could not leave well alone, could not rest until she knew with certainty how long he had been there.

'What are you doing here?' she asked him harshly.

'You rang, madam.'

'It was for you to open the door for the Count.'

'I did that, madam, and then came up to see if you required anything else.'

'Another time do not be so officious. I want nothing. You may go.'

It was one more thorn in her flesh that her humiliation was not even a secret between herself and the man who had scorned her; and as Jaynes noiselessly withdrew, Mrs. Messiter, falling into a chair, burst into a flood of tears.

She had never been a very good woman: she had lived with her set, which was a rather free and easy one; and if her principles were a little higher than the principles of some of those who formed it, it was because the wealth of which she was mistress made her impervious to a great many temptations. From pride rather than a better motive her conduct had so far been above reproach. Any other than Mark Skene who had attempted to make light love to her would very sharply have been made aware of his mistake. But Mark Skene was the man she loved, and had she been the purest and most single-minded woman in the world, she could not have suffered more than she did now, knowing that her love was all in vain. Not years ago, when her heart was fresh, had she so bitterly deplored her loss; for then the pain had been shared with him, and the sorrow of that parting was not without its sweetness. This time he left her because he loved another, and so far as she was concerned—well, he probably

felt nothing but contempt, because she had allowed herself to be so easily gulled.

And she, no longer a girl, but a woman with strong feelings, loving desperately and without restraint, knew that his image was too deeply stamped upon her soul to be removed by anything but the quiet obliterating hand of Death. While she lived she must love him, and no thought of his unworthiness and want of love in return could influence her in the matter.

Her feelings had passed utterly beyond her control, and no sense of shame or anger with him for the duplicity he had practised helped to neutralize the one great all-pervading pain.

The man she loved had dealt her this cruel blow, and she had lost him for ever, for ever, for ever !

In her heart those two sad words — the saddest, most hopeless words that tongue can speak, since it is only grief that is certain and has in it the spirit of eternity—were echoed in sorrowful silence of despair.

Her sobs had ceased, and she was leaning back, pale and exhausted, when, an hour later, Jaynes, knocking carefully this time before he entered, presented her with a note that had just come by messenger from a club.

She opened it languidly and read it through :

'The Count thinks he may have dropped his purse here—a red leather one with black bands. Look if you can see it anywhere. Jaynes ; or wait, I will look myself.'

She rose and searched in desultory fashion the lounge where the Count had been seated, and on the floor between it and the door. Jaynes was re-arranging the cushions she had disturbed, when his quicker sight discovered what she had overlooked.

Her back was towards him, and his long lean fingers closed greedily upon his prey ; but for a moment he hesitated whether honesty were not, as he had declared only an hour or so ago, the better policy. Mr. Skene would suspect his guilt if the loss came to his ear ; and the purse, though it certainly looked

bulky, might be stuffed with papers of no value to anyone but the owner. If he restored it, the Count, being open-handed, would probably be good for a reward; and the credit would also be something worth. Yet the opportunity seemed too good to lose.

Mrs. Messiter was slowly raising herself from her stooping position, and in a moment would be facing him.

It was almost without his volition that the purse was transferred to his pocket; and he stood upright with a stolid countenance waiting for instructions.

'Tell the man it is not here. Count D'Esterre must have dropped it out of doors. And, Jaynes, bring me a glass of claret.'

She was gazing dreamily into the fire when he returned, and lifted her hand to take the glass without looking round, striking the edge of it as she did so, and causing it to overturn. The spilt wine was running over the salver, in another moment would have fallen

on a white fur rug just underneath, had not Jaynes, with a self-possession that did him credit, whipped out his handkerchief and sopped it up. Unfortunately for himself, however, he had forgotten that in the same pocket was the purse, and it fell to the ground with a dull thud.

On the white rug the scarlet leather showed clearly, and the black bands ; it had been too graphically described for there to be any possibility of mistake. Mrs. Messiter, her colour deepened from excitement, rose and laid her hand upon the bell.

'I had no idea I had a thief in my establishment. Have you any reason to urge that I should not give you in charge ?'

Jaynes laid the tray down on a table and came back to where he had stood before. It was the shortest space of time ; but he had come rapidly to a conclusion that his only chance was to face the matter out and make the best terms he could.

'I am at your mercy,' he said quietly.

'But I could be of service to you if you would hush the matter up and let me go unpunished.'

'I will not keep you another day,' she said quickly, the thought having struck her that in this there was a good excuse for ridding herself of one whose presence would always be a reproach to her.

'I do not ask it, madam. I can serve you better in another way.'

She waited for him to speak, and he had the good manners to turn away his head so as not to add to her confusion as he went on :

'It was not my fault that I was here to-day and heard what you and Mr. Skene said. I knew before he liked Miss Millicent Bell. I know someone else who likes her, and would have a better chance with her *if I told all I know!*'

Mrs. Messiter's quick intelligence grasped the situation. She felt at once that the coming revelation might supply exactly what was needed for her to eventually gain her own

end. Nothing but the marriage of Millicent with another would daunt Mark Skene in his pursuit of her. This girl removed irrevocably beyond his reach, there was no reason why she herself should not succeed in winning the man she loved, at the same time attaining a position she had long desired. Ambition and love would be alike satisfied in this case. It was not natural she would hesitate with such an object in view.

Slowly her hand relinquished its loose clasp of the bell ; and she dropped into her seat.

'Go on ; explain yourself.'

'It's Mr. Wolffe, the artist, who loves her. He was Sir Peter Cairne's nephew, and disinherited because of Lady Cairne ; but I have a document,' he added impressively, feeling a conviction that in attitude and manner he was bearing a resemblance to the heroes of his favourite yellow-backed books—'a letter Sir Peter wrote before he died, that would give him half the money at least, and put him in a position to be a dangerous rival to Mr. Skene.'

'You think she cares for him ?'

'Not a doubt of it, madam. I saw them talking together on the Marine Parade at Brighton, and anyone could have seen that they were lovers. He's not so handsome as Mr. Skene, but taller and finer-looking altogether ; more what a lady would fancy, in fact.' Again he betrayed a little of that second-hand knowledge of human nature which had come to him filtered through the medium of cheap literature.

'And the document ?'

'If you will trust me to go for it ?'

She nodded a careless permission. The exciting scenes through which she had passed had left her prostrate from reaction. It seemed almost immaterial to her then whether the man returned or no, since his disappearance would mean immunity from the dread of his repeating what he had seen ; and the hope that anything could be done to turn Mark Skene from his purpose was but a faint one.

But Jaynes came back after an absence of

only a few seconds. It was characteristic of the man that his usual civility was by no means abated, and he showed no sign whatever in his demeanour that anything out of the common was going on. Even the scrap of paper to which he attached such importance was handed to his mistress on a silver waiter like any ordinary note. She took it from him and with difficulty deciphered the wavering pencilled lines, scarcely legible now.

'I was wrong. The money was not mine to leave as I would. I know you thought so, and will be happier if you divide it with my wife's son. That is my wish.' And then underneath was scratched in still more uncertain characters: 'It would do him no harm to think he is a pauper for awhile.'

Mrs. Messiter folded this paper up and held it in her hand.

'And this is to be mine to do as I choose with, if I ignore what I know and send you away simply on the pretext that you do not suit me?' she asked thoughtfully.

'And do nothing to interfere with my getting another place,' he supplemented.

'I agree,' she answered. 'Go and pack your things at once.'

He stooped, and, picking up the leather purse, laid it down beside her.

'Keep it,' she said indifferently, regardless of the fact that it was not hers to give.

'My wages——'

'Will be sent to you presently in an envelope. I do not wish to see you again.'

'And the note I gave you is of some value? If I have been the means of justice being done at last——'

'I am afraid virtue must be its own reward. For your dishonesty you have been sufficiently well paid,' glancing at the well-filled purse in his hand.

He slipped it into his pocket with a silent bow and left the room. Once more Mrs. Messiter was free to pursue her own reflections, but was not now inclined to waste her time in idle thought.

The plan, once formed, was better laid in train at once, and sitting down at her writing-table, she hastily scribbled a few lines to Millicent, enclosing the note with a rather vague explanation as to how it had fallen into her possession.

This she concluded would bring the two together, and if it were true that they were lovers, it probably only needed a meeting between them to draw matters to the desired crisis. In any case, the girl would stand towards Wolffe in the light of a benefactor, and she had always understood that the sensation of having already benefited a man inclined a woman to wish to do even more for him. This was not her own experience, but then none, however varied the events of their lives, can expect every sensation to come within their ken.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### A MESSAGE.

Millicent's utter unselfishness had not been taken into account in the making of these plans.

When the contents of the note were first mastered, she naturally felt delighted for the artist's sake that he would be no longer hampered in his work by the want of money, or his nature warped by the idea that he had been unjustly treated; but almost instantly her thoughts reverted to Nancy. She saw at once how this would restore her peace of mind, and that it might also be the means of bringing about a better understanding.

It never entered her head that she might reserve to herself the task of telling Wolffe

of his changed fortunes, although she liked him well enough to recognise that this would be a real pleasure : Nancy's happiness was her only consideration.

Although the hour was late—the Curzon Chapel clock was already striking eight—she put on her hat and a loose wrap over her simple evening gown, to go over to Mount Street at once, as in Mrs. Messiter's note she had declared her intention of dining in her room, and Millicent could not eat nor drink until her mind was disburdened of this news.

She had to open the hall-door, as Jaynes was nowhere to be found ; but fortunately a hansom was passing, and without any difficulty she was transported to her destination.

'The ladies were alone at dinner,' she was told by the servant who answered her ring ; 'but if she would step into the drawing-room Lady Cairne would come to her.'

And before she had taken a seat, Nancy, who had heard her voice, rushed in, and in

her old impulsive fashion was kissing all the breath out of her, hugging her as though she would never let her go.

'You have come to dine? You are going to stop with me altogether? Millie, I knew you could not get on without me!' she cried triumphantly between these spasmodic marks of her affection.

'Let me go, child; how can I explain!' laughed Millicent, struggling to free herself; then, with a sudden impulse, caught her sister to her breast and kissed her fervently in return—an unusual demonstration that sobered Nancy instantly, and caused her to look up slightly awed.

'I don't want you to explain: you are here; that is enough,' she spoke softly.

'I have brought good news with me, which is better. Nancy, Sir Peter was not such a wretch as we thought, not so heartless or so unjust. He knew you would be happier if the fortune were divided, and he wrote to say that he wished Mr. Wolffe to have half.'

'*Wrote!* Millicent, do you know what you are saying?' She shivered a little, wondering if her sister were wandering in her mind. Perhaps it was fever, she thought suddenly, and drew her down on to a sofa, surveying anxiously her flushed face, the brightness of her eyes.

'You don't understand, dear; I dare say I was vague. Sir Peter left a note before he died, acknowledging he was wrong, and trusting to you to set the matter right. For some reason or other Jaynes secreted the letter and only gave it to Mrs. Messiter to-day, when he left her service. How all that happened is a mystery; but the letter itself is clear enough. Read it yourself.'

She gave it as she spoke, and Nancy grasped it, the thin paper rustling between her trembling fingers as she read it once, twice, and a third time, to be sure she was not mistaken.

'Mr. Wolffe must be told of this. I will send a note for him by a hansom, and ask him to come here to me at once to hear important

news. I will scribble a line now ; and Millie, you must stay and help me to persuade him. Go into my room and take off your hat.'

The writing of this letter, however, seemed a more serious business than supposed, for Millicent, having divested herself of her wraps, was found by Mrs. Rose and carried off into the dining-room. They had nearly finished their meal before Nancy joined them, with a rather lame excuse, and the air of having passed through some intense excitement.

She ate nothing and spoke at random when she spoke at all, which was only by fits and starts ; every minute she glanced at the clock, and the messenger had not been despatched a quarter of an hour before she suggested nervously that they should go into the other room, so that this one might be made ready for the visitor's advent.

'I would like to speak to him alone at first,' she said shyly, and looked anxiously in their faces to discern if they saw anything unusual in the desire.

'That is only natural, and he would prefer it, too,' said Millicent, her calm tones contrasting with her sister's fevered speech.

'And I am quite a stranger,' said Mrs. Rose, on whose mind a fuller comprehension of existing affairs was slowly dawning.

Nearly an hour elapsed before any response came to the summons sent; during this time Nancy paced the room impatiently, and every now and then drew aside the curtain to look outside.

She was wearing a white Indian muslin gown, relieved by heavy knots of black velvet which threw up the fairness of her skin and accentuated the colour that had come into her cheeks. There was no ornament, not even a flower, to take from the girlish simplicity of her attire, and Millicent was glad that she was looking so pretty, since the advantage of an attractive appearance is not to be despised in any encounter, friendly or otherwise.

She herself was very pale now. As the

enthusiasm which had filled her at first died away during the long time it seemed they waited, so her colour faded out, and her eyes, growing tired, showed signs of the tears she had shed that afternoon.

And there was a feeling, too, that she was outside of all this coming happiness; that Nancy would be farther away from her than ever if she married Wolffe; and she herself, with only a loveless life in prospect, would always have to 'look into Paradise through another's eyes.'

She felt weary and dispirited without any actual reason, so far as she could have told; and all three women had become strangely silent, when at last the sound of a hansom stopping at the door caused everybody to talk at once, and make rather extravagant efforts to appear at ease.

Mrs. Rose had given orders that the artist should be shown into the dining-room, and when the servant announced that he was there waiting, she looked straight at Nancy,

as though consciously applying a crucial test.

'I am coming,' was answered breathlessly; and with a sort of reined-in haste, little Lady Cairne made towards the door, pausing there a moment to glance back, shyly, yet with such a rapture in her face as surely woman never wore save for one only in the world.

She was absent some twenty minutes, and the two who remained behind talking with transparent indifference of passing events could hear through the thin wall a subdued murmuring of voices. The woman's was more clearly heard at first, though subsequently the man's dominated, and he seemed to have taken the law into his own hands and to be administering it freely to a listener, who must be in an unusually meek mood not to be taking even a fair share in the discussion.

Then came a short silence, and a moment or two later Nancy returned, all the brightness quenched in her eyes, and her pretty lips quivering like a scolded child's.

'It is no use,' despairingly. 'I said I would send you, Millicent, to speak to him; but it is all no use.'

'What good could *I* do?' in dismay.

'None, I believe. But it's our only chance. Millie.' She laid her cheek against her sister's shoulder, leaning up against her as though the contact were a comfort as well as a support, with a vague remembrance of the happy days when it was Millicent who always seemed able to work miracles on her behalf. 'Tell him he *must* take it. The burden of this money is weighing me down. It is too heavy for me to bear—alone.'

A sudden sense of what might be understood from her words sent the crimson once more surging through her cheeks.

'I mean,' she stammered hastily, 'that if he will take half, I could be happier with the rest.'

All this was a revelation to Mrs. Rose, whose notice not the flicker of an eyelash, nor faintest inflection of a tone, had escaped.

Millicent sighed and rose to do as she was

desired, without further comment, feeling strangely excited and unstrung as she passed out and into the presence of her sister's—could she say her *lover?* True, he had admired her sufficiently to follow her home and locate himself under her roof; to paint her picture twice and see her clandestinely day after day; but when it came to a question of marriage, whether or no he were actuated by pride or an unworthy motive of revenge because she had taken what was his by right, he had shown very clearly that he did not love Nancy.

He must have been trifling with her always, and yet the face to which her own was upraised did not seem to be that of a trifler. There was honest gladness in the bright blue eyes that gazed down upon her; his hand held hers so tightly that the only ring she possessed, which had been her mother's, pressed into and wounded the tender flesh.

'I wondered if I were ever to see you again,' he ejaculated eagerly.

'London is big enough for a person to be lost in. I dare say we might not have met again, only that Nancy asked me—I mean, she thought I might influence you a little. She is very unhappy about this money.'

'Unnecessarily so. I am no longer in need; and I have tasted the sweets of independence. I could not make her understand.'

Millicent did not see very clearly how to reconcile this statement with the fact which was asserted, that he had gone to Marine Square, and kept his presence there a premeditated secret for the purpose of looking after his own interests. Anything less mercenary than his attitude now could not be imagined. Yet Mark Skene would not have spoken so strongly at the time unless he had been sure.

'What is puzzling you so? Are you wondering how I have suddenly attained a position from whose altitude I can look down on and despise a fortune?'

'Of course you have as much as you had

before Sir Peter died, and therefore are in a measure independent; but——'

'I will tell you something now that I would not for the world you should have known before. Sir Peter's death left me penniless, and I have lived since then only by my brush. It was a hard struggle at first, but lately things are looking very bright. I sold some pictures when I was at my last gasp, and the work on which I am ready to stake my reputation is accepted by the Academy. I have the assurance of the President himself that it will be well hung.'

She held out her hand frankly in congratulation.

'Indeed — indeed! I am very glad,' she said earnestly, her face reflecting his own bright smile.

'It is a pleasure to hear you say so. I have so often thought of our last interview at Brighton, when you told me I must not fail; and I resolved if flesh and blood could achieve success I would do it, if only to prove

your words were not unheeded. There is so much I could tell you, that I want to tell you, if you would listen.'

What a strange thing is this love that takes possession of a man's heart and overturns his reason, so that white to him is dense and sombre black, and black has all the glory of a rising sun!

A moment before Nancy, a radiant vision of soft loveliness, had stood before him, and Wolffe had been utterly unmoved, only feeling that pity for her distress which comes readily from a true man to the call of any child or woman who is in pain or sorrow.

Now Millicent—in a plain mourning gown, that in no way heightened her charms or even became them, with lace draped across her arms and bosom, jealously hiding their snowy whiteness, pale, and making no effort to please—stirred his heart to its very depths. She seemed to him the fairest vision that had ever gladdened his sight. He would have given all his hopes of fame to then and there

have taken her in his arms and kissed the pallor of her face into warmth and brightness.

Ignorant as she was of all that was moving him, Millicent felt that there was too much impressiveness in his manner, and drew up her slim neck in something like displeasure.

'I am afraid I must not wait longer now. Nancy is anxious to hear that you will accept the atonement Sir Peter wished to make. It would show you had forgiven him and her.'

'They are both forgiven long ago. As for the money, it is unlikely I would take it now, when I have a fair hope of success, having refused it when I was in actual need.'

'You did not know of this note before?'

'Jaynes offered it to me *at a price* some weeks ago. You may be sure he would not have given it up if he had not proved it worthless so far as I was concerned. I did not tell Lady Cairne this, nor did I mean to tell you, but somehow'—boyishly—'I seem to tell you everything.'

'There is no one who has your welfare

so sincerely at heart as Nancy,' Millicent answered loyally, though she felt that she was blushing and was angry at the foolishness of attaching so much importance to a purely friendly remark.

'I believe that. For her sake, to ease her conscience of what really ought never to oppress it, I could almost wish that my pride would allow me to accept the money. But it won't. I suppose I am pigheaded and unreasonable altogether. You see, I feel the money was mine by *right* because it was my father's, and only left in trust by my mother to her second husband, whom she believed to be the soul of honour. I cannot accept it as a *gift* from either Sir Peter or'—his voice softened a little—'or your sister.'

'I know. It is natural that you should feel aggrieved about it, even morbidly so. Nancy is unhappy, too. Her one desire has always been that the wrong should be made right.'

He had been standing with his back to the

large lamp on the dinner-table, and now, half turning, the light shone full upon his face, and showed no trace of any such feeling as she had ascribed to him. It was bright with health and spirits, and as he met her glance he returned it with one so 'fiercely kind' that she started, while a suspicion, utterly new, and even now scarcely formed, flashed across her mind. She moved restlessly, as though hinting it was time to go; but if he saw her action he ignored it, and answered her with gentle gravity:

'It is not so bad as you think. The loss of my patrimony was a blow, of course; but the injury was not dealt me by one whom I loved, and therefore leaves no bitterness. Sir Peter and I were enemies from the first. I never expected favour from him, only justice.'

'And got not even that.'

'I don't regret it now. It is pleasant to think I am succeeding by dint of my own exertions. These last few days have been the happiest I have known for years, culminating

*in this*'—with an expressive glance into her face, over which the shadows moved and deepened, giving it a strange seriousness and a shrinking consciousness something like fear.

'And *Nancy!*' she said timidly, feeling they must not stray from the matter that had brought her here. 'Must I tell her that you will accept nothing from her hands; not even now, when it is by Sir Peter's own wish she offers it?'

'It is very hard to refuse *you*.'

'But you *do* refuse? I must tell her so; she will be in suspense.' She moved to the door, and held out her hand in farewell.

He took it and held it in a firm clasp.

'Tell her this, too,' he said earnestly, 'that in a few days, if vanity and hope are not misleading me altogether, I shall go to the woman I love and ask her to share my lot. I want all that I can offer then to be my own, won by the work of my own hands, and for the future also I wish her to depend on me. If she knew how I have set my heart on this,

she would not even wish to deprive me of the pleasure.'

His voice was low and broken with emotion. Had Millicent looked up she would have known the truth. As it was, she was vaguely disturbed, although she told herself it was sympathy with the lovers, and pain because she herself had never entered love's kingdom, and would have to remain without its confines all her life.

It was as though unwittingly she had laid her hands upon electric wires, and the current which was passing from one part of the country to another, ignorant of her existence, even so for a moment thrilled her veins with magnetic force, and left her powerless to move or speak.

'Good-bye till then,' he said, all his soul in his eyes, though he reluctantly relinquished the little fingers that had lain trembling in his own.

'Good-bye; I will give your message,' she said gently, and was gone.

Nancy was alone in the drawing-room

when she went in, and word for word she repeated what had passed between herself and Leslie Wolffe.

In his presence, confused by his impulsive warmth, the ardour of his glance as he spoke, not of her, but of another, it had been impossible to divest herself of a sense of her own personality. Now that he was gone, and Nancy's upturned face drank in eagerly all she had to say, she did not doubt she had been only a messenger—a go-between. It was easier to speak of such things to a confidant than to her who was most concerned in the matter, since there was to be no clearer understanding yet.

In that case, it was natural he should choose Nancy's elder sister to confide in, and she remembered with some satisfaction that he had always cared to tell her about himself and his own feelings. That day in Brighton she had also been deeply interested in the hearing, more so than to-night, when the subject he had chosen seemed almost too

sacred to share with anyone outside. That was why she had felt so absurdly shy and embarrassed all through the interview.

Nancy, however, did not see the unfitness of it. She was too happy to find fault with anything he had said or done, secure in the thought that he had only waited to tell her of his love until he was in the way of making his own living, irrespective of the fortune that had threatened to be a barrier between them.

She was absolutely, ridiculously happy, and could only laugh, and blush, and hide her face on Millicent's breast as she listened to all she had to tell. Even in the solitude of her room she would not look at her own reflection in the glass, and was glad to put out the light and be alone—quite alone with this new delight.

She was lying in the darkness, her hot face pressed against the grateful coolness of her pillow, when a tap came to her door, and Mrs. Rose asked for admittance.

'In bed already, and in the dark! How quick you were! I heard you come upstairs.'

'I forgot to say good-night,' she answered humbly, aware that she had forgotten everything in one bewildering thought.

'That is why I came. I wonder if I could find a chair?' She felt about with her hands, and presently found one close to the bed.

'Shall I light a candle?'

'No: perhaps one can talk better in the darkness, and I have something to say.'

Nancy breathed a little sigh of relief. She did not want anyone to see her tell-tale face, and was glad, too, that apparently her visitor did not mean to ask questions, but intended to state something on her own account.

'I have been thinking over your wish to stay in town through the season. The season has begun already, so it is time we came to some conclusion. I am quite willing to stay, and, of course, you will be with me?'

'You are very good to me.' A small warm hand stole into Mrs. Rose's and pressed it convulsively.

'It is a very easy virtue. Do you know' —with a laugh that in the darkness sounded forced and with no merriment—'I fancied at first it was because of *Oliver Pontifex* you did not wish to go away.'

Nancy's laugh was very evidently unstrained. It rang out clear and bell-like. There was no possibility of mistaking that it arose from honest amusement at the idea.

'How absurd! What made you imagine that?'

'It was not utterly unlikely. He is a very popular man with women—wonderfully so.'

'H--h—m,' came doubtfully from the bed. 'I don't understand it myself. He is like somebody's common-place book. I am not sufficiently well read to know if he is always quoting, but it sounds as if he were, and it fatigues me.'

'You mean he talks too much?' This was said with an accent of offence.

'Oh dear no! it is only that he talks too *well*. He is not like some men, who when

they have nothing to say, *say* it—an irretrievable mistake. I think there is something very effective in his silences.'

'Ye—es,' with a long-drawn breath.

And then presently Mrs. Rose asked :

'I have thought that he seemed to be paying you a good deal of attention lately. He was here twice this week, and yesterday was with you quite an hour alone. I—I suppose he admires you very much.'

'I think he is trying to make me think so. But, Carry, I could never like a man like that ; he is so worldly, so artificial—so utterly untrue. I dare say he never made an unstudied speech in his life, or one without a motive. But forgive me, I ought not to say this. He was a friend of yours once, I remember. You liked him.'

'Yes, I—I liked him,' Mrs. Rose assented, with a bitter smile that the darkness hid, as it hid the sudden movement of her hand to her breast.

'And, of course, I know so little about men. It may be my fancy that he is fickle

and untrustworthy. How could I tell you in so short a time, and not being much interested in the subject? You have more experience—you would be the better judge.'

'Instinct is often more trustworthy than knowledge; but I don't think either helps one much when the heart is touched. One grows blind to facts, deaf to reason, and altogether foolish.'

Nancy felt, without comprehending, the sadness in her tone, and, throwing her pretty bare arms about her, kissed her warmly.

'Carry, why don't you write and make your husband come back? You must be so lonely and unhappy! He *ought* to be with you. You don't think me impertinent for saying so?' anxiously.

'I think you are a very wise little woman,' said Mrs. Rose, while something like a sob escaped her, that was immediately converted into a half-laugh. 'I am going now; I have bothered you long enough. Go to sleep, dear, and dream—of whom you please.'

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### AT THE ACADEMY.

Mark Skene had feared that, as he had so very plainly shown his hand, his visits to Curzon Street would have to be discontinued, but, aware that absence would do his cause no harm, resigned himself to the thought that for some days, at least, he could not hope to see Millicent again. He wrote to her and expressed to her something of what had occurred, taking care that his own conduct was displayed to the best advantage; and when a few mornings later he received a feminine-looking billet, he first thought it was an answer. But a glance at the fine handwriting, with its elaborate flourishes, undeceived him, and he opened it with languid indifference to

ts contents changing countenance a little when he saw it was from Mrs. Messiter.

The shame and the despair she had felt since he had abruptly left her in her own drawing-room had resulted in a feverish unrest she believed nothing but his presence would abate. If this knife must pierce her heart, she would rather with her own hand turn it in and aggravate the wound, than remain quiescent under such punishment. It would be better to see him make love to Millicent under her very eyes than not see him at all; and how could she bear the suspense of not knowing how the affair progressed, whether he were destined to woo successfully or no?

The note, although it seemed dictated by the purest impulse, was really the outcome of serious deliberation:

'My dear Mr. Skene,

'I was very foolish the other day, and said a great deal more than I meant. I hope you will think no more about it, or put it

down to the hysteria to which all we poor women-folk are subject. Don't let it alter our old friendship. When are you coming to see us again? We have tickets for the Private View this afternoon; if by happy chance you are equally favoured, perhaps you would escort us to the Academy.

'Yours always sincerely,

'Elsie Messiter.'

It happened that Mark Skene knew intimately the critic of an art journal—a man who disliked crowds, and would especially avoid one which would consist principally of those who desired favourable notices from his pen, and might prove troublesome in pursuit of this desire. He was certain to have a card of admittance, and it was equally certain that it would not be used; so that, if not given away already, it would be, Skene knew, at his disposal.

He drove rapidly to the man's chambers, and found he had gone out; then to his club,

where he was fortunate enough to find him at luncheon; but the card was lying at his chambers, and they had to drive back there to get it, the great critic suffering himself to be torn from the pleasures of the table, which his soul loved far more than literature or art.

'My dear fellow, don't thank me,' he said, laughing at the other's intense gratitude. 'If *you* like being thrown on the biggest daub in the room and kept there hemmed in, because there are no policemen to make the savages "move on"; if *you* like men who are all talk and women who are all sleeves, and for this occasion only are content to listen and be admired—go, by all means. But don't fancy you are depriving *me* of a treat. Wild horses would not drag me there.'

All this, however, had taken time, and it was late when Skene arrived at Curzon Street and found Mrs. Messiter and Millicent just sallying out, while behind them came D'Esterre, exquisitely dressed, and with an elaborate buttonhole in his coat.

'We had given you up,' said Mrs. Messiter, paling a little, and glancing apprehensively from one man to the other. But, to her relief, they seemed on excellent terms, and a rapid word or two was exchanged, which seemed to give the last comer very evident satisfaction.

'We will go in two hansoms. That is the best plan, don't you think so?' she asked deprecatingly, and looked an invitation Skene might from motives of policy have accepted, had he not turned round and seen Millicent at the same moment being helped into one of the hansoms by the Count, who evidently proposed to follow.

Their glances met, and hers seemed to beg his interference. At once he responded to the appeal.

'If you will allow me, I will go with Miss Bell. I have something to say to her,' he said to Mrs. Messiter, and not waiting for her answer, in a moment was at the Count's side explaining to him, in a curt, resolute way there

was no gainsaying, what was to be the arrangement.

Though he saw a dangerous glitter in the foreigner's eyes, as with outward courtesy he assented, it passed out of Mark Skene's mind in a moment when Millicent thanked him gently, and looked more gratitude than the mere words expressed. He was encouraged to risk all while she was in so favourable a mood, and, moreover, felt that now others knew his intentions it was better she should know them too beyond mistake.

It was a short drive to Burlington House, and though the crush might be calculated upon to give them an extra few minutes alone, there was no time to be lost.

'Millicent, will you let me take care of you altogether?' he asked softly, in the low, caressing tones she knew well, but which had never moved her, and left her cold now, though she started and turned pale.

They were so close together that he felt the movement and interpreted it aright; but

having gone so far he knew he must go on, even if in so doing he courted a refusal.

'I know you do not love me; and if you had been happy I would not have asked you to reconsider the denial you gave me nearly two years ago. But you are *not* happy, you are not even free from annoyance where you are; while with me you would at least take your proper position and be safe. I would give my life to make yours easier.'

His voice was full of repressed feeling, his words were manly and well chosen, with just the right amount of dignity. Not the most passionate appeal could have touched her so much nor so impressed her with a sense of his worth.

'I think,' she exclaimed impulsively, 'you are the best man I ever met! There is no one so unselfish nor so true. You are only considering *my* happiness, but yours, too, is to be considered.'

'That you can secure to me by a word,' quickly.

'You deserve something better than a loveless wife.'

'The love would come—if—you care for no one else.'

She shook her head, confused a little, without any assignable cause.

'There is no one, of course,' she said hastily.

'Then let me have my chance. I will not be impatient nor unreasonable, I promise. I am your friend still, as well as lover; only I shall have more right to protect you and care for you if you tell me that some day you will be my wife.'

There was no reply; but when he laid his hand on hers and it was not withdrawn, he knew the battle was half won. She, too, was conscious of self-surrender, and the feeling chilled her, as if she had stepped out of the open sunshine into a cold vault with iron doors. His warm hand-clasp to her excited fancy seemed a fetter; she could scarcely breathe with him so near, and did not even glance his way.

They had got into a block of carriages, and were crawling along so slowly that any lover-like amenities were impossible with people passing to and fro, most of them tempted to look twice at the sweet, pale face that was so pained in its expression.

'You have made me very proud. I will make you happy if I can,' he whispered.

She turned towards him and tried to smile, but her face was almost instantly again averted. How was it, she wondered, that she could compel no warmth, not even into her manner, which she knew was icily reserved ?

When Wolffe had spoken to her of his love for Nancy, she had trembled and thrilled in sympathy with all he said, even now at the remembrance she was flushing ; with her own lover, the man who had been so faithful, no statue could be colder. A sense of her own shortcomings in this respect made her shyer and more silent ; while Skene was beginning to realize that not the most devoted lover

could go on protesting for ever without even a monosyllable in reply.

Neither was quite at ease; nor was Skene actually sorry when at last the hansom stopped, and the irritation he had found it impossible altogether to repress subsided when, as he helped her out, he encountered her soft gaze, and it seemed at once to confess and beg absolution for a fault.

Very ready to forgive what, indeed, he only reluctantly admitted to himself had needed pardon, he smiled reassuringly, and talked of more indifferent matters as they went up the steps to give her time to recover.

The presence of Mrs. Messiter and the Count, who joined them at once, and remained near them most of the time, would also have prevented any lover-like attentions had all other circumstances been propitious. Yet to the passionate exultation in his eyes neither of the onlookers could have been blind, nor to the air of appropriation that crept into his manner where Millicent was concerned. She

also was embarrassed, and spoke only when actually addressed. She did not look happy. There was a wistfulness in her expression, and so apparent an anxiety to please, that the most careless of observers must have guessed she did not love the man who loved her.

Mark Skene, ordinarily shrewd enough, now that his feelings were so deeply involved, showed no more perspicacity than the rest of his sex on like occasions. In spite of constantly-recurring doubts and fears, he inclined to believe it was only natural modesty that made her eyes droop so suddenly when he glanced at her, and the faint colour to deepen in her cheek. The coldness he could not fail to detect might also be caused by shyness, that in a few days would wear away as she grew accustomed to the fact of this change that had come into her life. Being so reserved, he could not have expected her to care for him, while with intention he had refrained from appearing to encroach upon the bounds of friendship ; but now that he could

throw off the mask and fight under true colours, he did not despair of winning her affection. Always having been successful with women, he did not doubt his own powers when they could be put forth without repression. It is in the nature of women eventually to love those who love them, since by circumstances and custom they are generally debarred from independent choice. Even when they incline to fancy one man more than another, the chances are that they adapt themselves to the necessities of the case. Millicent had never even cared for any other. She had declared so much only a short time before, and he could trust her word. Knowing all her past, he felt certain that her heart was a fair unsullied page on which there was no reason he should not be the first to inscribe his name. Once written, he could be confident no other would be allowed to deface it. Unscrupulous himself, and holding lightly the laws of truth and honour when, without fear of detection, they could be ignored or

summarily broken, he yet appreciated to the full Millicent's nobility of character, and yielded intense admiration to the virtues he had never tried to emulate. Even the devils respect goodness. That the heart should know its own wickedness is surely a part of purgatorial pain; and in that hell which looms before us, bearing to each a different aspect according to his creed, the knowledge that others are better than ourselves, therefore happier, will no doubt be one of the penalties of sin.

'Is that to be what you call "a case"?' asked the Count of Mrs. Messiter—like most foreigners, eager to show his knowledge of the language by a profuse employment of its idioms.

She smiled and raised her eyebrows.

'Who knows? How is it possible to calculate what a girl will say or do? I have no patience with girls—I can scarcely believe that I ever was one myself. I'm sure I hope it won't be remembered against me.'

'*He* seems sufficiently serious.'

'Oh yes! The more so, no doubt, because she does not care for him. How is it all you men find pleasure in lavishing devotion where not desired? Is it that you like as much illusion as possible about your 'bright, particular star,' and that it is easier to imagine a halo round the head that is held high above your reach?'

Though she tried to speak indifferently, he knew that she was not feeling so by a hardness in her voice, and the glance she directed towards the two that were only a little way ahead of them, which showed plainly the animosity she felt. D'Esterre judged her wrath against them to be as implacable as his own—though his was the better veiled, more under his control. His hatred had not once been love, and was therefore not so strong, since there is nothing so sour to the taste as what has been very sweet. It suited his purpose that Skene should marry Millicent, as he had no serious intention himself, and he knew that in him he had a very dangerous



U. OF ILL. LIB.

rival with the widow ; but his fiery temperament would not brook the slight he imagined he had just received, and at any cost he meant to be revenged.

'Every man thinks differently, of course. For my part I prefer—less halo. I suppose Mr. Skene is well off—can afford to marry?'

'He has about two thousand pounds a year and a small estate.'

'And the lady has nothing but her good looks. A very fair exchange. And he is no doubt aware of the advantages he offers; that would account for his triumphant glances, his air so confident.'

'Too confident,' muttered Mrs. Messiter, with an unconscious touch of melodrama in her tone and attitude.

The Count smiled and bent lower, not to be overheard by those who constantly passed and repassed them—flitting from one picture to another to gather a cursory knowledge of all the principal ones in as short a time as possible.

'You are very right,' he remarked pleasantly. 'It is when one is most certain of success the prize escapes us: between the cup and the lip there is the slip. Somehow,' he added, with venom that established a *camaraderie*, 'I do not think Miss Bell will ever be his wife.'

Looking up into his face, she at once read his meaning, and breathed a little quickly from excitement as she asked:

'You are very friendly with him?'

'We have interests in common. He has a desire to speculate, and not much acquaintance with the matter, so it is necessary he should consult someone wiser—or more experienced, I should have said. He places implicit reliance on my judgment.'

'Which I hope may not bring him to any grief,' laughing harshly.

'I hope so, too,' airily; 'but—I have a doubt.'

'And I have none,' she answered.

Separated from their companions for this

short time by the crowd, Millicent and Skene, with no particular object in view, had suffered themselves to be carried along in the direction towards which others seemed to be hurrying.

'Sir Frederick says it will be one of the pictures of the year,' Millicent heard a lady say as she pushed by; and then someone who knew him spoke to Skene, and she went slowly on alone and found herself presently opposite to a large oil painting which represented the introduction of Proserpine to Hades, and on whose gilt frame was inscribed, in vivid scarlet letters:

'THEIR FUTURE QUEEN.'

Amongst her new strange subjects, whose sin-wearied countenances were stamped with the sorrow of experience, the indelible marks of those cruellest emotions, remorse, despair, the face of the daughter of Ceres looked like an angel's face. The lurid light, that pierced the all-prevailing gloom, and was in harmony with the distorted phantoms and

shadowy shapes it illumined, made apparent, too, the curiosity of the crowd who were pressing one against another in their eagerness to see their monarch's bride, who, living, had come amongst the dead, against her will penetrating the mysteries of the unseen.

Pluto himself, dark and stalwart, with the subtle strength lacking which he could not for an hour have ruled that motley crew, stood beside her, resolute and grim, yet his expression softened for the moment by the passion which has made strong men as children in the hands of one woman, while through it they have become heroes or traitors and renegades, as the influence over them was evil or benign.

The sulphurous fumes that ascended from an open-mouthed pit and enwrapped some of the faces near him like a vaporous veil, leaving every feature distinct, yet giving an expression of something still concealed, had not risen higher than his waist, and left the

massive chest and shoulders, the columnal throat that supported his magnificent head, clearly shown in a brilliant crimson glow.

And in contrast with this richness and warmth of colour, on the white-robed girl beside him there fell a pure, pale ray that must have stolen in through a passage to the earth, by the road, perhaps, they had travelled in such haste ; or was it a stray sunbeam from fair Enna's plains, that clung lovingly to the slim form, on whom only a few moments before had been shed a very wealth of brightness ? On Proserpine's sweet face still shone its faint reflection ; and the flowers in her hand, though they drooped, were not yet killed by the stifling atmosphere. She was a revelation of light and loveliness such as those unfavoured regions had not known before, and stood amongst them, yet not of them, a thing apart—so fresh and fair against the grim old granites and igneous rocks—the very spirit of Spring coming when earth is winter-bound and waits expectant for her first trembling touch.

Lilies were in her hands, those at her feet were changed to daffodils—

> 'That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty.'

As she stood, the dawning grace of womanhood in her pose, her face was child-like still, her expression was surprised; like one who, though taken by sheer force into Love's terribly vast kingdom, when shown the treasures garnered there, forgets to be afraid.

Every line of her exquisite figure declared the dignity of innocence, though in her eyes were possibilities of passion slumbering yet; while her mobile mouth was sweet with tender curves.

Millicent's heart beat fast as she surveyed the picture with a thought it required the speech of others to formulate.

Two men, whose evident interest in what they saw betrayed that they were artists too, were talking of it close beside her.

'He was looked upon as an amateur almost. No one guessed he had so much in him,

though he has devoted his whole life to it in a dilettante fashion. They say he has lost his money and has set to work in earnest; if so, the world will be the gainer. There is undoubted power in this picture—a marvellous delicacy of touch and purity of colour. The girl's figure is very true to nature, and full of poetry. I should say he must have been in love with his model.'

'Hush!' said the other in a warning voice. 'Unless I am much mistaken, *there she is.*'

Shrinking from the notice she was already attracting, Millicent turned hurriedly away, and as Mark Skene at that instant came up, she endeavoured to distract his attention: but in an instant he had recognised the likeness of the central figure to herself—a likeness that had grown insensibly and without the artist's intention—and his eyes flashed indignation.

'Whose picture is it? Did you know?' he asked, for the first time adopting the masterful tone of an accepted lover.

'It must be Mr. Wolffe's. But I never sat for it. It is a fancy sketch,' she protested.

'Bearing such a marked resemblance to yourself that no one could mistake it. It is the greatest impertinence I ever heard of, and of a piece with his conduct all through.'

'You have no right to say that,' she returned hotly, in defence of the absent. 'You never knew him; we did, and have thought highly of him always. His only fault was in coming under our roof as he did; and whether that were because of Sir Peter being there, or because of Nancy——'

'Don't you think,' he said, with a sardonic gleam showing a moment as he glanced at her beneath his heavy eyelids, 'we might abandon that very shallow pretence? I have suspected before, and now I am quite sure it was not Nancy he was in love with, but —yourself.'

Flushing warmly, and not deigning to reply to the insinuation which was evidently intended, that she had not been unaware

of the fact he so confidently asserted, Millicent brushed past him and joined Mrs. Messiter, not to leave her side again. It was she who suggested that they should walk home, not drive; and so soon as they reached the house she ran straight upstairs to her room, not turning to see if her lover followed her indoors or no.

Not until she was alone, and secure from intrusion, did she dare to consider whether there were anything of truth in the statement which had so disturbed her.

Had she been blind all this time, or only now deceived? Was it because Leslie Wolffe loved her he had been so cold to Nancy, and had she misunderstood the meaning of all he said only a few nights before? This was a question that caused her face to flame, and all the strength to leave her limbs, as she leant breathlessly against the wall, her hands clasped nervously above her heart. Then another question arose which she literally dared not face.

If this strange thing were true, and she had known it before to-day, would it have affected the answer she had given Mark Skene? Would she, when he pleaded his cause, have still said 'Yes' or 'No'?

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### TOO LATE.

WHATEVER anger Mark Skene felt when, after lingering nearly an hour in the luxurious small room in Curzon Street, he had at last to depart without seeing Millicent again, evaporated when sober reflection warned him that his hold upon her was not very firm, and that there was a chance of the bonds breaking altogether were he to attempt to exercise an undue pressure.

During the wakeful hours in the night, when everything gloomy becomes more sombre of hue, he pictured her so far resenting his conduct as to consider herself released from her recent and hasty promise to be his wife, and bitterly deplored his own rash-

ness in risking the loss of what he had won with such difficulty. Nor did the knowledge that he had a rival tend to restore his equanimity; it immeasurably increased his discomfort to remember that if he failed now the artist would profit by his failure; that he had already been playing his game for him in letting Millicent know of his attachment.

On second thoughts, he believed she had not guessed Wolffe loved her, nor did he doubt that she had been honest in declaring that she cared for no one else; but hearts are made of inflammable material, and it may have needed only just this spark to set hers alight. If so, his was the blame, as his would be the unutterable anguish of disappointed hope. No boy of twenty-two could have tossed and turned more restlessly when at last, after hours of pacing to and fro, he tried to seek refuge from his fever in sleep; and it was scarcely eleven in the morning when, unable longer to bear the suspense, he sallied forth, and vainly

endeavouring to guide his footsteps in any other direction, found himself at last in front of the house which sheltered the woman he loved, and also the woman who loved him.

Both were together in the drawing-room when he was announced, and the friendly platitude on Mrs. Messiter's lips incontinently died away as, barely touching her outstretched hand, he hurried to where Millicent was standing confused and downcast, though no blush relieved the deadly pallor of her cheeks.

He only spoke the ordinary 'How d'ye do,' but his eyes spoke volumes ; and he opined that he had not fallen irretrievably in her favour, from the docility with which she allowed him to retain her slim cool fingers.

Mrs. Messiter, standing in the centre of her own room momentarily forgotten, reminded them by a discreet cough that some explanation was due ; and Mr. Skene was the first to recognise her claim to be taken into their confidence.

'Millicent,' he asked gently, not relaxing his

tender pressure, 'have you told Mrs. Messiter the honour you have done me? Does she know that you have promised to be my wife?'

The glance she gave him was as if a startled doe flying to a refuge found herself trapped in the meshes of a poacher's net, with no hope of disentanglement. Something she had trusted to his generosity, believing he would understand that yesterday she had sought his aid as a *friend;* but if he were to be her lover it was from him she needed most protection; for she did not love him—indeed, in trying to awake a warmer feeling, the old aversion she thought was conquered re-awakened.

'I have said nothing,' she returned faintly.

'Whom am I to congratulate? You, or you, or both?' asked the widow, looking from one to the other, reading the thoughts of each without difficulty.

'Me most, of course,' gallantly from the man; while the girl made no happy protest, or even in jest assented.

'From a feminine point of view I think it should be you, Miss Bell. We women are happier always with a home of our own, and if all I hear is true, you have secured a very charming one. Though I have endeavoured to make you comfortable while with me, no doubt you will find a great change—and be wise enough to appreciate it.'

With this parting shaft the widow left them.

To Mark Skene the arrow went straight home. He had all a man's reluctance to admit even in his heart that without other advantages he himself would not have been irresistible ; and that his marriage should appear, even to outsiders, as a mercenary match galled him as much as it was intended to do.

Millicent was almost indifferent to the accusation, conscious that no thought of what she would gain so far as money or position was concerned had moved her in the least degree. If Mrs. Messiter's speech had

any effect on her at all, it was to make her feel that she ought to be very grateful—and was not.

'I want you to forgive me for what I said yesterday,' murmured Skene as the door closed.

'Don't let us talk of it any more.'

'It was such a bad beginning. I wanted to save you all pain, all annoyance, and was the very first to vex you by ventilating an absurd grievance, that probably had no foundation.'

She was silent. Her face was turned away, but her fingers fluttered restlessly. He tightened his clasp over them and drew her slowly nearer, while from his half-closed eyes there flashed a sudden flame.

'Dearest, I mean to be very good to you. Don't shrink away from me and spoil the happiness I have so hardly won. It is two years now since I told you how I loved you; then there seemed no hope you would ever change, and often I have quite despaired. If

you are really mine at last, don't deny me this small proof, or I shall doubt it now, and think that yesterday was all a dream to mock me.'

Was it a shudder that passed through her frame, or was she only trembling, as after some faint resistance she found herself in his arms? Her face she hid upon his shoulder, lest he should see what she knew must be written there; and the action, which was caused by a very agony of repulsion, her lover interpreted as an encouragement, and was emboldened to lay his hand upon her hair and stroke it gently.

'Are you sure it is for your happiness? Oh! Mr. Skene, would it not be better for us both if we waited and considered?' she faltered presently.

'I have waited long enough; and, dear,' fondly, 'do you think that ever a woman in this world, with her head upon her lover's breast, has been known before to call him "Mr."?'

She tried to laugh, but began to sob instead, in her excitement struggling nervously to escape from his embrace.

But Skene would not so lightly relinquish his prize. All birds beat their wings against their cages when first captured, he reflected, as he laid his hand beneath her chin, and, with not ungentle force, turned it towards his own, bending down to kiss her lips.

But he stopped as though turned to stone when he met her gaze. Her eyes were wild with terror, and the frown that brought her brows together somehow called suddenly to his remembrance the tragedy of the 'Bride of Lammermoor.'

It was not a maiden's natural coyness, nor yet a faint conquerable dislike, but actual repugnance, that he saw. He knew then that only Dead Sea fruit had hung Tantaluswise beyond his reach so long—very fair to view, but turning to dust and ashes in the mouth now that at last it was secured.

His arms dropped heavily to his side in

mute renunciation. The shadow that fell across his face made it look quite gray, and worn as from a severe illness. For whatever in his life he had done amiss, he was punished when, in the very moment he believed he had succeeded, he discovered how utterly, how hopelessly, he had failed. Very vaguely he was feeling this, as he moved towards the door.

But now that she was released and might have been altogether free, Millicent hesitated, dallying, as women sometimes will at such moments, when a crisis in their lives calls for a resolute decision, a prompt action. What for the last few hours she had so passionately regretted might have been annulled now with ease and inestimable relief to herself; but at that moment she only felt sorrow for the pain she had inflicted, and, remembering how good he had been to her when she was without any other friend, could not let him leave like this.

'Don't go. Forgive me — Mark! You

have been so good ; and I am so ungrateful !' she exclaimed impulsively.

'It is not gratitude I want, but love,' sadly.

'Everything is so new, so strange at first. Give me a little time,' she pleaded.

Skene lifted his haggard eyes and gazed at her, scarcely comprehending. The blow he had received had stunned him with its unexpected force, and he could not at once rally from the shock.

'I shall love you in time. I must love you. You have been so good to me always,' she went on ; from sheer womanly pity floundering further into the quicksands she should have avoided.

Still he hesitated. He knew that not only want of love, but real loathing, had caused her to shrink with such horror from his caress ; and he feared that, whether consciously or no, she must love someone else. If so, his case was more critical than he even now supposed, since hers was not a fickle nature nor a weak one.

Yet, having once held her in his arms and felt her heart beat softly against his own, how could he let her pass into the possession of another? Was she not the desired of his soul, the light of his eyes, and would life be worth living were he to lose her now?

A small white hand lay like thistle-down upon his dark coat-sleeve to accentuate the earnestness of her entreaty, and was the last straw that made the burden of his temptation too heavy to be borne. Though he knew it was certain misery for her, and doubtful happiness for himself, he succumbed to it, and, stooping, pressed a feverish kiss upon her hair.

'I will wait. I will be very patient,' he assured her; then, feeling the scene could not possibly at this high pressure be protracted, began to speak of other things, taking his leave shortly on the plea that he had an engagement with Count D'Esterre in the City.

'Is he quite a nice friend?' asked Millicent doubtfully.

He smiled a little at her assumption of being concerned in what affected him.

'I don't think he is even a nice acquaintance,' he conceded; 'but I have found him a very useful one;' and then said good-bye, as he might have done in the old days when they were merely friends; pressing her hand warmly, and looking at her with all the affection to which he allowed no other vent.

Millicent, left alone, felt as a prisoner might have done, who, seeing through an open door the blessed sunshine, the trees and the flowers, from sight of which he had been long debarred, had with his own hand closed the outlet, and deliberately chosen the captivity from which he might have freed himself. That she had not done wisely nor rightly she saw, now that her impetuosity had cooled; nor even so far as he was concerned had she acted kindly. Surely, unless she could school her heart to this new lesson, he would himself see that a marriage would be for the happiness of neither, and release her from her promise;

while in the meantime she would give him every chance, and try honestly to return the love whose value seemed beyond all question.

When a second or two later the man-servant, who had replaced the peccant Jaynes, announced that a gentleman had 'called to see Miss Bell,' Millicent, who expected no other visitor, imagined Mark Skene had returned to reopen the discussion, and, with a little weary sigh, permitted, and waited for, his entrance.

But it was someone taller, broader, and very much more unconventional in appearance, who presently stood before her, looking very big and rather out of place in the small room with its gimcrack ornaments; though he himself felt no incongruity, only intense delight at being there, and free at last to speak out all that was in his heart.

He thought the shy smile with which Millicent greeted him the sweetest he had ever seen. She was no longer serene and self-possessed beneath his gaze, as she had been

before ; the colour went across her face in waves, and he had noticed with satisfaction her sudden start when she saw who it was, and guessed perhaps his errand.

'It is very kind of you, Mr. Wolffe, to come and see me,' she said, trying to put an every-day complexion upon his visit, a subterfuge he utterly declined to countenance.

'I told you I would come—when I had won name and fame.'

'I am very glad to congratulate you.'

'I want you to do more than that. Did I not make it clear to you the other night that I only valued either as means to an end—because without them I dare not hope to win the woman I love? I told you that so soon as my success was decided I would come.'

'You spoke of Nancy,' hurriedly.

'I spoke of *you*.'

It was said now, and he breathed a deep sigh of relief, as of one who, having staggered under a heavy burden, at last finds himself free and able to stand erect. It had been

very hard to speak to her before, when first one thing, then another, had prevented him from saying all he thought ; but now he felt very bold and capable of great eloquence, if she would only show by the very slightest token that such speech would not be unwelcome.

Her pale face and slim figure, clothed in black, reminded him of a tall white lily-bud sheathed in its dark leaves, and bending beneath a sudden storm, when at his words she swayed forward, and one hand went out blindly to grasp the nearest chair for support. Then she was quite still, and he did not divine how near his supposition had been to the truth ; how deeply she was moved by his words ; how it had needed all her resolution to remain cold and composed.

In every woman there are capabilities of Spartan-like fortitude it only needs an emergency to develop. The smile with which she hides a broken heart, the courage with which she conceals the pain that can only end with

death, equal the bravery of the Amazons of old. So long as time runs on these 'mute, inglorious' heroines will suffer and make no sign, all unconscious of their claim to the distinction of such a title, yet leaving the world the better for their quiet self-sacrificing lives.

For one moment, as the sweet possibilities which had stirred her heart these last few days took form and substance, and promised to become the very reality of bliss if she so desired, Millicent felt she could not resist the passion in her lover's tone—that even if they parted the next moment she must respond to his appeal. Then instinctively she knew, for there was no leisure for reflection, that her act of abnegation, to do any good at all, must be complete.

Nancy's happiness depended on this man who now was wooing herself; therefore he must be convinced of the futility of his suit. He must hear she was engaged, and imagine her affections centred on her future husband,

or he would not abandon hope; and there would be no chance of his eventually turning to Nancy for consolation. She must never indulge in the dear delight of hearing how much he loved, or telling how much she loved him in return. She must spoil all his pleasure in his success by proving to him that so far as she was concerned it was utterly in vain. Nor even in that hurried summary of consequences had she overlooked the fact that by this she closed the last loophole of escape; that now whatever happened she must marry Mark Skene.

Wolffe had come a little closer to her side, and was speaking rapidly in low ardent tones.

'It is for you I have been working all this while, to make a home that I could offer you. You saw my picture yesterday. I was quite near when you stood before it. You know now who inspired it—who has always been my guiding star since that day at Brighton when I first dared to hope. It was nothing that you said then. You were always so

proud, in spite of all your sweetness ; but you let me talk to you of my plans, and looked at me so kindly, that on the bare chance of meeting your eyes again, of just touching your hand, I have struggled on and felt no weariness. Once I was at the point of despair. It was one night when I saw you at the theatre that you suggested to me the picture of Proserpine in Hades. Am I egotistical about that? If I am, make some excuse for me. Who could despise the ladder up which he climbed to such a giddy height of happiness? For, Millicent, I think you love me, and I can ask you now to be my wife.'

His nearness took her breath away. She could only put up her hand with a little warning gesture, for when she opened her lips no words would come. Nor could anything she said have stopped him now, when after such long restraint the torrent of his speech might at last flow on, unchecked by scruples or by doubts of any sort.

Some subtle magnetism—that mysterious current, unexplained by science, which passes from one to another, showing what strong sympathy can exist between two bodies, so that hearts beat responsively and eyes flash swift intelligence, while a word, a touch, sets every fibre thrilling and the warm blood rushing through young veins—had conveyed to him the fact that he was loved by her he so fervently adored, and he could not be easily shaken in his faith.

'I loved you from the very first,' his words gathered force as he went on—'ever since you opened the door for me in Marine Square, and looked such lovely scorn at my presumption. I knew then, and afterwards, that if I betrayed my feelings it would be the signal for my dismissal. When I left Brighton I could not speak, because I was nearly penniless. I thought, too, that you were going to live with your sister, or could not have kept silence and left you to battle with the world alone. And, oh! if you knew how

much it cost me to wait patiently, when I saw you looking so pale and sad at the theatre that night ; and again at Mount Street, though I ventured then to hint to you what was in my heart. Millicent, won't you speak to me ? Won't you tell me if it is all right now ?'

She lifted her sweet eyes to his face, and in them, had he not been so blinded by love, he might have seen the soft anguish which belied the frigidity of her reply.

'You have taken me by surprise. I never thought — I should not have listened— but——'

In a moment he was all repentance, and the hopeful confidence of his manner was succeeded by a dejection that touched her even more, so much at variance was it with his usual independent pride :

'I have been too abrupt. I forgot that, while I loved you from the very first, perhaps you never thought of me. How *should* you, indeed, think of me in any friendly fashion! I had done nothing but annoy you, and

make your difficult position more difficult still. If you hated and despised me, it would not be more than I deserved ; yet if you do,' simply, 'I shall never care for anything again.'

She was thinking how she could at once restore to him his happy assurance by a word. It had grown very clear to her, these last few minutes, that she, too, had never been indifferent ; that since their last interview in Brighton he had been very often in her thoughts ; while when she went to plead Nancy's cause in the dining-room at Mrs. Rose's house, she might have lost her own case. Nothing now could ever be the same as before, since her heart had gone out of her own keeping, and she could not follow—must not even show how happy she might have been in such a haven. Though those thoughts were at that moment passing through her mind, there was no trace of wavering in her attitude, which was still dignified in the extreme, as she said curtly :

'I should have told you—I have been

trying to tell you—that I am engaged to be married—to Mr. Skene.'

When he drew back in nervous haste she winced, too, and shivered as though in bodily pain, keeping her lips tightly compressed, her fingers firmly clenched, lest she should betray anything of the love and sorrow of which her heart was full.

Intense stillness reigned for awhile ; then a voice, from which all vigour and hopefulness was gone, asked slowly :

'Since when ? When was it ?'

'Yesterday.'

'Then I am too late only by a day. If I had spoken before at Brighton, or last week, when I was with you alone, and thought you would understand—would that have made any difference ? I know I have no right to ask, but—it matters to me more than I can say.'

The strain upon her nerves was almost beyond her strength to endure. It was by sheer force of will she kept erect and standing, for all physical power had failed her. She

dared not relax tension so far as to sink into the nearest chair, lest in so doing she should give way altogether; and her fear of seeming weak caused her to appear harsh, almost to unwomanliness. Even to his ears, the voice which had always been as music sounded like 'sweet bells jangled' out of tune.

'It is unlikely I would marry Mr. Skene if —there were—anyone else. I have known him for years. It is no new thing. Ask Nancy. She will tell you.'

'I have heard enough. I want to know no more.'

An awkward pause ensued, which he ended by preparing to depart.

'I have to apologize for this intrusion. I came under a mistake. From your point of view I understand it may look like an impertinence.'

'No, no!' she cried, emotion threatening to overturn all the artificial walls she had built to keep it within bounds. 'If you knew how much grieved I am—this should have occurred.

You have suffered sufficiently at our hands. Let Nancy atone.'

'Wrong cannot be so easily made right,' he answered coldly. 'So far as you are concerned I have only myself to blame.'

She stole a glance at his face. It was hard and set in pain, yet even then it expressed none of the resentment he might have felt. One sister had robbed him of his birthright, the other had stolen his heart; but he forgave both, and would have helped either had the opportunity arisen.

Millicent could not but admit that he was a man well worth the loving—firm, reliant, and so tender that a woman need never fear, but could rest with safety on his strength.

It was characteristic that even in her keenest grief she remembered Nancy, realizing for the first time how much she, too, must have suffered—she who, it had always seemed, was made only for laughter and for love. It helped her to bear her own distress to know that perhaps through it she was securing Nancy's good.

'Go to Nancy; you have no truer friend than she is. Let her help you if she can,' she said, and held out her hand impulsively.

Perhaps Wolffe did not see it; in any case, he did not take it.

'I do not think anyone can help me,' he answered, smiling rather grimly; 'I shall seek refuge in hard work. Don't look so vexed for me. If you are happy I am glad.' Then—after an instant's hesitation, during which he drank in eagerly every detail of the sweet face he might never see again, since the sight could only increase, not mitigate, his pain—'Good-bye.'

'Good-bye,' she echoed faintly, as he went out.

Again she was left alone, and stood for a few moments with distended eyes and a vague smile trembling on her lips, conscious of no feeling save weariness, which presently overcame her altogether, and caused her to break down in tears and helpless child-like sobs when she heard the hall-door close behind him.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### ENLIGHTENED.

Wolffe, walking quickly through the narrow streets, not looking to the right or to the left, threading his way more by instinct and custom than by sight, felt very painfully that he had neither destination nor any object in view. It was impossible to start work again at once, while his brain was all in a whirl ; everything about him bore a jaundiced hue ; and certainly he was in no mood for amusement of any sort. Acquaintances he had in plenty, and now that everything was going well with him from a pecuniary point of view, he need no longer avoid them ; but he knew that as he should be besieged by congratulations, and expected to be in radiant spirits on

account of his success, his dulness would only arouse comment.

To wander about alone, a prey to his own bitter thoughts, was torture, and though he had no definite desire to confide in anyone, there was a sense of isolation in the fact that with no one was he on such easy terms of familiarity that he could be natural without question. There was not a person in the world who took real interest in his affairs.

The loss of his inheritance, though he had made light of it, could not fail to have influenced him in no small degree. Not until misfortune comes can one ever calculate to a nicety the number of one's friends, and rightly appreciate their value. It must always be a shock to discover how philosophically they accept our troubles for us, how little they realize their effect upon ourselves. Very slowly Wolffe had begun to understand that his enthusiastic resolution to refuse a helping hand was wasted. In most cases it would not have been extended. As often happens, it

was those of whom he had expected least who showed up best under the trial—the most unlikely persons came forward and showed themselves willing to stand by him, which proves how very hard it is for finite minds to grasp the intricacies of our complex human nature.

The aid he had anticipated some difficulty in refusing was only in some solitary instances offered; the sympathy he received was generally vague and unsatisfactory, expending itself principally on abuse of Sir Peter, and branching off into curiosity as to the present possessor of his wealth.

Asking so little as he did, and trying honestly to think charitably of all men, Wolffe still found it impossible to eliminate all bitterness from his thoughts, and the disappointment that was inevitable had saddened, if not soured, his spirit, making it harder to confront with equal fortitude this second blow. It was impossible to sustain the happy fallacy which is one of youth's illusions, that what concerns

us is of equal importance in the eyes of our friends, since the sorrowful light that experience throws upon our later days had already shown him its untruth. For every reason this was a grief that should be hidden in his own heart, though there was a strain of tenderness in his character, that did not, perhaps, detract from his manliness, made him long for comfort, if only that consolation to be derived from the unburdening one's heart, which is too real for any to despise. He believed that the touch of delicate fingers, though it caused him to wince for the moment, would eventually tend to heal his wound, by extracting the poison therefrom.

Not that he had any cause to reproach Millicent for the answer she had given, unexpected as it had been. It was his own fault if he had laboured under the mistake that what seemed so clear must have been patent to herself; nor was she to be held responsible for his belief that such a strong affection as had grown up in his heart could not have been

planted there for no reason ; that by every law of the affinities it must meet with reciprocity.

The feeling of which he was most conscious was wrath against Fate, which seemed to have made him the sport of the winds and the tides ; so that nothing prospered, and even in fair waters and near land his ship had gone down, in sight of all the people, no one caring. To his warped imagination it appeared that even in the one substantial slice of good fortune there had been premeditated malice, as though it were only a brilliant flash of light to make the contrast of the coming darkness greater.

And as when a boy he had gone to his mother with the story of childish misadventures, so now he would have gone with this sorrow of his manhood, had she been alive.

But she was dead, and in her place another woman, bearing her very name, was reigning.

He came suddenly to a standstill, causing some inconvenience to the stream of pedestrians

that came behind, some of whom regarded curiously the big broad-shouldered man who, in appearance at least, possessed nothing in common with the fashionable idlers who loitered along the pavements. As he stood in indecision twirling his thick moustaches and the sun shining in his 'very blue' eyes, he was a sufficiently personable figure to attract the attention of a pretty woman who was passing.

'That man is in terrible trouble, I am sure. Poor fellow! I wonder what it is,' she said, glancing pitifully into his face.

'Backed the wrong horse, or dropped some money at his club; perhaps nothing so serious as that. Shouldn't wonder if he had only eaten the wrong thing—and too much of it,' returned her companion lightly, having spent some years in India and being imbued with a notion, whose accuracy it might be an error to dispute, that everything under the sun is more or less a question of liver.

Neither of these remarks Leslie Wolffe

heard, though he was suddenly impressed with the truth that Bond Street was not the place for meditation; while the friendly glance he had received came as an emphasis on the words which had suddenly recurred to him, causing his abrupt stoppage.

'Go to Nancy,' Millicent had said; and the request, even had it not fitted in with his inclination at the moment, would have carried weight. As it was, he remembered gratefully Nancy's desire to help him when she visited his studio, and her pathetic appeals to be allowed to make some reparation for the monetary losses, which, after all, she had tried her best to prevent. He had too little vanity to think that her former liking for himself might render a meeting between them undesirable, for her sake. Truth to tell, he had long ago forgotten all about it. He only thought of the relief it would be to himself to tell someone of his trouble—someone who would be honestly sympathetic, and who might even be able to dole out some crumb

of comfort, though his present position looked the more desperate as he surveyed it dispassionately, out of sight and sound of her he loved.

'Go to Nancy,' Millicent had said; and consequently, two hours later, he found himself on the steps of the flats in Mount Street, where he was admitted immediately by the brisk hall-porter, and asked to walk upstairs.

Nancy was alone, and ready to receive him. Indeed, at no minute of the day had she been unprepared for his visit. She herself had been unable to secure a ticket for the Private View at Burlington House, but she had heard from Colonel Fayrer, who had made it his business to know the news concerning it, that the success of that one especial picture was assured, and therefore expected that he would come at once.

But when she saw him, tired and somewhat dusty after his long tramp through the streets, which had not been the less lonely because so thronged, she was chilled with an in-

stantaneous conviction that there was some mistake. This was no gay suitor come a-wooing, but a man stunned by some cruel shock. And in that moment she understood at last that he had never cared for her—did not care now, or he would have thrown off his melancholy, however deep its cause, in the pleasure of being in her presence.

And then the thought came with healing in its wings—for poor little Nancy, since she had become a great lady, was grown strangely humble—that at least he must like her a little, or he would not have come to her in his trouble.

'Something has happened,' she said tremulously; 'it is nothing wrong about the picture?'

He shook his head.

'The picture has done very well. It has been highly praised, and sold for what seems to me an almost fabulous price. Certainly it is a success; but so far as I am concerned it has not fulfilled its object.'

'Sit down, Mr. Wolffe, and tell me all about it,' said 'little Lady Cairne' with strange quietude.

She was gowned in gray velvet of a tint that exactly suited the fairness of her skin, the rich tints of her ruddy hair. Even in his preoccupation the artist had noticed how lovely she looked when he came in, standing where the sunlight caught and bathed her with its brilliancy; but now she moved into the shadow, and her gown grew darker and all the brightness seemed to fade away as she sank on a low stool and waited for him to explain. She looked like a little gray mouse, so quiet was she, and shy.

Wolffe took a chair near to her and pushed his fingers through his hair with a weary gesture before replying.

'I don't know why I came—unless——'

'You thought that I had done you such injury, without intention, that I would do all I could to atone, to help you in any way.'

You got my message the other night ?'

'Yes,' in a small hushed voice.

What he had meant by ever sending it to her, and why he reminded her of it now, were mysteries she could not fathom; but the words of that message which Millicent had faithfully repeated would not be forgotten so long as she lived. For the last week she had lived on them, fed on them and slept on them, never guessing it was but a Barmecide entertainment.

'In a few days, if vanity and hope are not misleading me altogether, I shall go to the woman I love and ask her to share my lot.'

And again:

'I want all that I can offer then to be my own, won by the work of my own hands; and for the future, also, I wish her to depend on me.'

Not the sweetest music could so have ravished Nancy's ears as these two sentences, which it seemed now she had only listened to under a misapprehension, and must not remember any more if she wished to preserve her peace of mind, already so imperilled.

'Then you understand,' went on Wolffe gloomily, 'why I had set my heart upon success, and you can guess what it is to me to know that all my dreams went for nothing. I have been mocked by my own hopes. This morning I went to—your sister——'

'*To Millicent?*' with a quick in-catching of her breath.

'To Millicent,' lingering on the name which to-day for the first time he had pronounced aloud, but which had always been in his thoughts most reverently whispered.

And then he continued, never heeding in his abstraction that the colour had all faded from his listener's cheeks, and that the eyes which were fixed with painful intensity upon his face had in them a sadness which tears would have softened and made less :

'It cannot have been a secret to you all this time that when I took up my abode in Marine Square, in defiance of your wishes, I was scarcely a free agent ; that I would never

have entered your house and stayed there in spite of everything had I not been so far gone in love that I could not help myself. You must have noticed how often I spoke to you of Millicent, and resorted to a miserable subterfuge to obtain her picture.'

As he spoke he drew it from his waistcoat pocket, and held it up to view, smiling rather bitterly as he thought of the adoration he had lavished upon it, the hopes and fears he had confided to the senseless paper. And Nancy, out of the very bitterness of her thoughts, could also have smiled at the idea that where Millicent had lain she too had been reposing, in closest companionship, yet no more to him than the photographer's name which was printed underneath, unseen by him who had eyes only for Millicent, yet always there, *always—and she would know it now.*

How well she recollected giving it into his hand, and her agitation because she could not help seeing how glad he was to receive it!

That was all a mistake ; she had been blinded by vanity.

'And so it was Millicent,' she breathed softly.

Wolffe replaced the double photograph with one last glance at the two fair heads so close together that the hair seemed inextricably entangled, and one stray curl of Nancy's lay on Millicent's cheek—had received caresses, perhaps, to which it had no claim.

He was thinking as he did so that it was easier than he had expected to tell his story ; he had fallen at once into the frank intimacy of their relations in Marine Square before Sir Peter sowed seeds of dissension between them.

'And that is why,' he went on more fluently, 'I have always refused help from you, even when most needed. I wanted to work for and win my wife my own way. I had a prejudice against letting that money, which had been in the possession of a man who always grudged my having it, do any-

thing towards the making of my happiness. Even when I was reduced almost to the last extremity——'

'When was that?' she gasped.

'The day you came with Mr. Pontifex to my studio.'

She looked at him reproachfully, but could not speak.

'That was the crisis and turning-point of my fortunes. I shall always believe that you brought me good luck; for the very next day, when my spirits were at the lowest ebb, Colonel Fayrer found me out and bought two or three pictures. That lifted me out of the hole, and gave me time to finish my big work. It is very good of you to listen so patiently. If you knew the relief it is to be able to speak to someone of all this!'

'What is more natural than that you should come to me? Some day I shall be your sister,' said Nancy; who, having faced the fact boldly, found her courage growing.

'Did I not explain to you—I thought I did

—that I went to Millicent to-day and she refused me?'

'How could you expect she would say "yes" at once? Why, she scarcely knows you, and she is the last girl in the world to give her heart away so lightly. She probably—indeed, I know she had never even thought of you as a lover, the other night when you met her here. You were too hasty. You must wait awhile, and then ask her again.'

'I waited too long as it was. Another had stepped in before me. She is engaged to be married to Mr. Skene.'

'I—I never heard it.'

'It was only yesterday. And so you see my chance is irretrievably lost.'

Though he said this, he searched Nancy's face eagerly for confirmation of the vague hope he had not been able to dismiss from his mind, but from her met with no encouragement.

'I am afraid it is. I am very sorry for you,

Mr. Wolffe. You see, she has always liked Mark Skene, although when he proposed to her two years ago she refused him. Since father died he has been so kind—I suppose she has at last relented. I wonder, oh, I wonder, if she has done right. Did you think she looked very happy?' her eyes anxiously upraised.

'I—I was scarcely in a position to judge.'

'He was never a favourite of mine, in spite of all his virtues. I don't think I ever believed in them; I am not sure I believe in them now.'

The artist watched her closely, and the thought crossed his mind that Nancy, in spite of her surprising celerity in coming to a conclusion, was often more correct than Millicent, with all her sedateness. It was doubtless because she trusted entirely to intuition, and once she had pronounced the verdict, 'I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,' allowed no subsequent consideration to abate its severity; while Millicent allowed herself to be swayed by disturb-

ing doubts, and impulses of generosity and justice.

Wolffe could not help feeling that the younger sister's principle was more in accordance with his own; that for every reason his choice should have fallen on her. But this second thought was unavailing, since his heart was fixed, and not likely now to range. Yet once or twice it had struck him as very strange that he had loved Millicent, and not Nancy—Millicent, who had always been cold to him and critically disposed. But then, these attractions were admittedly mysterious, and no more to be explained than the fact that the compass-needle points faithfully to the north, never to the warmer south or balmy west, nor even to the east when the sun is rising.

All this was in his mind, though he only said quietly:

'I hope you are mistaken, Lady Cairne. I would like to think the man she has chosen worthy of her.'

He had risen to go, and Nancy looked at

him wistfully without speaking, he reading her thoughts with quick appreciation, and answering them in fervent tones that left no doubt of his warm gratitude.

'You must not be so sorry for me. These things are lived down. I am not the only man that has failed to win the woman he loved.'

'I wish you had *not* failed.'

And the wish was quite sincere. It would have been easier to conquer her own pain had he been happy; but uncertainty and suspense breed hope, which of all Divine gifts is most delusive and least likely to benefit its possessor.

'You have been more than kind to me. May I come again?'

'Will you?' eagerly, the quick tears starting to her eyes. 'If only I could help you! If only I could know that you did not look on me as your worst enemy!'

'You are my "dearest foe,"' he said, smiling down on her; and then, very seriously: 'No, even that is not true. You are

the only real friend I have in the world. That is why I came to you to-day. There is no one else to whom I could have said all this.'

And with a lingering hand-clasp they parted.

It was half an hour or so later that 'little Lady Cairne' roused herself from a reverie into which she had fallen, and was on the way to her room, when she saw Colonel Fayrer coming up the stairs.

She stopped to meet him, and put both hands impulsively into that one of his which was not encumbered by his hat and stick.

Even through his glove, which she had given him no time to remove, her warm pressure thrilled him, and the almost loving look in her eyes was sufficient excuse for the loss of his vaunted self-possession. His discomfiture caused him to look so much more human than usual, in spite of his frock-coat, stiff buttonhole and inevitable eyeglass, that warm-hearted Nancy momentarily regretted

her years and dignity alike forbade her to thrown her arms around his neck and kiss him.

'I have only just heard of your goodness,' she faltered.

'I can only hope you have not been misinformed on the subject. Having once basked in your favour, it would be doubly hard to go out again into the cold.'

'It was Mr. Wolffe told me. He has been here. Do you know, Colonel Fayrer, he might have *starved* had you not helped him when you did. And I thought you so cold and unsympathetic.'

She might have thought the same now; so sudden a change came over his face at the mention of the artist's name.

He drew his hand away abruptly on the pretence of putting down his hat, and was so long fixing his stick in the stand that Nancy could not wait for him to come back to where she stood, but followed him.

'Had it not been for you he might never

have had this success. I think he will never forget it, nor shall I.'

He turned round sharply.

'Do you think I care a straw whether he remembers it or no? Do you suppose that it was for *his* sake I interfered? I would have done as much for him as any other—but no more.'

'Then why——' she began, and stopped, drooping her head and fidgeting beneath his eyeglass, which was fixed upon her face like a bull's-eye lantern, from whose concentrated ray she could not hope to conceal any secret.

'I did it to please *you*. There is nothing I would not do to please *you*.'

Startled and confused by his tone, Nancy could not answer for the moment, and he went on with his usual well-bred ease of manner—'not in the least like a lover,' as was subsequently decided by the inexperienced young person who for the first time was listening to a declaration:

'I have been waiting for an opportunity to

tell you how dearly I love you. You have never been out of my thoughts since the day I went to see Sir Peter Cairne, with no suspicion of how eventful that visit would prove to *me*. I don't think I have any hope in telling you this. It is scarcely likely you would ever care for me—but I thought you ought to know.'

He looked up and down the stairs with natural caution before he went a little closer, and lightly touched her fingers as they lay on the marble-topped table.

'Don't let this trouble you at all. I am not asking for an answer now. It is only as I said: I thought you ought to know. It prevents mistakes. Some day it may be even a satisfaction to you to be sure there is someone who adores you, who will never alter, who will never marry anyone unless he marries you.'

Though her gaze was still upon the ground, Nancy knew that his eyeglass had fallen, and from beneath her drooped lids she saw him

catch it dexterously as it fell, and place it in his pocket.

That he acted as usual, and had scarcely changed his tone as he spoke, emboldened her to look up, which she did shyly, her sweet face warm with blushes.

His expression was very grave, very kind; and yet she had not thought he could look *like that.* Somehow it disturbed her, and made her feel as if she had always treated him too familiarly, and in too friendly fashion.

He had been such a good friend to her—she was only just realizing the fact now when he was relinquishing his post of guardian and adviser, and was declaredly her lover. She thought he looked very manly, very honest, and, yes, almost good-looking as he waited anxiously for her to speak, until a light came into his eyes that made her shrink away from his side.

'I will tell Carry you are here,' she murmured breathlessly, ignoring all that he had said, and fled upstairs before he could say any more.

He looked after her a little sadly.

'I have not the least chance of winning her, not the least in the world,' he thought. 'But it was better she should know. It will certainly make my own position easier; for sometimes when she spoke of that man, all her heart in her sweet eyes, it was rather more than I could bear.'

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Nervous and unhappy, striving hard to accustom herself to captivity so that she might wear her chains lightly and with better grace when next Mark Skene should come, it was intense relief to Millicent when, the following morning, she received a letter from him saying he would not be able to visit her that day. In her delight at the postponement of a trial she had every cause to dread, she did not heed the seriousness of the reason he gave, nor give it a second thought when she had read what was written. If she had loved him or even liked him she must have been disturbed at what evidently made him most uneasy ; it was proof of something more

than indifference when she tore the note in two or three pieces and tossed them away with a sensation of pleasure.

'Some speculations have been going wrong,' wrote Mark Skene, 'and a heavy loss threatens, which I hope it may be possible to avert. I have been very reckless, I am afraid, but what man in love was ever wise? I wanted to give you everything you could possibly desire, and now——' Then he finished off abruptly: 'Things may not be so bad as I fear. To-morrow morning I will let you know how I stand. It is only for your sake I care. I am happy so long as you will let me love you and sign myself

'Your dearest lover,

'MARK.'

It was her first love-letter, yet the colour never deepened on the girl's fair cheek; she rather grew the paler, and did not breathe freely until it was out of her hands, though

even then she did not forget how it had ended. Would she ever recover from the feeling of oppression which came over her when she remembered that he was indeed, as he had written—her lover ? Could she ever meet him with a smile and outstretched hand ? could she ever—and now the manacles seemed to hang very heavily upon her—greet him with a kiss?

When she was alone in her room she rehearsed the interview which could not be avoided, although by happy chance it was not to be to-day.

Walking gravely up to the looking-glass, she affected to believe it was the man to whom she was affianced.

'I will hold out both hands *so*,' she thought, 'and lift up my face and kiss him of my own accord—*so*.'

Perhaps it was the contact of the cold mirror with her warm young lips sent such a violent shudder through her frame ; but she was trembling like a leaf as she sank on a chair. It was a task beyond her strength.

Anything else she could do, but not this. Delicacy and pride alike forbade it, and yet, was she not pledged? Honour and gratitude, both good virtues, too, hemmed her in on the other side, and she saw no hope of escape.

She heard Mrs. Messiter pass her door and go into her own bedroom, and thought that as the drawing-room was empty she would try and drown her cares in music—at least forget them for a time; everything and anything was preferable to the idleness that gave such scope for thought. It is only the very happy can sit quiescent, looking back without regret and to the future without fear.

For awhile she played to herself softly, and then, soothed insensibly by the harmony she evoked, began to take more interest in what she was doing. Looking about for a new song that she wished to practise, she remembered it was in Mrs. Messiter's little writing-room and went to fetch it.

To her surprise the room was not untenanted. A woman whose garb was quite in-

congruous with the dainty furniture and pretty silken hangings was seated near a table and bending forward with her head buried in her folded arms. From under her dusty black bonnet escaped some straggling locks of hair, the silvery white hair of old age, and those weary mechanical sobs which succeed more violent motion were shaking her from time to time.

Millicent remembered now that while she was upstairs she had heard voices, and, grief being sacred from intrusion, would have withdrawn at once, but that something familiar struck her in the stooping figure ; and while she hesitated the face was raised and she confronted Mrs. Scarrot.

She rose in confusion, but Millicent was at her side and forced her gently back into her seat.

'They never told me you were here—and I am afraid you are in trouble. I hope I may be able to help you. What is it? Won't you tell me ?'

'I never meant to see you, Miss Millicent. I'm not the sort to intrude, whatever she may say. I hope I know my place too well for that. I've been in service all my life and never been complained of yet, not for that reason, anyhow.'

'I am very glad to see you. I don't think you doubted it, or you would not have come,' smiling.

'I never meant to see you,' was repeated.

Then, brushing the back of her cotton gloves across her eyes, she went on brokenly:

'I came to see my own child—the child I've held to my bosom and dandled when a baby; the child I've doted on and made a little queen of all my life. And now she's ashamed of her old mother, she's driven her from her door! I'm never to come again, less the servants should talk—and Lizzie's right enough there, for I've been a servant myself since I was old enough to earn wages, and I know the ways of them. A bit of scandal's what they all enjoy; they'd like, no doubt, to

throw it up against my girl that her mother was an old charwoman, on eighteenpence a day.'

Slowly Millicent was remembering the stories to which she and Nancy had listened so often about the daughter who had married so well and 'drove her carriage'—her name had been Lizzie ; was it possible that she and Elsie Messiter were one and the same person ? It certainly seemed the only possible interpretation of what had just been said.

'Do you mean,' she asked, 'that Mrs Messiter—— ?'

'She's my little girl I've told you about so often. Ever since I've been in London I've been longing to come and see with my own eyes how she was faring ; but—I never dreamt of this.'

Her gaze wandered all round the room at the luxurious lounges, the small tables loaded with expensive knick-knacks, the delicate china on the wall, the pretty brackets with statuettes in Parian marble or Dresden figures of

simpering shepherdesses and country swains. She moved her foot to and fro on the carpet with a pleasant sense of participating in a degree in all the delight this grandeur was calculated to bestow.

'It's like velvet,' she whispered, with an awed smile on her worn face.

'As if,' she went on presently, 'I'd do anything to harm little Lizzie—her who's been so good to her old mother, keeping her in comfort and never grudging her the best of everything. There was never a better daughter in the world—never, *never!* And when I was in Brighton, I felt happy as long as she'd write now and then to tell me she was well and enjoying herself. But it was when I got here, and was so near to her, I could not keep away. I felt as if I'd die if I didn't come. I couldn't sleep at nights for thinking of her and wanting to kiss her pretty face. I was never a good hand at sleeping, not at the very best of times, Miss Millicent, as happen you'll remember. And so at last I

came—and now I've vexed her! She's gone away in anger, she who always was so good.'

'Why does she let you work? you are not fit to do so much now!' burst out Millicent indignantly, as she surveyed the bent form and thin, pale face of the speaker.

But in an instant Mrs. Scarrot had drawn herself up, and an angry flush came into her cheek.

'You're wrong if you think that's by her wish. One hundred pounds she sends me every year, and I might live like a lady if I pleased. But what could I do with so much money? 'Twould only harass me with the fear of being robbed, and I've never been used to throwing it away right and left as the quality do. And I couldn't live so lonely, Miss Millicent. I'm a nervous, poor creature as it is, and if I had to be by myself it'd kill me, I make no doubt. And I've been in service all my life, and am too old to change. That's what I told Lizzie, but she was angry

and would not listen ; she says Miss Nancy 'll find it out, and then she'll be disgraced altogether ; but neither you nor Miss Nancy's the sort to think worse of her for that, so I told her.'

'We have had to work for our own living,' gently.

'And then,' went on the old woman garrulously, 'I spoke my mind about Mr. Skene, and she did not like that. I always told you, Miss Millicent, I remembered Mr. Skene; though my poor head's so confused at times there's nothing clear like. But when I saw his picture here'—pointing to a photograph that stood on a what-not near—'it all came back to me. He was in love with my girl years ago, and would not marry her because she was a nobody then, a little nursery governess on twenty pounds a year, though I'm bound to say they were good enough to her in their way, and would give her a new frock or a bonnet when she wanted it, and all that she could eat and drink.'

'You ought not to tell me all this,' said Millicent hastily.

The revelation that Mark Skene had once been Mrs. Messiter's lover was as unexpected as it was unpleasant, the more so that he had always spoken of her in terms of unconcealed contempt. And she felt she dared not listen to anything against him ; it was hard enough to do him justice with everything in his favour.

'I'm doing no one any harm by speaking,' doggedly. 'And I've kept quiet long enough. There's too much keeping quiet for my liking. It's "Don't tell anybody this," and "You'd better not say anything about that," until a body's well-nigh driven mad with trying to remember. I've always thought, Miss Millicent, I should have warned you about Jaynes, for it's my firm belief he robbed you when we were at Marine Square.'

'Why did you *not* tell me ?'

'I should have done, but Mr. Skene persuaded me I'd been dreaming. He said on no

account must I tell you. It would only frighten you and vex you without a cause.'

'He said that ?'

Then Mrs. Scarrot told the whole story : what she had seen ; how, in spite of her terror of Jaynes, she had ventured to tell Mark Skene; and how he had advised silence, declaring that if anything had been lost he must have heard—that therefore she must be mistaken.

'All the same, I'm not that silly I need doubt my two eyes when I'm broad awake, and I saw him leave your room with something in his hand in the middle of the night, as plainly as I see you.'

Millicent could not answer. How was it that only now, when she had promised to become the man's wife, she was hearing all these things against him ? And how strange it was that her old prejudice against him should be justified now, when it was too late ! A sudden thought struck her, and she stooped towards Mrs. Scarrot with a quivering light

on her pale face that showed how deeply she was moved.

'Tell me,' she said in quick, sharp tones, 'did Mr. Wolffe know Sir Peter Cairne was in our house before I went away?'

'He learnt it just as you were leaving You were in the cab outside, and I was holding the door when Jaynes met him. I never saw a man look so thunderstruck, so put out.'

'You are sure he did not know? Mr. Skene thought——'

'Mr. Skene knows it as well as me, for he was there too, and he stopped to look at them—as well he might, for it was a sight worth seeing, when Mr. Wolffe pitched into Jaynes for hinting perhaps it wasn't a surprise after all. I thought for certain Mr. Skene would have told you all that when he got into the cab.'

'He did *not* tell me,' remarked Millicent bitterly. Yet she breathed more freely, and held herself erect, now that she knew the

artist was guiltless of this premeditated duplicity. All faults being by comparison, it now seemed a venial error that, taken by Nancy's pretty face, he had followed her home. And if, blown thither by caprice on that windy day, a more serious feeling had urged him to remain, who could blame him ? Not she, at least, whom he loved—*who would have loved him* had not Nancy, and her own promise to another, stood between them.

And while the quick warm thoughts were thronging through her brain, causing the colour to rise and fall in her cheeks, as the waves had broken on the Brighton shore the day he said good-bye, the day she had first begun to *care*, Mrs. Messiter came and stood in the doorway with angry scintillating eyes, her fingers clenching and unclenching nervously in the effort to remain cool and express her displeasure without loss of dignity.

'Lizzie, don't be angry !' cried Mrs. Scarrot, suddenly convinced of an indiscretion.

'Have I any right to be so, since my

companion seems to have taken possession of my house, and receives my visitors!' she said with scathing scorn.

'I came in here by chance and found Mrs. Scarrot in trouble. If I had not known her before I should not have intruded.'

'I worked for Miss Bell at Brighton off and on for more'n a year,' put in the old woman inadvisedly.

Mrs. Messiter turned to her, speechless with wrath she could no longer restrain. The thin veneer of good manners peeled off like paint beneath a blazing sun; it was no longer the widow of an officer in her Majesty's service, the would-be woman of fashion, but Lizzie Scarrot in all her native vulgarity, who came forward quickly, almost menacingly, and trembling with passion.

'How *dare* you!' she hissed out spitefully, each word, with difficulty enunciated, falling as a blow on the feeble old woman, who shrank back into herself like the leaves of the sensitive plant. 'How dare you disgrace me so!'

Mrs. Scarrot burst out crying, and excusing herself in ill-chosen phrases which still further irritated her daughter.

'If I had left you penniless it would have been a different thing ; but I sent you money regularly, enough to keep you in comfort.'

'Lizzie was always the best of daughters ; I've told you so over and over again, Miss Millicent. And she's right now. I'd no call to come here and let anybody know her mother was a poor working-woman. My Lizzie's a lady ; she's always lived with gentlefolk, and nobody 'd need to despise her—if it wasn't for me,' relapsing into helpless sobs.

'It is the last time. You never enter these doors again,' declared Mrs. Messiter coldly.

Her mother lifted up her head, half doubting if she heard aright. The tears were streaming down her lined cheeks, and she held out her hands imploringly.

'Forgive me, dearie ; I never planned to vex you. I'd have bitten my tongue out

before I'd have let on if I'd thought. Bu you'll forgive me this once—your own mother who held you in her arms and laboured for you, and who's loved you more than she's loved her God—God forgive her—all these years.'

'I'll never see you again.'

'Lizzie, Lizzie, don't say that—don't look like that! I never meant to disgrace you.'

Millicent threw one arm around her shoulder and pressed it gently.

'You have disgraced no one,' she said, and glanced indignantly at the woman who stood near with folded arms like a virago in a street brawl, utterly unmoved by anything that was urged, only brooding over her hurt pride. 'There is no disgrace in honest work. Nancy and I worked, too, and are not ashamed. Why should we be?'

'My Lizzie was always proud; I should have remembered. I'm a miserable old woman; I'd be better in my grave. I've been no use to anyone these many years. I'd be glad to die. There's no use in living.

Oh, dearie me! to think I should have lived so long!'

'Oh, hush! Don't fret like that,' implored Millicent compassionately, laying her own soft face against the hard wrinkled cheek all wet with weeping. 'Mrs. Messiter will forgive you. She is angry now, but by-and-by——'

'Mrs. Messiter can judge for herself and has a tongue in her head too,' snapped out that lady. 'She needs no one to preach to her. She hired a companion, not a spy, and has no more use for the services of either.'

'I will go whenever you wish.'

'Then go now—at once!' She stamped her foot, enraged at the calm contempt apparent in the girl's face — at her quiet superiority.

Without a word, Millicent stooped and kissed Mrs. Scarrot, and, pressing her hand reassuringly, left the room.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### TOO GREAT A COST.

Millicent, a firm believer in the creed that work is a panacea for every trouble, allowing herself no time for thought, began to pack up her things on reaching her room; it was not till her labour, lightening, became at last mechanical, that she began to wonder what difference all she had heard that morning would make in her life.

The discovery of Mrs. Messiter's parentage affected her very little, for she had at their first meeting suspected that she was not of gentle birth, and several subsequent events had tended to strengthen her in that opinion. She had never liked her, and was more than ever repelled by her cruelty towards her

mother. Mrs. Scarrot's dim blue eyes and quivering thin lips most disturbed her when she remembered all that had passed.

But her thoughts soon concentrated themselves on Mark Skene, and on him they dwelt with sad contempt. That he should have deceived her twice, even with the design which she instantly detected, struck her most painfully; but more than all she despised him for having loved such a woman as she was who now signed herself Elsie Messiter, but had been Lizzie Scarrot; and worse still for practically denying, as he had done, that such love had ever existed.

That he should ever have wished her to come to this house had been a sore point with her, though she had permitted the feeling no expression while she believed him honest and well-meaning.

Now her old prejudice, joining with this actual knowledge in his disfavour, made her feel that she had been blinded by self-conceit, and had set herself up as a judge when she

was not capable of distinguishing pure gold from pinchbeck.

Nancy's instincts had proved truer than all her boasted wisdom. Instead of trusting to the prompting of her heart, she had allowed herself to be influenced by a desire to be just, and a feeling of gratitude as well.

She recalled the old days in Marine Square, when Mark Skene was the trusted adviser, and the harmless doings of the artist had been looked upon with suspicion, he himself treated with scant ceremony. Even then Nancy had made her choice—and happily; for Millicent believed that Wolffe's liking for herself could be only a transient feeling, and that he would love Nancy in the end as he was loved by her.

She too, having made her choice, must abide by it. The inclination to break off her engagement was too strong for her not to suspect that if she did so it would be from a selfish yearning for her own happiness, not from any nobler feeling. Though she admitted her own folly in the past, she was no

wiser now ; still she adhered to a stern sense of duty, and having pledged her word—even under a wrong impression— would not break it.

Her pride was vanquished in so far that in deciding where she would go she at once resolved to go to Nancy, to consult her before she decided on any permanent plan : for though she still meant to marry Skene, she felt that it could not be *yet,* not until the first bitterness of her disillusion was over.

Leaving all her things scattered on the floor beside the half-filled boxes, she went over to her writing-table and wrote a few lines to Nancy to prepare her for her coming, then a longer letter to Mark Skene. In this she told him all she had heard, and spoke of her present intention.

'When I have quite settled what it is best to do, I will write again,' she concluded ; 'but do not come to see me yet, or write. I must have time to forget. I have trusted you so entirely, that even now I cannot realize it is

you who have deceived me on two occasions and slandered an innocent man. Let it be never mentioned between us. Be true to me in the future, and I will not remember what is past. Only you must give me time.'

How to subscribe herself exercised her mind for some moments. 'Sincerely' was a word used only between real friends or mere acquaintances, yet how could she write anything warmer when her heart was cold as a stone towards him, and she dreaded seeing him again? She compounded the matter with her conscience at last by putting simply 'Yours, Millicent,' which, if it were a phrase in use with lovers, was also strictly true in her case, since she was delivering herself, bound hand and foot, into a most cruel captivity—for her life, if not her heart, was henceforth in his keeping.

She was addressing the letter to his club, when Mrs. Messiter's voice was heard from outside asking for admittance.

An hour had elapsed since the stormy

interview in her writing-room, and there were no traces of mental disturbance in her expression now as she came in and rather hesitatingly offered her hand.

Millicent took it silently.

'I hope you will forgive everything I said to you just now. I have not a very good temper, as you know; and—I forgot myself.'

'Think no more about it, Mrs. Messiter, pray.'

'And all these things will go back to their places?' her face lightened as she touched some folded dresses on the floor with the tip of one daintily embroidered shoe.

'I am afraid not. In any case I should not have remained with you long, and this is only precipitating my departure by a few weeks at most.'

'Of course,' she laughed uneasily; 'I forgot you are engaged to be married.'

To this Millicent made no reply, none seeming to her necessary.

'I see,' said Mrs. Messiter, glancing down

at the table against which she was leaning, 'you have been writing to Mr. Skene. I suppose you have told him—what occurred this morning ?'

'Your name is not mentioned, nor is Mrs. Scarrot's in reference to yourself. I see no reason why you should be ashamed of acknowledging her as your mother; but as you desire that the fact should remain unknown, you may rely upon my not going counter to your wishes.'

'You are very generous.'

In her voice was the slightest touch of asperity ; for it is always hard for one woman to accept a kindness from the hands of another whom she dislikes.

'You have always been very kind to me,' said Millicent simply.

Mrs. Messiter looked at her for some time searchingly, as though she would read her thoughts ; a rather hopeless task, since to gauge the depths of a very noble nature requires a longer plummet-line than is likely

to be in the possession of such a shallow character. Mrs. Messiter was not lacking in worldly knowledge of a very varied sort ; but she herself felt that all her experience would not help her here. We judge others by ourselves, and no process of reflection can give back the higher virtues when to a mirror is presented only the most common-place attributes and an amiability that has had to cover a multitude of despicable, if not serious, faults.

The women she had known best had been those who, if capable of generosity to a fallen foe, would never hesitate to stab a successful rival ; women who, fair to one's face, thought no shame of maligning one behind one's back, if the doing so afforded some amusement ; women who, striving to reach the front ranks, believed this could be only done by pushing others back ; women who had become partially unsexed in the whirl and turmoil of London life.

But Mrs. Messiter had sufficient perspicacity

to know that Millicent was like none of these; it was because she was so utterly different from anyone who had hitherto crossed her path that she was in doubt which course to take to accomplish her end.

How deep was this difference? did it go much beneath the surface, and at heart was she the same as other women were, those she had met before, and generally very accurately read?

Had not somebody written lines like these:

> 'Nothing's different but their faces;
> Every woman is the same?'—

a maxim she herself had always held as true.

'Tell me,' she asked abruptly, opening her attack, and taking her chance of coming out of it with flying colours, as she could only see so short a way ahead; 'do you really mean to marry Mr. Skene?'

'You know I am engaged to him,' with some surprise.

'All the same, I do not think you would marry him if you knew him as well as I do.'

'I have known him for nearly three years.'

'And I just twice as long. He is not a good man. You will never be happy as his wife, for *you are* good, I am sure.'

Millicent maintained a proud silence, disdaining the compliment to herself as she disregarded the criticism of her lover.

'He loved me once.'

'I know it,' frigidly.

'He loves me now.'

'That is not true.' This was spoken severely, though the speaker's eyes dilated with a sudden pain.

'There are two sorts of love, as you may learn some day. I do not deny that Mark Skene has given you the best portion of his heart; but he has also given part to me.'

She said the words deliberately, and though her eyelids were lowered, from under her lashes she was watching their effect.

'What should you do,' she asked hurriedly, 'if I told you that only a few days ago Mark

Skene held me in his arms, kissed my lips, and told me he had never forgotten the days when we were sweethearts ?'

'I should say,' said Millicent with a curl of her short upper lip, standing still very erect, and prepared to do battle for the man she had promised to marry—'I should say that you must have been as much to blame as he.'

'Then you would be wrong, quite wrong ; for I had one excuse which he has not. I loved him only, I have loved him all my life. It will break my heart the day he marries you.'

Mrs. Messiter had meant to be above all things diplomatic, and, therefore, to tell the truth was an indiscretion she had not intended to commit ; nevertheless, it answered better than anything she had yet said, for Millicent, touched by the genuine ring in her voice, came down at once from her pedestal, and looked at her with softening eyes.

'I am very sorry,' she said gently, after a moment's pause.

'Then you will help me? You will give him up, and then——'

'I am afraid I cannot do that. If he releases me from my promise——'

'He will never do that.'

'Then nothing of what has been said can make any difference.'

Mrs. Messiter covered her face, and burst into hysterical tears.

'How can I ever bear the shame of it?' she sobbed, rocking herself to and fro in the chair into which she had fallen.

'Shame!' repeated Millicent wonderingly; and though she only spoke in a whisper, the other heard her, and knew what tactics to adopt.

'He knows I love him—others know it. All that has happened could never have been if I had dreamt he meant to marry you. Your marriage means—my ruin!' she went on passionately, careless what construction might be placed upon her words.

Millicent had laid her hand upon her

shoulder, and now she felt her grasp tighten convulsively ; had she looked up, she would have seen a great horror glowing in her eyes.

'You mean—— ?' she faltered.

'He is bound *in honour* to marry me.'

Recklessly she had given away her good name, and waited in keen suspense to see if the lie had succeeded in its object. She had staked everything on Millicent's being too pure and good to marry Skene after such a revelation, and whether by so doing she stood in another woman's light ; and she trusted in her being too noble to betray the false confidence she had reposed in her. But if the girl were, as some others were, bent solely on her own advancement, she knew it was of no avail ; she, being penniless and dependent on her own exertions for a living, would not for any reason give up a comfortable position and comparative wealth.

Her heart beating like a sledge-hammer in her bosom, every pulsation leaving her more nerveless, until at last she almost screamed

aloud, so unbearable was the agony she endured, Mrs. Messiter's hands dropped from her face, and her wild eyes and disordered hair, even to anyone more experienced in deceit, must have seemed indubitable guarantee of her good faith.

She loved Skene madly, and with a loyalty far beyond his deserts; but in this supreme moment she felt she was sacrificing too much to win him. It seemed a compact with the devil, and she could not expect that it would turn out well. She was terrified to think how much she had risked, and was on the point of retracting her words—feeling that the degradation was too deep, that not even to obtain her heart's desire could she drag herself any further through the mire—when the trying silence was broken by Millicent's moving away to the writing-table. Her eyes burning with a fire that the quickly-succeeding tears could not quench, Mrs. Messiter watched her take up the letter to Mark Skene and deliberately tear it in many pieces.

Then she saw no more. The sobs that rent her breast were real enough now; she was shaken by them like a reed in a storm—deafened by them, numbed by them, so that for some time she did not realize that Millicent was speaking, in clear cold tones that helped to restore her strength.

'Don't cry like that. I will never come between you. I will never marry him—never!' she was saying.

Mrs. Messiter caught hold of her hand, and as she raised her head her face looked very haggard. The violence of her emotion had washed away all the powder and the rouge with which she had aided her good looks; but for the first time for many years she did not think of her appearance, or of herself at all. She was wondering, with an unselfishness which was very rare with her, whether she might not have destroyed Millicent's happiness, without having definitely secured her own.

'If you loved him, you could not give him up—for any reason,' she cried excitedly.

'I do not love him; I have never loved him.' Millicent did not know what prompted the confession, yet she felt immeasurably relieved by it.

With a long-drawn, fluttering sigh, Mrs. Messiter rose from her seat.

'I will accept your sacrifice. If I am a better woman in future than I have been hitherto, I shall owe it to you. And now, will you not stay here—at least, until you have made other plans?'

'Oh no! it is impossible,' broke from Millicent's lips, with a decision that proved how strong would be her distaste to such a step.

Mrs. Messiter crimsoned and bit her lip.

'Then I can only say good-bye and thank you.'

'Good-bye!'

But the elder woman's outstretched hand was not taken by the younger.

It is always a severe shock when one first discovers that the gulf between the sheep

and the goats is not so wide but that some can stray across—that the line of demarcation between the evil and the good is not defined, but wavering, so that it requires a sharper eyesight than most of us are cursed with to determine in what direction it is laid. While this self-convicted sinner was abashed and weeping, Millicent could have forgiven ; and had she been ill or in distress, she would have nursed and comforted her ; but now that she was already recovering, and the beringed fingers were settling her hair and arranging the laces at her throat, the girl's heart hardened. She felt she could not touch her hand. Though in her pure eyes shone only pity, her lips were firmly compressed, and her figure was rigidly upheld ; her whole attitude spoke condemnation.

And the woman who had won what she desired, at such a cost, crept silently from the room, utterly crushed. In her heart she felt no exultation at her triumph, only bitterest humiliation.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### A GRANTED PRAYER.

The disastrous nature of some victories is proverbial, and this battle which Mrs. Messiter had won at such a cost left her prostrate, more wretched than she could have been under a defeat. Lying on the sofa in a room carefully darkened, therefore not calculated to give a more roseate tinge to her thoughts, she went over all the old ground, and reviewing her wounded pride, her lost self-respect, and all those scruples which had been inculcated from earliest youth, and now had been destroyed by her own sacrilegious hands, she felt almost fain to retract the words which had decided the contest in her favour, to confess herself beaten.

Indeed, she had not expected to conquer, in spite of her bold prophecy the day Mr. Skene came first to Curzon Street to renew his acquaintance; and the faint hope she had fostered since Millicent's arrival—for she had seen at once the girl did not care for him—had been crushed by a sentence that she very clearly remembered. 'I would rather have her hate than any other woman's love,' he had said. After that she had been inclined to despair.

What madness, she wondered, had induced her to make this last effort; and supposing the sacrifice of her good name had been made in vain?

In her preoccupation she had forgotten to tell the servants she was 'not at home.' The traces of tears were still upon her face, and she had only time to hurriedly manipulate her hair with her fingers when Count D'Esterre was announced.

'A thousand pardons if I disturb you. These are not calling hours, I am aware; and I am afraid you are indisposed.'

'A mere headache. Is it anything especial has brought you, or a commonplace desire for my society?'

'A plea of guilty always softens a judge's heart, I have heard, so I will confess on both indictments. If you will rest as you were doing when I came in, I will tell you all about it.'

Languidly Mrs. Messiter obeyed. The excuse of a headache was not altogether false, as it is impossible to endure so much mental suffering without a physical ailment following in its train. Her head had throbbed unbearably when she sat up, and she was glad to lay it back upon the cushions.

'Go on, Count; tell your story,' she said wearily.

'I must begin at the beginning, so that you thoroughly understand. You remember at the Academy Private View we discussed Miss Bell and Mr. Skene?'

'I remember you declared that they would never be engaged, in which you were very

wrong ; he proposed that afternoon, and was accepted.'

'I spoke of marriage. As to an engagement, in this country it is of small account; the slightest disagreement, an accident, a misunderstanding, and—pouf !—it is broken.'

'Why should you think that anything of that sort would occur ?'

'Dear Mrs. Messiter, I have not left the matter entirely to chance. If these things will not arrange themselves we must arrange them. Mr. Skene is now no longer in a position to marry.'

A sudden shiver passed over her, and she closed her eyes as though in pain.

'What have you done ?' she asked in a low voice.

'Nothing. I have preserved a masterly inactivity, as your saying goes. I have pointed out the honey to the foolish fly, and he walked into it. Now he finds it is not all honey, but a little poison mixed; but it is too late for the discovery. He is stuck fast.'

He laughed as he spoke, and leant back in his chair the better to indulge his merriment; in this, however, Mrs. Messiter did not join.

Her eyes were closed, she lay quite still; her pale profile against the crimson plush looked as though it might have been cut in marble, so hard was it and cold.

Would not this have been sufficient to part those two without her own rash interference; or was it necessary he should lose both love and money before he turned to her for help or consolation?

These were the thoughts that were surging hotly through her brain, while she scarcely seemed stirred by the news to which she had listened.

Presently she passed her hand across her brow and spoke, appearing to force an interest in her own words.

'Has he lost much?'

'A few thousands might see him clear to-day—at least, would tide him over the worst.

You see, he has been speculating on borrowed money; and since that big swindle of the Amalgamated Loan a man would not trust his own brother—far.'

'And if Mr. Skene does nothing to-day?'

'To-morrow will be too late; I have private information that the smash of a big concern, in which he has invested largely, is inevitable, and the liability is unlimited.'

'You yourself have no shares in it, of course?'

'Not I. I sold them long ago. For a shrewd man—a man of the world, as I suppose you would call Mr. Mark Skene—he was very easily gulled. I put him first on to a good thing where he netted a hundred pounds or so. Then he was bitten with the disease, and so soon as he saw me investing in the Shale Mining Company he followed suit, and to a very large extent. I slipped out of it at once, but he does not know that, and thinks that, like himself, I am holding on in hope of a rise.'

He twirled his black moustache, and again laughed appreciatively at the jest. A mirror that hung just in front of him reflected a well-preserved man of forty-five or fifty, with dark eyes, good features, and a well-knit figure; but the one swift glance which Mrs. Messiter directed to his face was not admiration.

She hated him for injuring the man she loved, though she herself might gain by what he had done, dealing out to him the ingratitude which has been the portion of tools from immemorial time.

'And so you see,' he went on gaily, 'I have kept my word. The marriage is prevented. What is to be my reward?'

'I did not know it was to be a matter of £ s. d.,' she said, with insolence that might have angered him, but did not, his fixed intention being to be pleased.

He had always meant to ask her to be his wife. She suited him in every way—in age, and character, and temperament. Too much virtue was insipid — an *ingenue* would have

bored him to death—nor was he insensible to the fact that she had a handsome income, and was therefore the more desirable as a wife.

But perhaps she had never so charmed his fancy as to-day, when too weary to wish to do so ; when languor and indifference finely mingled piqued his vanity, and stung him into immediate action.

'Byron was wrong,' he soliloquized. 'It is not animation that crowns a woman's beauty and makes it irresistible : it is repose.' While aloud he said, with very real earnestness :

'It was love, not money, I was working for, as you must have guessed. Mrs. Messiter, will you be my wife ?'

Startled at once out of her lassitude, Mrs. Messiter sat up and looked at him in some surprise.

He had hovered about her so long without committing himself to anything she could construe into definite attentions, that she had ceased to concern herself about him. Had

Mark Skene not been in existence, she would have accepted him with a certain satisfaction; even now she did not refuse him, not certain whether she might not even now be glad of him as a last resource. To remain a widow always was by no means her desire. So she temporized; and meeting his eyes, lowered her own with an expression that took the place of a blush—blushes not always being procurable to order.

'I had not expected this,' she murmured.

'Yet my feelings——' he began, and she detected at once that he was ruffled, and hastened to interpose. Laying her hand upon his sleeve, she looked up pleadingly in his face.

'Let me write my answer. I am really ill now; my brain is in a whirl. This excitement is too much for me; it is making me worse, and I am unable to collect my thoughts. Indeed'—with a sudden brilliant smile—'you cannot wonder I am overcome.'

His amiability at once restored, the Count graciously acceded to her request.

'I leave my fate in those fair hands,' he said, with elaborate gallantry, as he took his departure.

Left to herself, Mrs. Messiter's recovery was instantaneous. What she had heard was enough to drive away any imaginary or nervous ailment, and she was not the woman to remain prostrate when there was any need to be up and doing.

A delicately grilled cutlet and a pint of dry Monopole completed her cure; but she spent nearly an hour in front of her looking-glass before she sallied out on foot. Although quite satisfied with her appearance, she knew a little exercise would add to its effect, and restore to her eyes their brightness, to her cheeks their natural bloom, which could not safely be replaced by means of art by daylight and out of doors.

The attention she attracted as she walked quickly through Mayfair and across Piccadilly did not disturb her. She knew her London, and London in some inexplicable

manner seemed to know her. Not every woman in such a smart tailor-made gown, such a coquettish hat, and, moreover, with a flavour of fastness in style, could have reached St. James's Street without annoyance. When Mrs. Messiter arrived at Mr. Skene's chambers she was in a very good humour with herself, having received sufficient notice to be flattering—and no more.

A hall-porter showed her upstairs, but she gave no name, so that Skene was for a few moments in doubt as to who his lady-visitor could be.

A letter from Millicent was already in his hands; was it possible that Millicent herself had come to rescind what she had written?

He smiled bitterly as he saw how wild was the idea. Was it likely that she, whose code of morality was so severe, whose purity he believed to be in a measure due to coldness, and who had always dealt to him justice but not mercy, would set propriety at defiance and for his sake?

Then he found time to wonder why this other woman had come uninvited and undesired.

She made no haste to explain her presence. With that tender curiosity a woman always feels as to the habitation and habits of the man she loves, she was looking round, and felt a little surprise at what she saw.

His tastes were evidently not so sybaritic as she had supposed, or else he was too frequently at his club to care to furnish a place where he was seldom to be found. The chairs and tables were bare and unartistic; very few knick-knacks lay about; the blue moreen curtains made Mrs. Messiter shudder.

'What a hateful room, and what a mercy I wear a veil!' she thought to herself, before she said aloud:

'I suppose I am very fortunate to find you here.'

'Very fortunate if you wish to see me, though I cannot imagine for what reason——'

'Why not say at once that I have done you too much honour? Your face says so. Yet you must know I should not intrude without a good cause.'

'Won't you take a chair?'

'I thought you would be here, because I knew you were in trouble. I came to help you if I could.'

She had seated herself with a rather impatient gesture; but now, in her earnestness, almost rose again. She looked very pretty as she bent forward eagerly, her neatly gloved hands lying palms upward in her lap; but Mark Skene's heart was too much hardened by the successive blows it had received to be easily touched.

'Perhaps, if you know so much about my affairs, you can tell me why I have received this,' he observed suspiciously, and looked down at the letter in his hand.

'It is from Millicent Bell?'

'From the girl who was to have been my wife. She writes now that she cannot marry

me, as I have deceived her. I dare say I have. It is not possible always to tell the truth to women ; but, really, I am unaware how I have in this instance offended.'

'She had a long interview with an old housekeeper who came to see her this morning,' said Mrs. Messiter, drawing a bow at a venture.

'That old hag, Mrs. Scarrot—damn her ! I beg your pardon, Mrs. Messiter.'

The apology was scarcely needed. Mrs. Messiter rather admired the ease with which he rapped out the oath.

'By-the-bye, your name was Scarrot—no relation, I suppose ?'

'Not likely ; but it is extremely kind of you to suggest it,' smiling not very pleasantly. 'Our family is of French extraction—the name is spelt differently, I should think.' Mentally she had already substituted an 'e' for the 'o,' and doubled the 't,' in case of a question being asked ; but he did not pursue the subject.

'I wonder,' he said gloomily, 'why it is that troubles always come together.'

'It is about your money bothers I came. Of course, I did not know your engagement was broken off. As for that, I am almost inclined to congratulate you, for I cannot think it could be any happiness to marry a girl who has never even attempted to conceal her aversion. But it was cruel of her to release herself now—now when you are in trouble.'

'She did not know.'

'I beg your pardon. She was there when Count D'Esterre told me about it.'

Regardless of her presence, Mark Skene re-opened Millicent's note and read the last lines :

'I am glad to be able to repay you what I owe you now. It was a debt I need never have incurred had you acted honestly ; but I do not mean to reproach you. For old times' sake I mean to forget everything except that

often you were very good to us. I wish you all happiness and prosperity always.'

He could scarcely believe that Mrs. Messiter had spoken truth ; and yet it might be so. Millicent, the soul of honour herself, would not look lightly on any lapse from truth ; it was credible that her horror of the sin was so great as to preclude all pity for the sinner, however desperate his case. He could imagine how bitter would be her condemnation of his duplicity, and how the sweet red lips—the lips he had never pressed—would curl in scorn.

After all, what did it matter? He had lost her. That was sufficient for him to know—sufficient to wreck his life. It availed nothing to question the why and wherefore.

'And so D'Esterre told you that I had lost money over the Shale Mining Company?' languidly.

'Is it true?'

'I don't know. Things look very bad;

but they may mend. To-morrow will see the matter settled one way or another.'

'Don't wait for to-morrow. Sell out at once—this moment.'

'Impossible. That would mean a loss of twelve thousand pounds or more; and the shares are held by my bankers as part security for a loan. The Shale Mining Company is not the only thing I am in for, worse luck!'

'If you wait you will lose more. To-morrow the shares won't be worth the paper they are written on. I have private information that nothing can avert a smash.'

He shrugged his shoulders, and looked gloomily before him.

'It is no good. Nothing can be done without ready money, and I could not lay my hands on a hundred pounds at this present moment. I mortgaged my estate for the sake of making these investments—I cannot raise another penny. No, I must hold on and see the matter out. There is always a chance of the stock going up.'

'There is *no* chance. I believe the whole thing is a fraud.'

'D'Esterre put money in it, and he's no fool.'

'He sold out again directly.'

This staggered him. He looked up with an angry question on his lips, but it was not uttered. What did it matter if this casual acquaintance had played him false or no; what did anything matter?

'It is too late now. There is nothing to be done.'

Mrs. Messiter got up and crossed the space between them. She laid her hand upon his shoulder and almost shook it in her impatience.

'Rouse yourself, Mark. You must not let everything go without an effort. Do you want everyone to be pitying you or jeering because you were ruined and jilted the same day?'

'If I saw a hope of raising, say, five thousand——' he began, stung at last into action.

'You have some friend, surely, who would lend you that?'

He laughed aloud.

'I might try and raise the amount in the City. It is not a case for friendship.'

'*Are you sure?*'

The meaning in her tones arrested his attention. He looked up, and his pale face flushed as he met her gaze.

'Do you mean that *you* would lend it to me? Upon my soul, you are very good.'

'Wait, wait!' she interrupted him. 'Don't thank me yet.'

She walked over to the window and came back again immediately, taking her old seat in front of him.

'We are very old friends, Mark. I will tell you frankly how I am placed. This morning Count D'Esterre asked me to marry him.'

'And you accepted him; so that naturally you feel your money is no longer quite your own to dispose of as you please—I understand.'

'I don't think you do—quite. I need not tell you this would not be a love-match on either side, but a marriage of convenience. If I accept the Count, I should feel that I had no right to deduct so much from the advantages I had to offer; but—I have not accepted him.'

'You will, of course,' looking at her with haggard, anxious eyes.

'Why should I? I do not love him,' she answered beneath her breath.

Mark Skene leant over and caught her hands.

'You used to love *me*. Will you marry me now, jilted and in difficulties as I am? I will be a good husband if you will have me. Upon my honour, I will never gamble any more. It was a fever, and madness for the time; but I am effectually cured, and the estate will right itself in a very short time with your help.'

Now that the happiness for which she had longed, for which she had lied and

schemed, was within her reach, she could not speak to secure it. She could only sit there with parted, quivering lips, and look all the passionate undisciplined love that was in her heart, which no words could have expressed.

He pressed her hands gently, then released them.

'Silence gives consent, Elsie; I will make you happy if I can. And now that I have new hopes and a new interest in my life, let us see what can be done about this business.'

She drew out a blank cheque she had brought with her, and gave it into his hands to use as he found necessary, urging him to go at once and see what could be saved at this late hour.

There was no time to delay; she could not blame him that he only kissed her once lightly at parting and hurried her away.

But she sighed more than once as she was driven home, though not even to herself would she admit that she had reason to be sad. She had made her own bargain, and must abide by

it. Over and over again she told herself with suspicious warmth that she was happy—rapturously happy at the thought that she was engaged to marry the man who won her heart when she was a mere child, whom she had never ceased to love. And yet she sighed.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### A REVELATION.

'INDISCRIMINATE charity is never wise,' said Colonel Fayrer in a rather didactic tone; 'and that man Jaynes is certainly not a deserving object.'

'Still, even undeserving objects must live, and the man looked starved.'

'He would be no loss to the community. One should try to secure the good of the greatest number.'

'How hard you are, Lancelot!'

'I think, perhaps, it is you, Carry, who are a little inconsistent. For the last half-hour you have been fighting with that fly and heaping abuse upon its unhappy head; but when it fell into the cream-jug I saw you care-

fully rescue it and watch it recover, with kindly satisfaction in your eye. It was very noble conduct, I admit, but it was not justice, or even commonsense.'

'Women are full of faults, of course; but, at least, we are not cruel.'

'I am not quite certain that you are speaking truth, though I am sure you mean to do so. Since the days when Eve beat Adam with a bough to force him to eat the forbidden fruit——'

'Oh, if you choose to listen to all those unauthenticated stories which some man invented to wreak his spite on a sex that probably was unappreciative!' scornfully.

'Of the dead speak nothing but good,' laughed Lord Fayrer, who was also present. 'Let our first mother rest in peace. There is no real evidence to show that Adam was a henpecked man. As for women in general, I am afraid they *are* cruel; Lancelot is right in that. But then cruelty is power, and few women who wish to reign consider what sort

of a sceptre it is they wield. What says the Lady Nancy?'

They were sitting in the pretty little drawing-room in Mount Street discussing afternoon tea, and through the open window came that sound of ceaseless traffic which, while sometimes inspiriting, on a sultry day, or when mind or body is overtired, has a wearisome sound and sad.

It had been very warm that day, for the first time, for it was still early in the year; and the spring having been an inclement one, the sudden change was the more trying. It was probable that 'little Lady Cairne' had found it so. At least, this was the construction the two men had put upon her silence during the last half-hour; and her attitude as she leant towards the window, as though to catch the breeze which came in laden with the scent of mignonette from the gaily filled window-boxes, might have confirmed them in that impression.

But Mrs. Rose knew better. She knew that this wave of heat for which they were un-

prepared was not the sole cause of Nancy's languor. Having now the key to her heart, it did not need any great power of divination to guess what made her eyes darken and dilate as one hansom after another came along the street, in each case to go on farther. Nancy's face was not well adapted to the keeping of a secret—it was too expressive; and although she had been only hoping against hope, her disappointment was very apparent to her friend as the time went on and Mr. Wolffe did not come.

She had scarcely expected him, for it was only the day before that he had been there, and confided in her all his troubles; but he had told her then she was his best friend, and asked if he might come again, so there was just the chance, the merest chance.

She started when actually addressed, and turned towards them, so that Colonel Fayrer, whose eyes had been fixed on the pretty hair, which, caught up high with a tall tortoiseshell comb, escaped in small curls upon her fore-

head and the nape of her soft white neck, was compelled to withdraw his gaze.

'Are you speaking of Jaynes?' she asked.

'We had rather wandered from the subject, but I believe he was the original cause of the controversy.'

'I feel very sorry for him. I dare say he is a villain, but, as Carry says, we can't let him starve. Don't you think, Colonel Fayrer, I might allow him something, just enough to keep him out of actual want, until he gets another place?'

'If you would like to do so——'

Mrs. Rose made an impatient gesture.

'Really, Lancelot, you are too unfair. Whatever I do, or even when I suggest anything, you curl yourself into a mark of interrogation at once; and you straighten out into a point of admiration if Nancy only opens her lips, even to propose anything twice as silly.'

Something of truth in the accusation made the Colonel endeavour to treat her remark as a jest.

'If you are going to be brilliant, Carry, I collapse. I have come to a *full stop*.'

'And you have reduced Lord Fayrer and myself to a state of com(m)a,' put in Nancy without a blush.

But Mrs. Rose's mood was evidently serious.

'I only gave the poor wretch half a sovereign,' she complained.

'And I think I must agree with you,' said her father, 'that it would not be very wise of Nancy to put a premium on idleness. Why did Jaynes leave the lady he was with last ?'

'Mrs. Messiter would not give any reason. I thought she seemed to be making rather a mystery of it when I talked to her ; and she would not tell me how he came to give her that note, the one Sir Peter left for me.'

'We must look out for another place for him, and give him one more chance.'

'I will try and persuade Mrs. Scarrot to make friends with him. If she will, I can take him on myself. In a day or two I shall be leaving you, and then——'

'Nancy!' cried Mrs. Rose in horrified surprise; while Colonel Fayrer got up from his seat and walked rather aimlessly to the far end of the room, at once returning, unable to conceal his strong interest in what was to be explained.

In the meantime Nancy had also moved, and was standing now near to Mrs. Rose's chair with her arm thrown round the back of it, and her sweet face anxiously down-bent.

'You understand, Carry, that I should never have wished to leave you until you turned me out of doors, if Millicent were not coming. It was very, *very* good of you to ask her to stay as long as she liked, but she would never consent to do that. I doubt if I shall ever persuade her to stay with *me* in Park Lane, but I will go there on the chance; and you must all bear me out when I tell her that I had always meant to go there so soon as the house was ready.'

'And is it ready? I thought the dining-room was to be re-decorated, and surely you

will do something with that big half-empty studio. It would make an ideal "lady's chamber."'

'These things can wait. I want to take Millicent *home*,' said her little ladyship gently. She did not think it necessary to volunteer the statement that so long as the house was in her possession this one room should remain untouched, unused—unless—— but she did not allow this reservation to gain shape even in the sweet privacy of her own pure thoughts.

Mrs. Rose stroked her hand affectionately.

'You must do as you please, dear. You know how welcome you are, though I dare say you don't know how you will be missed. The house won't seem the same when you have gone. Still, you must do as you please.'

A quiet hand-clasp, and then Nancy addressed Lord Fayrer. 'You remember we are dining at Hurlingham with Mr. Pontifex to-morrow? Do you think I might write and ask him if Millicent may go too?'

'Of course, of course. Give me the note, and I will take it to his club. I want to see him myself.'

He followed her into the dining-room, to wait there while she wrote it, and the brother and sister were left alone.

Colonel Fayrer took up a newspaper, and seated himself near the window as he unfolded it.

'I am not in your way, Carry?'

'Not in the very least.'

Some embroidery was in her hand, and she busied herself over an involved part of the pattern. The women who have an enthusiasm for fancy-work are to be envied; the merely mechanical movement of the fingers is soothing to the nerves, and in puzzling over the more elaborate stitches one loses sight of one's own mental perplexities and pain. In later days Nancy always declared she would have borne all her troubles better if someone had only taught her to sew.

Mrs. Rose's needle flew in and out like

clockwork ; yet that her occupation did not entirely absorb her thoughts might have been judged by the fact that she did not always keep her eyes fixed upon it, but now and then glanced doubtfully at her brother.

'Lance,' she broke out at last impatiently, 'what is the matter ?'

He looked at her in blank astonishment, that perhaps was half assumed.

'It was not only a joke what I said before,' she went on hurriedly : 'it is quite true that now you always question what I say, or else frown coldest disapproval. Have I done anything to offend you ?'

'Nothing—nothing at all. What a fancy to get into your head !'

'Have I left anything *un*done ?'

'So far as I am concerned, you are as guiltless in that respect as in the other.'

'Still, there is something—something,' she persisted.

He tried to change the conversation after a moment's silence.

'And so we are to lose Nancy? As you say, we shall miss her—very much. I hardly thought you were very pressing in your wish that she and her sister should remain. Oh dear no; I am not quarrelling with you about that. It is no concern of mine; and you and she understand each other, no doubt.'

'Perfectly. I wish, Lancelot, I understood *you.*'

He smiled and twirled his moustaches.

'I thought your sex considered ours so shallow, and professed to be able to read us at a glance. You women, of course, are exquisitely intricate, incomprehensible, intense. I grant all that, and admire you extremely from that lower platform on which I stand—on which I am *content* to stand. Read me now. I am not going to read myself.'

'You have not been the same to me since Nancy came; and, Lancelot, we *used* to be such friends.'

The work had fallen from her grasp, and she was looking earnestly into his face, so earnestly

that he put off his mocking manner and answered gravely:

'I have thought the change was a little on your side as well, but expected it. The day that Nancy came I ventured to give you some advice, and—well, you resented it, as was natural.'

She did not at once reply, and he went on reflectively:

'I wonder why it is we never learn that relationship, even the very closest, carries with it no rights. A man or woman who believes that he or she has reached the age of discretion brooks no interference, and will not listen even to the words of undoubted wisdom, which, at the risk of re-arousing your displeasure, I maintain mine were.'

'I am not angry—I was not angry then; and to prove it——'

'You have ignored them altogether. You had always a very fine sense of your own dignity, Caroline.'

She crossed over and knelt beside his chair,

twining her arms about him and smiling sweetly into his face.

'Unless you look more amiable, Lance, I shall keep my good news to myself. There, that is better,' as he dropped his eyeglass, and with it his somewhat quizzical expression. 'Now, what should you say if I told you your advice had good effect? That I telegraphed a week ago for Desmond to come home, and he is coming—within three weeks he will be here?'

'It's the very best news in the world, Carry. I can't tell you how glad I am.'

He asked no questions. It was not his nature to invite a confidence that was not rendered of its own accord; but something—perhaps that need all women have in their hearts to confess their sins and be absolved, however successfully it is repressed—caused her to explain.

'Don't take all the credit; some of it is due to Nancy. The contrast between her wisdom and my own foolishness made me ashamed,

and, fortunately, it was not too late to repair my error. You must often have wondered what it was parted Desmond and me—why I have lived alone these last three years.'

'Tell me just as much as you please—no more,' he said kindly.

'I will tell you all; it will do me good. Women were never meant to have secrets, and mine has been a terrible burden; but it was not one that I could share. I was not in love with Desmond when I married him——'

'*Not in love with Desmond!* Why, I thought——'

'Of course you thought so; everyone else thought that, because he was neither very rich nor very ugly, and could not by any stretch of imagination be considered a brilliant match, therefore I *must* have married him for love.'

'Might I ask what *was* your subtle motive?' dryly.

'Not one girl in ten is really in love with the man she marries.'

'Indeed. That's very pleasant hearing for those who have matrimonial intentions.'

'I liked him very much—better than anyone I had ever met then; but a woman's life does not end with marriage: sometimes it only begins then. Try as one will, one cannot always command one's feelings, nor even in obedience to the teachings of morality can one shut up one's heart and "seal it with a seal."'

Lancelot Fayrer looked very grave. Of women in general he had heard much, both the good and evil; admiring the first, and not utterly condemning the latter. That they were usually more sinned against than sinning, and that, being the weaker, it was not fair to expect them always to prevail where the stronger sex succumbed — these were arguments he had hitherto urged in their defence. But this was looking at the matter from a general point of view; the whole aspect altered when it became *personal*: his soul rose up in arms at the thought that *his sister* had been placed in such a precarious

position, that *her* fair fame had ever been in peril.

'I did not think you were that sort of woman, Carry,' he said coldly. And very sharply came the retort:

'What sort? The best of us are only flesh and blood; there are very few can walk through life like Una, and Una was, I suppose, the conventional heroine of sixteen. I should like to have heard her story at twenty-six. As for me, I confess *I* was only human. I was not impervious to temptation, though I resisted it.'

'I beg your pardon,' a little awed by her passionate response. But, woman-like, she changed her front when he did.

'I was very wicked, Lance, very weak and wicked; but I never dreamt of my danger until it was too late and he had *spoken*—words I could never forget.' She sobbed hysterically, though no tears were in her eyes. 'I did all I could afterwards to atone. I told Desmond everything, and he agreed to

give me time to get over it, to go away until I could, with some hope of happiness for us both, ask him to return. I tried never to meet the other, and I think now that avoidance was scarcely wise, for it was only when I began to see him again that I realized I had been cherishing an ideal. The man himself was not what I had thought him.'

'You have allowed him to come here?'

'It was father who brought him. Of course, he never suspected—no one ever suspected; it was that made it so hard to bear, I think. To go about with a fair face and that black sorrow in my heart—I will never believe that any woman is a willing hypocrite!'

'It must have been——'

Unconsciously the Colonel was speaking his thoughts aloud; and when he stopped short, suddenly aware that he was committing an indiscretion, his sister finished the incomplete sentence.

'It was Oliver Pontifex.'

It is always a source of surprise and some

disgust when it is realized, for the first time, what sort of man oftenest takes a woman's fancy. It seemed now to Colonel Fayrer incredible that Oliver Pontifex, with his small society life, his tinselly attractions, his insincere compliments, his fickle passions, could have pleased the taste of such a woman as his sister, who was wedded to such a really good fellow as Desmond Rose. He tried to conceal what was passing through his mind, but failed. Mrs. Rose's soft, dark eyes, sorrowfully scanning his face, read it like a book.

'I know what you think. I myself think the same now, but wisdom is gained only by experience. I never realized what a mere "clothes screen," to quote Carlyle, what a thing of shreds and patches, I had been endowing with manhood and a heart, until I saw him making love to Nancy, and saw him through her eyes. Oh! it is astonishing how wise one can be for another.'

With gentle touch he smoothed back the

dusky hair that had fallen low upon her pale, broad brow, and gazed at her with grave pity, as she went on thoughtfully :

'There was never any fear for her. She understood him, and despised him from the first. It made me very much ashamed. Some of the words that fell from her innocent lips opened my eyes to the truth. She is wonderfully clear-sighted, though she seems so careless.'

'Hers is the pure instinct of a child.'

Mrs. Rose shook her head.

'Nancy is a woman now, and, for all her wild and winsome ways, a very wise one.'

Had she been given to moralizing, she would have added that it was fortunate it was so, since a woman needs intelligence as well as tact to steer her fragile bark through the contrary currents, the shoals and breakers of society ; but just then she was thinking most of herself, conscious of humility, and yet of some pride that she had not alienated her brother's affection by her confession. His warm hand-

clasp and kiss at parting told her that, and took all sting from the memory of his first cold words. She loved him better than anyone else in the world, perhaps always loved him best; though, that mad infatuation for Oliver Pontifex now happily conquered, her husband grew very dear to her in the brighter days that followed. In Fayrer's heart, however, his sister held only the second place. Every day he became more and more devoted to Nancy. Happily for his own peace of mind, he did not know through what a cruel phase of experience she was passing at the very moment he left the house, and strolled along in the direction of Hyde Park Corner.

Millicent had arrived, and Nancy carried her off at once to her room, to be questioned and congratulated, all in a breath, at having at last come to her senses.

'Of course you ought to be with me. I should like to know what people would say if you were not married from my house!'

'I am not going to be married at all,' was confessed, in some confusion.

Beyond the mere fact that her engagement to Mark Skene was broken, she said nothing; but Nancy, who had always distrusted and disliked him, guessed that he had been in fault, and was only too glad Millicent had 'found him out in time,' as she expressed it.

'I can't think what you ever saw in him,' she said.

'He was very good to us, Nancy, when we had no other friends.'

'And for a little twopenny-halfpenny sympathy and help that cost him nothing, you were going to give him all your life and sacrifice its happiness. Why, any man is only too glad to be "good" to two pretty girls,' she concluded sagely.

'You are growing very vain.'

'Only very wise. It is inevitable when one mixes with the world'—a truism that Caroline Rose was expressing by implication at that very moment, in the room downstairs.

'And now you are going to live with me? Millie, we shall be so happy! I don't know how I have done without you all this time.' Nancy threw her arms about her sister, and almost squeezed the breath out of her slim body in her excitement.

Millicent did not speak for a moment, unwilling to spoil her pleasure in this prospect; and Nancy went on eagerly:

'I am going into my own house in a day or two, and there is a room in it that always, in my thoughts, I have labelled "Millicent's room." I knew you would come to me at last. How could you let me live alone? and I *should* be alone, for Mrs. Rose's husband is coming back, and I could not bear a hired companion.'

'I will stay with you until I hear of another situation. That will give you time to make other plans.'

'Stay until you marry, Millie,' coaxingly.

'I shall not marry. I told you so.'

'There are other men than Mark Skene.'

'Not so far as I am concerned.'

'None—*none?* Are you quite sure ?'

Nancy's lovely eyes were lifted laughingly to her face as she asked the question. There had been no thought of Wolffe as she spoke—for the moment she had forgotten his confidence of the day before—and even when he was telling her the whole story of his love, it had been hard for her to realize him as her sister's lover, never having seen them together, nor suspected it before.

But she was staggered by the brilliant flush that suffused Millicent's sweet face.

'I shall never marry,' she said curtly.

As she turned away to avoid the painful intensity of Nancy's gaze, her eyes lit upon something that made the colour flame up higher, and spread over her white throat.

It was Wolffe's visiting-card, which Nancy in a sentimental mood had brought up to her room and placed upon her toilet-table, that she might look at it whenever she pleased, and remind herself of the happiness that

seemed at last within her grasp, securable at second-hand. Heigho! how short a time the dream had lasted! It had been but a dream, and now 'little Lady Cairne' was awakening to the truth — the truth that Millicent returned Leslie Wolffe's love with all her heart, and that therefore she must hope no more. She rallied bravely from the shock, however. Her voice did not falter as she made some commonplace reply, and she lingered awhile talking of indifferent matters, before she left on the plea that Millicent had had a trying day, and must rest awhile before dinner.

Then she, too, went to her room; but not to rest.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### PLOTTING.

A LOVELY evening—such an evening as one enjoys seldom before June, and which consoles us for all the disappointments spring has held, making us forget the fog and winds, the bitter cold, as every year winter, with encroaching grasp, steals away a few more days of our too brief vernal season. But let the sun once shine forth, and as though by magic the trees, which were full in bud, burst forth into leaf exquisitely green and tender, while, from God knows where, a thousand birds appear and flood the world with song. Butterflies, born in a breath, flutter in the sunshine, and a scent of violets and primroses is borne upon the passing breeze. By-and-by

the laburnums will shake down their golden bloom like a maiden's tresses, and the lilac will hang in heavy clusters of purple and white that make fragrant all the air ; or later still, the roses and the lilies will come with summer warmth, but nothing, *nothing* is so sweet as that first faint breath of early spring.

A great number of people had taken advantage of the weather to drive down that night to Hurlingham and dine, and considerable speculation was rife as to whom Oliver Pontifex had brought down with him on his drag. The Honourable Mrs. Rose was generally well known, and Lady Cairne's sweet face was already growing familiar to fashionable sight ; but this was Millicent's first appearance, and she, far too pretty in her soft white muslin gown to pass unnoticed, shared the honours with her companions.

It was a very merry party. Nancy's high spirits proved infectious ; it was impossible to resist joining in when her laugh rang out so clear and free ; even the two boys in the

Guards who completed their number, and who, only lately joined, were stiff still with youthful dignity, threw off all restraint and contributed to the gaiety around them.

For this one night at least Nancy had determined to be the 'laughing Lalage' of old times, and succeeded so far that only one suspected she was not at heart so gay as she seemed.

This was Colonel Fayrer; and his suspicions seemed confirmed when, after dinner, they strolled outside, and as they walked across the grass, apart from the rest, and with no sound but the rustling of leaves in the trees under which they passed, she, too, became suddenly silent, and he thought he heard a faint sigh.

'You are tired?' he asked, with solicitude, looking into her face through the soft darkness.

'I dare say I am.'

'You do too much. You overtax your strength.'

'I think it must be that I do too little. I think you were very right, Colonel Fayrer, when you warned me that money would not bring happiness. You are always right, I suppose? Don't you find it very depressing never to make a mistake?'

'I wish I had been proved wrong this time,' he said, his quiet tones falling soothingly on her fretted nerves.

Nancy threw up her hands with a gesture that might have seemed coquettish had she not been so terribly in earnest.

'Look!' she cried, as she held them out before her: 'are they not useless members? They never do an hour's honest work. I doubt if they *could* do anything now.'

'There is no need,' he answered.

With all his soul he was longing to snatch the little white fingers, that looked so fragile and ghostlike in the semi-darkness, and press them to his lips, kissing them into life and colour. But he did not often give way to his emotions, and was on guard now.

'I am not sure.'

He waited patiently for her to explain herself.

'I *cannot* keep this money!' she cried passionately.

They had reached the river-side, and were looking over at the water as it flowed quietly on, with that monotonous music which does not always tend to allay irritation, and may increase it. Nancy felt that she would like to be looking at the sea from Brighton pier, with the waves dashing up against its sides and covering her with spray. Any violence of sound would have calmed her more effectually than this gentle cadence, this annoying rhythm. She was out of tune with nature in its present peaceful mood.

'I am afraid,' said Colonel Fayrer, 'it is impossible to shake off your responsibilities. It would be wrong to let the money lie idle, and yet it is scarcely your own to do with as you please.'

'Mr. Wolffe must take it back. He *must*.'

'I thought he had refused to do so.'

'He must be made to change his mind—if I do not succeed by fair means——'

She stopped; something in his expression seemed to rebuke, though he was, in fact, more amused than scandalized by her desperate resolution.

'Colonel Fayrer, have *you* never done anything wrong?' she demanded angrily.

'Very often. Why do you doubt it?' laughing.

'I don't think I have any sympathy with quite good people.'

'When anyone is very virtuous, and *knows it*, he is certainly not a very agreeable companion,' agreed the Colonel, happily unaware that in her opinion he himself came into that objectionable category.

Nancy smiled in wicked appreciation of the joke.

'It's just a choice of evils,' she declared—'a bad conscience is unpleasant to yourself, a good one unpleasant to everybody else. Have you ever longed to be a Jesuit?'

'I don't know that I ever have.'

'I think the creed would suit me very well. I should like to be able to justify my actions to myself just for my own satisfaction, and I should like to prove that one might, without danger to one's self or others, "do evil that good might come."'

Her words had a very sorrowful ring as she concluded, though she half meant them to be taken as a jest. To speak even thus darkly of what was in her heart eased it ; and from experience she had found that in Lancelot Fayrer she could put implicit trust. He gave her sympathy, though not so much as to be mawkish, and was not afraid to deal in hard truths when it was necessary to condemn. Moreover, he had asked her to be his wife, which inferred a certain amount of interest in her actions ; and in consequence she was not afraid of boring him with abstract theories and half-confidences.

He thought now she wished to say more, and was himself silent, while from a house-

boat that was moored higher up the river there came snatches of a song:

> 'Unless you can muse in a crowd all day
> On the absent face that fixed you;
> Unless you can love as the angels do,
> With the breadth of heaven betwixt you.'

'I don't think I know much about the Jesuits,' broke in Colonel Fayrer, who was listening for Nancy's voice and did not care for any other, however sweet.

'They believe that it is lawful, if you see a thief going to rob a poor man, to divert him from his purpose by showing him a richer one who would suffer less from the loss,' said little Lady Cairne in the laborious tones of one who is trying to quote correctly.

Not seeing exactly to what this was tending, Fayrer did not reply, being too wise to utter a banality that perhaps would only check the current of her thoughts.

'There are some people who can bear suffering better than others,' she asserted presently.

'No doubt.'

'Don't you think it is to them all the troubles should go? There are some natures so sensitive and tender they would never recover from the effects of a great grief. Others are made of a coarser grain. Now, if it could be arranged——'

'These things are not altogether in our hands,' he reminded her very gently.

This time it was she who was silent. Her brow was puckered into a frown. Even in the semi-darkness he could see the pained intensity of her gaze as it followed the curves of the river, flashing like points of silver where the light struck it, but flowing black as ink beneath the shadows of the overhanging trees.

From the house-boat near twinkled one solitary lamp. It was evident that the singer was alone and singing only to please herself, for now her voice was so low they could only hear the air and not distinguish any words.

'Do you think it is *always* wrong to say what is not exactly true?' asked Nancy abruptly.

'There is some weak-minded prejudice to that effect.'

'*I'm* not afraid of telling stories;' and then, with a pretty air of considering the question and giving it the benefit of every doubt, she continued thoughtfully: 'I look upon it rather as a sign of progress, permissible because expedient, and so often forced upon us. Self-repression and diplomatic tact rank among the fine arts we all study and are struggling to attain.'

'Not doctrines to be inculcated in a Sunday-school.'

She shrugged her shoulders.

'And they are not your sister's views, I am sure.'

'Oh, Millicent! *She* is the stuff of which they made the ancient martyrs; she is altogether too good for these commonplace times. She would sacrifice you and me, and herself first of all, on the ruined altar which once was erected to Truth—before she went down to live in a well.'

'It is a good fault.'

'By which, perhaps, you mean deception is a bad virtue. I don't defend it,' she said petulantly. 'I only plead its necessity. Don't you think I deserve some credit for having the honesty to confess I am not always truthful (or, at least, don't intend to remain so), instead of straining at the idea and complacently swallowing the fact?'

Again the soprano voice rang out clear and sweet over the water:

> 'Unless you can *die* when the dream is o'er,
> Oh! never call it loving.'

'As if it were so easy to die!' thought Nancy impatiently; and again, with womanly inconsistency: 'There are harder things than dying.'

But she said nothing.

Colonel Fayrer, watching her intently, tried to read her thoughts, and absolutely failed. All her words had been hard, and she had endeavoured to infuse a gaiety into her manner which was evidently forced; while

the look in her eyes when they met his own had thrilled him with unspeakable sympathy. Now a low-drawn sigh taxed his fortitude to the utmost; it was only by a great effort he controlled himself, and observed with commendable absence of any emotion in his tone:

'I think you have been indirectly asking my advice.'

'Have I?' carelessly. 'You know there could only be one reason for my doing that.'

'Yes?'

'For the pleasure of not taking it,' she answered with an enchanting smile.

'I should like to have the poor satisfaction of giving it, all the same. You know there are certain privileges I possess as your guardian and trustee, and the giving of advice is one.'

In spite, however, of the right he claimed and she did not deny, he did not at once continue. He was feeling uncomfortably aware of a flushed face, whose warmth the

wind, as it came in soft puffs, did not abate, but intensified.

'I suppose,' he said at last, bringing out the words with a rush, 'a man of my age—and appearance—always looks a little ridiculous quoting poetry; but there are some lines I read the other day which struck me for the first time, though I had read them often before. I should like to repeat them to you. Somehow they reminded me of you.

> '"This above all. To thine own self be true;
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

It seemed to me,' he concluded simply, 'a very good maxim for any woman to take as her motto.'

With all an Englishman's horror of appearing too serious—though seriousness is the mood that best becomes him—and a dread of being ridiculed on the score of sentiment by the girl whose chameleon-like changes it was impossible for his slower nature at all times to follow, the lines had received scant justice in

his mouth, yet were so earnestly spoken that Nancy did not feel inclined to jest in return.

She shivered a little and drew her soft loose cloak up to her chin ; said she thought it was going to rain, and then suggested they had better find the others—to which latter proposition her companion unwillingly agreed. They walked across the grass together side by side in the gathering darkness, while the wind, which was rising higher, blew the bright curls about Nancy's face, and flattened the feathery trimming that bordered her cloak against her neck. Her skirts clung against her slender limbs and impeded her progress, so that presently Colonel Fayrer took her small hand and drew it gently through his arm.

She did not resist. Indeed, when the novelty of the situation had worn off, she felt it rather pleasant to be leaning on another's strength and being taken care of. It was the first time she had taken a man's arm except at an evening party, when it was only as a matter of custom, not because she needed

support : now she felt a little gentle sorrow for herself, because destiny had apparently decreed she must go through life alone—a desolate old maid.

As they came up to the pavilion they saw Millicent pacing up and down the sheltered walk with the two young guardsmen, both evidently vying with each other to please her.

'They used to admire *me*,' said Nancy dolefully ; and then laughing : 'I wonder if she knows which is which—I never did.'

'You are not the only one who mixes them up. I overheard a very warm discussion in the club the other day. Skelton was objecting to being called Beames ; and the man he attacked asked angrily how he could be expected to remember his "*boney*" name. As a matter of fact, all young men are very much alike.'

'It's their collars, perhaps,' said Nancy absently.

Then Oliver Pontifex joined them, and asked if they were ready to go, as the weather

looked threatening, and he doubted if even now they would escape a sharp shower.

His manner was rather curt, and his face, which lent itself readily to the idea of gloom, was frowning darkly, though he tried to force a smile. The evening had been a thorough disappointment to him. It had been his intention to devote himself to Lady Cairne; and a half-formed thought had been floating through his brain that, if he could resolve to marry, she would suit him charmingly as a wife. He liked her for her brightness and her beauty; more especially for her indifference to himself, and this, though he believed it to be half affected, added zest to his pursuit. But to-night she had carried the pretence beyond all bounds—she had even chosen to address her conversation to those 'half-fledged youngsters' rather than speak to him, her host, and when he asked her to go for a stroll with him after dinner, had replied she had already promised to go with Colonel Fayrer; this being, as he could not help

suspecting by the surprised light that leapt into the Colonel's eyes, a suddenly invented pretext.

But this was not all.

Mrs. Rose, like all women of sallow complexion, lit up marvellously at night, and this evening was looking more than ordinarily brilliant. Two years previously Oliver Pontifex, had the choice been his, would certainly have preferred her society to that of either Millicent or Nancy, notwithstanding the piquancy of one, the prettiness of both ; nor would he have hesitated now had he not lately felt that strange inclination towards matrimony.

The rebuff he had received from Nancy caused him more anger than regret ; and as Mrs. Rose disappeared into the conservatory he followed her.

She heard his footsteps behind her, and turned, showing no distaste, and yet no pleasure, at his presence. In the old days they had known each other sufficiently well to

be silent when it pleased them; and he took advantage of this former privilege of familiar friendship to remain now without speaking, while he gazed admiringly upon her.

Her dark eyes met his without flinching—they looked like violets growing in deep shadow, so heavy were their lashes and their brows. The dusky hair lay like a cloud upon her low forehead. There was very little colour in her cheeks, but her full curved lips were very red, and her teeth shone like pearls when a smile disclosed them. There was something enigmatical in her smile, and in her attitude a declared indifference that had also something of defiance in it. Very slender she looked, and tall, among the clustering blossoms that touched and clung about her gown, which was all black, and of diaphanous texture, hanging gracefully in folds and picturesquely draped across her breast, where it was caught by a ruby brooch just above her heart. The stones, which were large and exceptionally brilliant,

seemed to accentuate, as they rivalled, the vivid crimson of her mouth.

'You are looking radiant to-night,' whispered Oliver Pontifex audaciously.

The smile, evanescent before, deepened in amusement at her own thoughts rather than in pleasure at his praise.

'There are some nights and some days when everything is more beautiful, more delightful, than on others; when, for no reason, an enchantment seems to descend on the earth and glorify the commonest things.'

'*For no reason?*' he asked with emphasis.

'Ah, well! of course there is always a reason,' she assented.

'I remember a day when such a charm existed—at least for me,' he responded softly: 'it was in this very place, but later in the year, and you and I sat together under one of those umbrellas, with strawberries and cream on a table between us, and you poured out tea for me from a little brown pot marked "For

two." I drank more than tea that summer afternoon. That was a draught divine—I drank from your sweet eyes.'

'Mr. Pontifex, you forget——'

'Pardon me, Mrs. Rose, it is that I *remember*.'

'I should not have thought you would have been guilty of such a *gaucherie* as to remember what a lady so evidently desired to ignore. You are losing your tact, Mr. Pontifex ; you have lost a great deal since the day—the *days* you wish to recall to my memory.'

She had judged rightly that the hauteur which would have been more natural for her to adopt would not have hurt him half so much as this air of tolerance for a half-forgotten folly—this disdainful mockery that sparkled in her eyes.

He drew himself up frigidly, and for a moment was at a loss for a reply, then observed rather weakly that if *he* were too constant *she* should not blame him.

'I will pity you if you like, if pity is any sweeter,' she laughed gaily.

He muttered something indistinctly, which she did not request him to repeat. Looking at him now with dispassionate, critical eyes, she wondered how she could ever have allowed him so nearly to wreck her life, to spoil three years of it beyond repairing.

Reading something of her thoughts, he reluctantly admitted that he was no longer what he was then; that he was growing old and—well, yes, portly. He had always prided himself upon being a big man, and upon his strength; now he felt very ponderous as he stood in that narrow passage with flowers on either side of him; he had grown heavy mentally as well, and was no longer able to cope with a woman's delicate raillery or the coarser *badinage* that found favour in his club. His health had also failed him lately.

'I must marry. It is time I married and settled down,' he reflected, in that noble

spirit of self-sacrifice with which a man offers what is left of his life at middle age in exchange for innocence and youth.

'Let us join the others,' she suggested.

But he did not move to let her pass.

'Why should we? You were not always so eager to avoid me.'

A low rippling laugh drove him to the verge of desperation.

'You are very wise—*now*,' he muttered savagely.

'Which means that I once was very foolish. I admit it, ungenerous, ungallant as it is of you to remind me of it. Most women are foolish once in their lives, very few a second time. Thank you, Mr. Pontifex,' as he made room for her to go by, at last convinced of the hopelessness of further argument, and glad to drop the subject—for ever. Bravely as she had borne herself, she, too, had suffered. She was a woman, and therefore he might have known that much she had said was spoken in bravado and was not quite true.

Though she had conquered the pain, she had not forgotten, she never could forget, that it had been. The blood-red rubies flaming above her heart were not more real than the wound of which they might have been a sign.

For awhile they walked up and down, stopping every now and then to speak to people they knew ; never safe from interruption, so that she could tell him in her ordinary society tone, yet with a happy ring in it not altogether feigned, the reason of her having been in such good spirits—how her husband was coming home, and they would not be separated again.

So Oliver Pontifex had had, as he afterwards confessed to himself, a very bad quarter of an hour ; he was not free to show his impatience of the theme she had chosen, for there was always someone within earshot, and he was unable to leave her, as she was his guest.

He was glad to make the weather an excuse for leaving early, an excuse which justified itself before they reached home.

Through a heavy downpour of rain Nancy (her dainty coat utterly useless in this emergency), wrapped in Colonel Fayrer's ulster and sharing his umbrella, sat beside him on the coach, practically alone with him; Mr. Pontifex being occupied with his team and the rest of the party sheltering inside.

Only Nancy had decided to return as she came, on the ground that she was tired and that the air would refresh her; but Fayrer, glancing at her from time to time, thought she looked very cold and still, and suspected once that tears as well as raindrops were on her cheek.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### POOR MACHIAVELLI!

Though she was not turned from her purpose by what her guardian and trustee had said, Nancy was more disturbed by it than she cared to own: she pondered over his words through the long drive home, and admired him in a far-off fashion, as she might have admired a hero in a book. The mere fact of his quoting those lines of poetry, which was quite foreign to his usual habit of dry and abrupt speech, that never became discursive, impressed her, and several times she repeated the first line to herself:

'To thine own self be true.'

After all, was this the least selfish motto she could adopt? Almost, she thought, she

would prefer to be true to Millicent — to Millicent, who had always stood in the light of a mother to her, and who surely was still dearer to her than any man could be who had only lately entered her life — and did not 'care' for her.

Recklessly as she had declared her disregard for truth, she shrank from going to her sister with a deliberate falsehood on her lips, though told only for her sake; and Colonel Fayrer's outspoken opinion had stripped the act of the aspect of heroism she had imagined might be given to it.

She vaguely remembered to have read somewhere: 'A woman should be true as death'— the writer went on to say that at the first deviation from the direct path she should be removed painlessly into another world to rid this of a monstrosity. Something it was to that effect, she could not recollect it clearly, but it made her feel like an abandoned criminal, as, loosening her hair, with an idea that it might serve as a veil through which

even Millicent's clear sight, made more keen by love, could not penetrate, she armed herself with brushes and knocked at the door between them, thinking, with a little dreary smile at her own cynicism, that at least she was habited like a heroine and going to work in the approved fashion. The setting of the scene being so essentially correct, surely she could trust herself to play her part unfalteringly and without self-betrayal.

Millicent, half undressed, turned to greet her with a gentle rebuke upon her lips.

'Child, you ought to be in bed. You were looking so tired to-night when we came back.'

'I have something to tell you, Millie.'

'Are you sure,' quizzically, 'it is not the new tea-jacket and the ivory-backed brushes you want me to see?'

Nancy shook her head.

'Sit down in that easy-chair, and let me sit down at your feet. Yes, so. Millie, it is very good to have you back. You must not leave me again—until you marry.'

Not being given to protestations, Millicent did not repeat her denial of the day before. She stroked with loving fingers the beautiful bright hair that lay in shining masses on her lap, and said slowly :

'If I thought you really wanted me, that you had no one else to take care of you——'

'No one who could take your place.'

'Then I would stay with you until *you* married.'

'And suppose you married first ?'

'That is not likely.'

'Nothing happens that is likely ! It is the unexpected that always comes. Millie, should you think I was a very fickle person ?'

'I should have said you were exceptionally constant. But what has that to do with it ?'

'Wait—wait ; I am going to tell you. Do you remember—don't touch my hair, Millicent ; I am nervous to-night, it irritates me—do you remember that I was, I mean I *thought* I was, very fond of—Mr. Wolffe ?'

'It is not so very long ago, is it, Nancy ?'

'So far as I am concerned it might be a century ago. *It is all over.*' She spoke with a little excited gasp, as she realized how true her own words were, in another sense than that in which they had been uttered.

Millicent could not speak. She could not understand for the moment what the statement meant; whether it was that Nancy had somehow discovered that Leslie Wolffe had asked her to become his wife, and Nancy had therefore given up all hope of winning his affection, or whether she had actually changed her mind.

Her own heart was beating to suffocation. For the first time since she knew Leslie Wolffe loved her, she began to hope; and the sudden revulsion of feeling made her faint and breathless.

'I—I don't care for him any more,' blurted out Nancy desperately.

'Oh, Nancy! and it is only a few months!'

Against her will the words escaped her lips, with no thought of reproaching one who seemed sufficiently abased; only speaking out

her unconquerable surprise that anyone having loved once and loved *him* could so easily transfer her affections.

Through Nancy's slight frame a strong shudder passed, and she looked round at the empty grate regretfully, feeling very cold and comfortless. There was no brightness anywhere, she thought; confusing her physical wants with her mental pain, and not attempting to sever one from the other.

'There must be someone else,' said Millicent; and, the conviction growing upon her, she went on decisively: 'It is impossible you could change so quickly if there were not someone else.'

'I—I suppose not.' Nancy was startled at this new, unlooked-for complication.

'Who is it? Won't you tell me?' her sister whispered softly.

Of all the long array of admirers that passed in panoramic procession through Nancy's mind, only one seemed possible as a lover—there was only one who had actually declared

himself; and, as it happened, Millicent at the same moment thought of him, and asked eagerly:

'Is it Colonel Fayrer?'

'Yes,' murmured Nancy with a sob, and she buried her face in her sister's knee, half inclined to laugh, though tears were in her eyes.

With a sudden movement Millicent caught her face between her two hands and turned it towards her, looking suspiciously into the pained, wide-open eyes, which forbade the thought that she could be in jest, her first suspicion, and yet did not absolutely satisfy her that Nancy was speaking truth.

'Why are you so strange? Why are you hiding your face? Nancy, what does it all mean?'

'Don't you understand? How stupid you are! Can't you guess?' cried Nancy, at her wits' end, and struggling to be free.

'Of course I see now. You are ashamed, because you used to make such fun of him.

But I never thought you could be in earnest about that. He is so very nice and good and true.'

Nancy had broken loose, and was brushing her hair vigorously at the other end of the room, feeling very grateful for the suggested explanation, which was too natural not to be instantly adopted.

'It is always wise to begin with a little aversion,' she declared soberly, from behind the falling curtain of mingled brown and burnished gold.

She thought then that all danger was surmounted, and began to congratulate herself on having come out of it so well—too soon.

'And you wish me to stay with you until you are married?' asked Millicent tenderly.

Nancy nodded, despite of all her misery, smiling in wicked enjoyment of the idea that this might prove a limitless period.

'Of course you will not marry until a year after Sir Peter's death?'

'We are not engaged yet,' she confessed,

with downcast eyes. And then, throwing down her brushes, she pushed back her hair and went over to her sister's side. 'But you will stay with me, won't you?' she pleaded coaxingly, a strange earnestness in her tone that no one could have resisted, and at the same time laid her hot cheek against Millicent's cool face, twining her arms caressingly about her.

'Yes, I will stay.'

Debating the question in her own mind, the elder had decided that such an important step as Nancy's marriage must not be hurried; that, having altered once, it would be necessary to guard her against the danger of another change. The child must not be thrown on her own resources any more; she was far too young to marry; she could not be expected to know her own mind.

'Little Lady Cairne' did indeed look absurdly juvenile in her short white petticoat and jacket of blue silk, her hair falling all about her; and Millicent came to the conclusion that it was certainly her duty to remain

with her and look after her so far as she was able.

'There is no doubt he loves you very much,' she observed presently.

'Oh no; there is no doubt of *that*,' said Nancy dryly; and then bade her sister 'good-night,' kissing the nape of Millicent's neck as she was stooping to unlace her shoes, and vanishing before she could look up.

Miserable as she was on her own account, she felt a glow of satisfaction at the thought that Millicent at least need not be unhappy any more. Once when she raised her eyes, Nancy had seen a light in them that assured her of that fact; and this was a gleam of brightness in the monotonous and dismal future which stretched before her its unalluring hues.

As she lay wakeful and thoughtful through the short night, already half over, the plot, immature and only that day conceived, developed, the adage proving itself true that it is only the first step that 'costs.'

This step being irretrievably taken and so far successful in its results, she resolved to precipitate herself headlong down that broad and easy path which is said to lead to destruction. She would make Millicent believe that her large fortune might be a barrier between herself and the man she loved, and in the end she might perhaps persuade her to accept at least half of it as her dowry; so that in this way Wolffe might come into possession of his own.

It was early morning before the scheme was completed to her satisfaction, and this female Machiavelli fell asleep, her flushed face pillowed on her hand, the corners of her mouth downdrawn, the tears scarcely dry on the tangled lashes that lay like deep shadows on her cheek, which was soft and rounded like a little child's.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### OPPORTUNITY.

JAYNES, with plenty of leisure and some capital at his command, was able to indulge his perverted tastes to the utmost. The newspapers were at that time full of a series of murders which were supposed to have been committed by one man; over the horrible details of these he gloated day by day; and at one of the principal theatres a drama was running called 'Crime,' the realistic scenes in which he enjoyed night after night. The bookstalls afforded him endless amusement, and amongst the treasures he disinterred was an old tattered copy of De Quincey's 'Murder as a Fine Art.'

Though some of the writing in this was

rather above his comprehension, he revelled in the descriptions, and was especially taken by the ingenuity of that wholesale murderer Williams, and envious of his mild expression and insidiously gentle manners, which in most cases disarmed suspicion.

A remark he had once heard Sir Peter Cairne make in jest had always rankled in his mind. It was on the occasion when Leslie Wolffe had found him out in some trivial theft, and had considered it right to inform his step-father of the fact. Partly out of contrariness and a dislike to be indebted to the young man, partly also on account of his phlegmatic and cynical disposition, which took such backslidings for granted, Sir Peter had dismissed the matter with an amused smile.

'Poor Jaynes' peccadilloes are quite unworthy of his face, which is that of a first-class criminal,' he had said, and the discomfited valet would almost have preferred condign punishment to this careless contempt.

The Count's pocket-book, though well lined,

did not prove inexhaustible; and Jaynes' prudent spirit prompted him to seek out Lady Cairne again and ask for her help some time before he was in actual need of it. It proved more difficult to find him a second situation, and she had not heard of anything that would suit him when she went into her own house in Park Lane.

Then she asked Mrs. Scarrot again if she would not relent in his favour and give him another chance, but was obliged to abandon the idea when she saw the abject terror the bare suggestion aroused in the woman's mind.

'Don't do it, Miss Nancy—milady; don't, for mercy's sake. The man's a villain, take my word for it, and some day he'll appear in his true colours.'

'He is penniless, and will starve if something is not done for him.'

'Then he'll be desperate, and the more dangerous. I really could not sleep in the same house with him. I'd be afraid for

my very life, not to speak of the little money I have by me.'

'Just because he has a wicked face,' said Nancy.

'There never was such a wicked face as his without there being a wicked heart behind it. A shiver goes all through me when I see him. It's like someone walking over your grave. You know that feeling, milady ?'

Nancy laughed, and did not argue with her any longer ; indeed, it would have been useless, as the woman's prejudice was too strong to combat—nor was it without foundation. As she had observed, it is dangerous to drive some natures to extremities : and temptations which in times of prosperity are foregone, it is sometimes impossible to resist when starvation stares one in the face. The state of Jaynes' mind may be judged from the fact that when he changed his last sovereign he bought a long, thin, wicked-looking knife that was lying in a pawnbroker's window, and took to walking down dark and unfrequented

streets, with no definite design, but thoughts in his mind which it certainly was not wise to entertain.

The strong inclination towards crime was there, and necessity seemed urging him onward. Only the opportunity was wanting, and that came, in the shape of a summons to attend at an evening party Lady Cairne was giving in her new house.

That stationary smile of his flickered momentarily as he read Mrs. Scarrot's brief note, and a light flashed into his eyes that was not pleasant to see. On such an occasion there would certainly be spoil about worth running some risk to secure ; and he remembered now it had been his hero Williams' plan always to choose a house where he was well known as his base of operations, that his presence in any part of it might not arouse suspicion or fear.

When the night arrived his rather feeble courage was strung up to fever-pitch. He was ready to do anything to put money in his

purse and rehabilitate himself, at least, in his own esteem.

Nancy had been some weeks in her new abode when she resolved to give a house-warming. The party was to be very small, limited to the few friends she had made since she came to town, but her list gradually increased in its dimensions, as such things will.

It was not so much the desire to be hospitable that moved her, as the feeling that she must have something to distract her mind, something to help her through the part she found so difficult to play. She was often tormented by the doubt that she had acted under a mistake, that Millicent was heart-whole, and she herself might have won happiness at last had she only waited and allowed matters to run their own course. Her plot, over which she had wasted such anxious thought, seemed puerile when completed; and she could almost have imagined that the little scene in Millicent's room, which had cost her so much,

was only an hallucination of her brain, had not the pain which succeeded it been so very real.

Leslie Wolffe seldom came to the house except by invitation, and during his rare visits Millicent was usually very quiet and shy : it might have been supposed that his presence was distasteful to her. That was another reason why Nancy was giving this party, in the hope that, being thrown together in a crowd, the wall of reserve might be broken down between them, and suspense ended. Nothing could be worse to bear than such uncertainty. She was very much alone during those days. Since she had deceived her sister, she was afraid to talk to her unrestrainedly about anything, lest her duplicity might be incidentally discovered. From her new friend she was also divided for a time, as there were many preparations to make in anticipation of Major Rose's return ; while Lord Fayrer, who had been a constant and always welcome companion, was unwell, and away in the country for a short time.

It was then she learnt to know Lancelot Fayrer really well, and to appreciate the sterling qualities which lay beneath his conventional demeanour. He was exceedingly well read, and could talk interestingly on most subjects when he chose, and he now spared no pains to amuse Nancy and lead her thoughts into pleasanter directions. Whether or no he suspected its cause, he could not fail to discern her sadness, and his manner grew very tender and protecting, so that she began gradually to rely upon his aid and to miss him when he stayed away.

On the day of her party he passed most of the day at Park Lane, giving practical help, as well as eking out her small knowledge of the ways of society with his larger experience. He left the house about six o'clock, and, to Nancy's surprise, returned an hour or so later with a small case in his hand.

'Guess what this is,' he said lightly as he laid it down before her.

'I have no idea.'

'Well, I don't know myself yet, but I expect to be dazzled by some of the contents to-night. It is the jewellery—some rather valuable ornaments are included, I believe—which Sir Peter always kept at the bank. His lawyers made it over to mine the other day, with a list which you will find inside. I forgot to give it to you until now.'

She thanked him listlessly. He thought she looked very tired and sad as she leant back in her easy-chair, her small head half buried in the soft cushions.

'Will you promise me to lie down and rest for an hour or so?' he begged her earnestly.

'I am not tired—at least, not very tired; but, of course, I will rest a little if you wish. You are very kind to mind about it. You are very kind always.'

'There is nothing I would not do for you—if you would let me. I told you that before. It is harder than you think to stand aloof. No, no; I am not asking anything from you

—nor complaining. I can be very patient—as you will see.'

'I am not worthy.'

'That is a gloomy view of the question you cannot expect me to share.' He put up his eyeglass with a quizzical air. She did not answer, and he turned to go away, but when he reached the door looked round again.

The room, luxuriously furnished, was made more beautiful by flowers, whose fragrant masses, heaped in contrasting colours, made sweet perfume ; the shaded lamps shed a soft yet brilliant light upon the scene. The windows opened into a balcony, which was transformed into a temporary conservatory, where water trickled with a soothing, cooling sound over banks of moss, through groups of tall and feathery ferns. Eastern-looking lanterns were half hidden among the surrounding foliage. Nancy, however, did not raise her eyes to admire the effect she had been mainly instrumental in causing. Her

hands lay idly in her lap, and the jewel-box stood unopened at her side.

'You are a very fortunate woman, Lady Cairne,' observed Colonel Fayrer in a strangely sympathetic tone.

'Yes, am I not?' she said, with what was meant to be a smile, but only resulted in a faint quivering of the parted lips.

Colonel Fayrer was irresistibly reminded of the story of Midas as he had heard it in his childhood. The King, cursed with the fulfilment of his wish that everything he touched might be turned to gold, was starved into repenting his fulfilled wish: wine turned to liquid metal when it met his mouth, the most delicate food grew hard and glittering in his fingers; and when his only daughter ran to meet him, an unconsidered kiss changed her to a statue, the gods perpetuating her memory in a flower.

'Poor little Marigold!' he thought, as he surveyed the helpless mistress of this wealth, who from the first moment of its acquirement

had seemed to grow more staid and more sorrowful.

'Go to sleep and rest. You will feel brighter when you wake,' he said pitifully as he withdrew—a prognostication which proved to be correct. The cup of strong tea which was taken to her at Colonel Fayrer's suggestion, and the sound slumber which ensued, did her good, nor was she, though she believed herself to be heart-broken, quite insensible to the delight of possessing an exquisite new frock, which would probably surpass every other in the room that night.

The jewel-box she did not open until the last thing, and then could not restrain a cry of admiration as she drew out first a rivière of diamonds and crescent comb, then a string of pearls and a set of sapphires from among the smaller ornaments, bracelets, brooches, rings, and pins.

Millicent came in from the adjoining room, hearing her exclamation, and helped to fasten the diamonds in her hair and round her neck.

For a moment both admired the flashing gems in almost breathless silence; then suddenly Nancy's hands went up to her throat, and she loosened the necklace in nervous haste, letting it fall on the dressing-table in a scintillating heap.

Millicent asked no explanation; she would have understood the motive that prompted the act even without Nancy's awe-struck whisper:

'Do you think these were his mother's, Millicent?'

'I think it is very likely,' her sister answered gently.

Then the comb was more carefully removed and everything replaced with reverent hands in the case from which they had been taken.

Mrs. Scarrot came in while the sisters were putting away the jewels, and became garrulous in her excitement, and so extravagant in praise of her young mistress that Nancy pushed the case from her, and ran laughing and blushing from the room with her fingers in her ears.

Millicent closed the box, and, unable to find the key, pushed it behind the looking-glass, and threw some lace and ribbons on the top that it might escape observation. It was not likely that anyone would go in there; still, it was better to be careful.

Mrs. Scarrot, moved by compunction, had of her own accord proposed that Jaynes should assist on this occasion, and he had been so helpful and anxious to show his gratitude, that even without the warmer feeling which benevolence is supposed to engender towards its object, her heart must have been softened.

He showed such an interest in hearing of the people who were present, and listened so eagerly to her description of their clothes, when she came into the supper-room to see if everything was right, she offered to take him upstairs by a back way and to let him look for himself at some of the costumes which to her untutored eyes had seemed so gorgeous.

Bristling with importance and a sense of her own magnificence in the rich brown silk Nancy had given her for the occasion, she led the way, he following, till they came to an upper landing, where by looking over the banisters they could view those who passed into the drawing-room without being themselves observed.

They had not been there more than ten minutes when Jaynes felt his arm grasped tightly, and, looking round, he saw his companion's face flushed and working with excitement, while with one thin finger she pointed to a lady who was slowly mounting the stairs.

It was Mrs. Messiter, leaning on Mr. Skene's arm, Millicent having made no objection when Nancy asked if they should be invited. For both she felt sincere pity, unmingled now with condemnation, divining that sin brings its own punishment, its own atonement, in the suffering it entails.

So Mrs. Messiter was there, radiant with

delight at meeting people she had long wished to know ; gowned quite regardless of expense in a wonderful amethyst brocade, worked with silver threads and draped with almost priceless lace, with amethyst and diamond ornaments gleaming on her neck and arms.

'She holds her own with anyone. There's not a handsomer dress here; there's not a handsomer woman,' commented the housekeeper breathlessly.

'She has some beautiful jewels.'

'And that's Mr. Skene beside her. He looks a swell, doesn't he, with his big yellow moustaches and the white flowers in his coat? My ! what a queer world it is, to be sure.'

'Mrs. Messiter and he are engaged to be married, so they said in Curzon Street the other day.'

Mrs. Scarrot drew a deep breath. She felt surprise, but no vexation, that she only heard the news by chance ; Lizzie had always been secretive, and considered that if she wrote

once or twice a year to inform her mother she was well in health, she had done her duty. It was admiration that moved the housekeeper, who knew that Mr. Skene held a higher position in society than Mrs. Messiter, with all her money, had yet attained.

She watched them pass into one of the rooms with a fond smile upon her lips, and such love shining in her eyes as must have betrayed the facts of the case to anyone who cared to see.

Jaynes, however, was watching with crafty, covetous eyes the precious stones the women wore, and wondering whether he possibly could possess himself of any. At present they were no nearer to his hand than if he had viewed them through a glass window in Bond Street or Piccadilly. His only chance seemed in meeting someone alone and wresting the jewels from her by violence; a dangerous proceeding, as he foresaw, and depending on an improbable opportunity.

Then Nancy crossed from one room to

another, her sweet face bright with smiles, as she spoke to those she passed in clear musical tones that ascended to where the two quiet watchers stood, and might have belonged to the happiest woman in the world.

'She's rich enough to have been covered with diamonds if she chose,' muttered Jaynes gloomily.

'She's pretty enough not to need them; not but what, as you say, she might have worn them if she chose,' said Mrs. Scarrot, jealous of her young mistress's glory.

'Why didn't she?'

'How can I tell? It is likely she'd confide in me! She just pushed them on one side as if they'd been so many coloured beads, yet there was a sad look on her face as well, I thought. Perhaps she was thinking of poor Sir Peter. To be sure, he was never her husband, and she had only known him a few weeks; but he took a wonderful fancy to her, and she was very good to him. I've known her sit for hours with him when she'd rather

have been with Miss Millicent or out of doors.'

But Jaynes was not attending. His busy brain was already working on this new vein by accident disclosed to him. If only he could find out where this treasure was, and by what means he could reach it without risk, his fortune might be made; yet he dared not ask questions for fear of arousing suspicion, knowing well that he was no favourite with his companion, although for the moment she had unbent.

Fate, however, seemed to be playing his game for him; Mrs. Scarrot's diffusiveness supplying him with the information which he lacked.

Remembering that there were duties they were both neglecting, she hurried him away, and half-way down the narrow stairs stopped at a door.

'I can get to the cloakroom this way, through 'milady's room; when there's no one about I can just run across the landing.

You can find your way back to the hall ; it's just straight down. And see that everything's right, Jaynes. I wouldn't have Miss Nancy vexed for worlds, nor disappointed.'

With a smooth rejoinder Jaynes passed downstairs and out of sight.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### AT LAST.

In very truth Nancy had no need of diamonds to enhance her loveliness that night.

The soft white velvet gown, made after some bygone fashion, cunningly brought down to date, suited her to perfection, with its plumes of drooping feathers and cobweb lace. Anything hard or brilliant would have spoilt, not improved, the effect.

'If I were Lancelot, I should take her in my arms and never stop kissing her till she promised to be my wife,' said Caroline Rose to her husband, who, bronzed and looking rather thin after his three years' residence in the East, now stood beside her.

'Do you think that high-handed way of

going to work would be successful ?' he asked, with the air of one who wishes to be instructed.

'I have never known it fail yet.'

'Then I shall know what to do.'

'You do not need to know. Nothing will ever come between us again. I am very wise now, Desmond ; I appreciate my own good fortune.'

The question might have arisen in his mind whether the folly of youth is not always sweeter than the experience which is only won through sorrow ; but the smile with which she met his half-doubtful gaze disarmed him. She was happy now. No one could think otherwise, looking into her face, from which all the interesting gloom had gone, leaving a commonplace brightness. There were many years before them yet in which to grow together ; and she was young enough to forget what had caused her so much remorse and pain.

Giving her husband's arm a tender, reassur-

ing pressure, she turned her attention once more to little Lady Cairne.

Leslie Wolffe was talking to her, though his eyes were fixed on Millicent, who stood a little way apart in a rather severe gown of plain white silk, with yellow lilies at her breast and in her hair,

By this time Mrs. Rose understood the situation so far as to be sure that the artist was her brother's only formidable rival ; and she saw that of the two sisters Millicent was preferred by him. Nancy being her favourite, it was natural she should be indignant on her behalf ; moreover, it passed her comprehension that any man could hesitate between the two, and then award the palm to the elder.

'Nancy is all life and laughter, the more lovable because of her faults. Millicent is a piece of cold perfection. Yes, I suppose that is it,' in answer to a sly remark of her husband's. 'I suppose she *is* too good for me. Her face is like a Madonna's, and I prefer a little devilment.'

'Women always do. They are terribly dissipated in their tastes.'

'Because they are allowed no vent,' laughing. Then, returning to the subject at issue, she went on with enthusiasm :

'Now, Desmond, look at Nancy. Is she not charming when she laughs and flirts and keeps half a dozen in play at once ? If Mr. Wolffe married her, he would never need to hire another model. She is never the same for a moment, and every change is for the better.'

At that moment Nancy took the artist's arm and walked away with him.

'Tell me,' she murmured confidentially, 'why you have not asked Millicent to dance to-night ?'

'She is always so surrounded, and it might not be agreeable to her,' he replied.

'How humble you are !'

'I ought not to be, since *you* have deigned to walk with me,' smiling.

'You have forgotten that you are quite a

lion. Several have asked me to introduce them to that "clever Mr. Wolffe." Don't you think,' looking at him critically, 'that under the circumstances you might wear your hair just a little longer ?'

'If you think it would add an inch to my social cubit I will.'

'I think there is no doubt it would. And, of course, I am a judge. I feel such a wicked fraud when I sweep about in Worth's last "creations," assuming the airs of a woman of fashion, and remember that less than a year ago I was running up and down stairs with tea or soup for Sir Peter, and dusting your rooms.'

'Those were very happy days.'

'There are happier still in store for *you*. Mr. Wolffe, you honoured me with your confidence once; won't you take my advice now ? Now that Millicent is free, ask her again if she will have you.'

'If I thought I had any chance.'

'Try,' she said meaningly, and was glad to

stop and speak to two young men who came towards her, to relieve the strain upon her.

The men were Mr. Beames and Mr. Skel ton, the two young guardsmen who had been at Hurlingham a month or more ago, and one of them asked his hostess to dance.

'I am so sorry, Mr. Skelton, I have not a dance left. Or have I made a mistake again? Is it Mr. Beames? I always confuse you two.'

'I know. It is all the same to you, of course. But it makes a great deal of difference to us.'

Lady Cairne flashed into his face a quick, interested glance.

'I will make up for it,' she said sweetly. 'I am not actually dancing to-night; but I will sit out the rest of this waltz with you instead.'

Taking his arm, she turned to Wolffe with smiling eyes.

'Go and find Millicent and ask her to dance,' she said impressively, and then hurriedly turned away.

Mr. Beames, delighted at having quite the prettiest woman in town upon his arm, made special efforts to entertain and to please her.

'It's a charming ball, Lady Cairne,' he began.

'Pray don't call it a ball,' she entreated.

He thought she was afraid of its being considered strange that she should give a large party so soon after her husband's death. It was a fact that the affair had been canvassed; and she had been freely blamed for not having adopted widow's weeds, as a matter of form, if not of affection. Mrs. Rose, who was the last person in the world to stick too closely to a point of etiquette, had allowed her to go her own way without remonstrance; and when Nancy, a little reluctant to act entirely on her own responsibility, had asked her advice, she had answered with characteristic liberality:

'It is a question for your own consideration entirely. Some people find consolation in having a lot of new clothes and going into picturesque depths of despair and crape. I

have often noticed how soon the memory of the dear departed is merged in consideration of the merits of cashmere weighed against merino; and the last remnant of regret is generally frittered away in the trimmings.'

Unaware of her views upon this subject, the young guardsman was profuse and rather incoherent in his apologies; these Nancy cut short by continuing lightly:

'*I* call it a "smart and early," rather a prematurely given title, you may think, as the first adjective is dependent on the verdict of the society papers; and the second depends upon my guests' sweet will. I certainly am not going to hurry them away.'

'All the best people seem to be here.'

'I hope some of the *nice* ones are. I don't know everyone myself, so many asked leave to bring a friend, and some did *not* ask. Can you tell me who that is?' she indicated a girl with rather colourless hair and faded eyes, whose clothes also had a dishevelled and confused appearance.

'She has a habitation and a name, but I don't think people trouble themselves to remember either. She's a daughter of Scott, R.A., and they call her "the unfinished picture." That tall man with her is engaged to her. He's Captain Featherstonhaugh of "ours"—the "oval thin captain" is his nickname. They will make a good couple, don't you think?'

Nancy was not listening, but she gave a little forced laugh of assent.

She had seen Wolffe go up to Millicent and address her, turning away almost immediately in evident dissatisfaction with the result of his errand, and she was inclined to lose patience with these lovers, who persisted in being separated when a word would have united them for ever.

It seemed to little Lady Cairne that the office of mediator was very unsatisfactory as well as painful. She was growing weary of acting as a sort of Greek chorus—taking up the thread of the love-story where

the interest was supposed to flag, and explaining first to one and then to another what each might have independently understood.

She would have liked to lay down the burden and indulge her own heart's grief—like one of George Sand's heroines, she could have cried: 'I am tired of seeming strong; let me be weak!'

But on this occasion neither Millicent's shy reserve nor Wolffe's quick pride was to blame. He had asked her to dance and her card was full, while she had not had sufficient self-possession to effect a compromise. When he left she followed him with wistful eyes, longing for him to come back, that she might, at least, have shown him she was sorry. As it was, he had given her no time to make anything but the bald statement.

Mark Skene intercepted her gaze and moved to meet her. It was the first time he had spoken to her since the rupture of their engagement except in formal greeting, and he was a little uncertain how his advances would

be met. But she welcomed him frankly with no trace of confusion. That episode in her life seemed so very far away; he himself, as a lover, had been shadowy and unreal. It was as the friend of those early days in Marine Square she remembered him. All the deceit he had practised was forgotten, and forgiven —as women do forgive the faults committed for their sakes.

'I was afraid my presence here might be disagreeable to you, but Mrs. Messiter wished so much to come, and——'

'And you are no longer a free agent. I heard of that. I hope——'

'Don't congratulate me, please,' he muttered hoarsely, and with a look in his eyes that showed the veneer of outward composure was very thin, and could only be preserved with care.

At once he began to talk of indifferent matters, until Mrs. Messiter, who had observed the interview uneasily from a distance, joined them, and then Millicent escaped.

Tired of talking to those in whom she took no interest, and of the weary round of dancing, she felt that she needed a few moments' relief from the strain, and running into her own room, threw herself on the bed and lay there for a moment with closed eyes and clasped hands, enjoying the repose. When, after a while, she opened her eyes again, she was disturbed by a sense of not being alone ; and this impression was confirmed when she noticed that the strings of a Japanese bead screen which hung between her room and Nancy's were quivering as though someone had recently passed through. Millicent watched them nervously as they swayed to and fro ; then suddenly remembering that the jewel-box which Colonel Fayrer had brought that afternoon was there unlocked and unprotected, she started to her feet, and without a moment's hesitation went in to explore.

The lights were turned down low, but even in the half-darkness she could see the figure of a man near the dressing-table ; and as her

sight grew accustomed to the gloom, she saw that it was Jaynes, and, remembering all she had heard, did not doubt the object of his presence there.

His pale face was turned towards her, and one hand grasped a necklace that he was taking from the box, when, startled by a sound in the next room, he had been too paralyzed by fear to take even ordinary precautions against discovery.

Had Millicent chosen, she might have escaped then, but her one thought was that these jewels had belonged to Wolffe's mother, therefore must be rescued for him. She approached boldly, and laid her hand upon the box.

'Jaynes, what are you doing here?' she asked, trying to steady the tremulousness of her tone.

He wrenched the box from her, but in the struggle she secured the diamond rivière, and he saw the gems sparkling between her clenched fingers.

'Leave go,' he hissed out savagely, and struck her brutally across the hands.

She shuddered violently from the pain, but no sound issued from her parched lips : resistance had become mechanical, but did not cease.

Jaynes' right hand stole to his waistcoat, which concealed that long, cruel-looking knife ; and Millicent, seeing the gesture, and meeting the wicked gleam in his near-set eyes, knew that it was not only a thief she was confronting, but something worse. *There was murder in his face.*

That instant a piercing shriek rang through the air, and Mrs. Scarrot — who, passing unsuspectingly through the room, was horrified at coming upon such a scene—rushed forward, and courageously caught Jaynes by the arm to prevent his escape.

Releasing his hold on Millicent, who staggered back half fainting against the wall, with his left hand he snatched a square cut-glass scent-bottle that stood on the table, and brought it down with all his force on Mrs. Scarrot.

The blow descended just behind her ear, and she sank without a cry to the floor.

He was effectually freed, but too late.

Alarmed by that shrill scream, some who were passing had rushed in, and these were followed by others, so that in a moment the room was full, and the miscreant was seized before he had time to fly.

For a few seconds all was confusion ; then every voice was hushed, and all eyes were directed pitifully to the prostrate form upon the ground.

Something told them that they were in the presence of death, and a solemn silence reigned as the woman's eyelids fluttered, then slowly opened.

She looked round slowly, and her gaze first rested on Jaynes, as, his face ashen gray with terror, he writhed and twisted in his captors' grasp ; then on Millicent, who, supported by Leslie Wolffe, was slowly recovering from the shock ; last of all on Mrs. Messiter, who stood horror-struck at the catastrophe she witnessed,

her fingers convulsively clenched, and her little society smile frozen on her lips.

As she remembered everything more clearly, the housekeeper looked back at Millicent.

'Tell my daughter,' she said in accents so low that if it had not been so intensely still they could not have been heard, her eyes all the while averted with sedulous care from her of whom she spoke—'tell her I loved her—always—even when I vexed her. She has been a good daughter—the best of daughters—always——'

She could say no more—no more was needed. With a low wailing cry of sorrow Elsie Messiter had flung herself on her knees beside her mother, imploring her forgiveness, showering warm kisses on the pallid face, and feeling now for the first time the full strength of that wonderful mother-love of which she had voluntarily deprived herself.

To her must be dealt out only pity for what she was already enduring, and for the lonely loveless life that stretched before

her ; but the last moments of Mary Scarrot were peace and joy ineffable. She had seen the desire of her heart—the love of her life. Its patient self-sacrificing devotion was rewarded at last ; her spirit passed away content.

* * * * *

Before the painful scene was at an end, Wolffe had drawn Millicent gently away, leading her carefully downstairs to a room he had noticed on his first arrival as untenanted, and which had been purposely (as he supposed) left undecorated. One of the servants had on his own responsibility lit a lamp held aloft by a marble statue ; and by this dim light he guided Millicent through the well-remembered articles of furniture, each of which to him was a reminiscence.

This was the studio his mother had had built for him, and furnished according to his taste. On an easel was an unfinished picture for which she had sat, before he had left the

house in anger, after a series of violent quarrels with Sir Peter.

It touched him strangely that nothing had been altered or disturbed, though he could not pause to consider why this was so.

Throwing open the big French windows, he led Millicent outside into the quiet night.

Unconscious of the tragedy that had been enacted, the Hungarian musicians were still playing a waltz, the strains of which floated towards the two and filled the air with melody. Above them shone the stars, softly radiant in a summer sky, and their light fell upon Millicent, as she stood there tall and stately, in her pure white gown with golden lilies in her hair.

In her eyes was no coldness now ; they were all suffused with feeling as she impulsively thrust the diamonds into his hand.

'They were your mother's. They are yours ; Nancy said she would not take them,' she murmured brokenly.

He took not only the diamonds, but the

slender fingers that had so bravely kept them for him at the risk of her own safety, even of her life.

'She shall give them—to my wife,' he whispered back. 'Millicent, I know you love me now; and oh, my darling! to think how nearly I had lost you!'

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### FOREVER—NEVER.

For awhile they went into the country to stay at Lord Fayrer's place, Caroline Rose insisting that they all required change of scene after the tragic episode of Mrs. Scarrot's death and the excitement that had preceded it. She had felt especial anxiety on Nancy's account. The child was growing paler and thinner every day, while resolutely denying that anything ailed her. Her gaieties had been a little too much for her, she would say, shrugging her pretty shoulders—that was all. Field-flowers did not bear transplanting to the garden, and she was only reaping the reward of her presumption ; it would have

been far better if she had remained in her native shade.

'Mine were only violet's virtues, such as I possessed. I shall bloom anew when I have got rid of my ill-gotten gains,' she said, with a smile utterly unlike those that were once familiar to her face, and which Caroline Rose, who was the only one who fully grasped the situation, found so heart-rending.

Millicent had at last consented to accept the largest portion of Sir Peter's wealth to give again with herself to the rightful heir, partly under the impression that it was the barrier between her sister and Lancelot Fayrer. It was to this she attributed Nancy's uncertain spirits, never doubting that she had spoken truth one memorable night when the gates of happiness had been opened to herself, and thus being blinded to the real fact.

Even when at last she could not fail to see that Nancy's delicacy increased with every

day, she clung to the idea that she only needed care, and resisted all Wolffe's pleading for an early marriage that she might herself nurse her sister back to health. Whether or not he suspected the truth, he was always most gentle and most tender with Nancy, treating her with brotherly kindness and considering her always before themselves. If unwittingly he had wronged or pained her, he would have given his right hand to atone. He felt it a cruelty that they should be happy while she was ill, perhaps grieving. For Nancy made such a gallant fight that no one could have said with certainty that she was suffering from anything but delicate health ; nothing that she said or did could have proved she was in trouble ; it was more the absence of well-remembered traits that distressed those who loved her. She no longer made sharp little speeches in which sometimes was a playful sting ; she had lost her childish petulance of manner and forbore to express impatience at existing wrongs. She still saw the bright

and humorous side of every question, and amused them all with her quaint sayings, but there was a gentleness in her tone that had not been there before. She seemed in sympathy with all the sorrows in the world since she herself had suffered; even in her laughter there was a pathetic ring of which she was not aware.

It came into her own mind one day that she was changed, and she propounded the notion to Mrs Rose.

'I feel so good now. I like going to church and listening to the solemn music, and even to the rector preaching. When all the others file out with an air of haste, as if it were a relief to get away, I feel inclined to stay on for the next service without moving. It is all so quiet and so soothing.'

'You are not strong just now.'

'Are you explaining my conduct on the principle of "when the devil was sick"? I wonder if it is so. At present I sometimes feel as if I were becoming too good to live.'

She laughed as she spoke, and expected her merriment to be echoed. But Caroline Rose, who was struggling with something very like a sob, got up hastily and went away.

Being aware that no disease can be cured until it has passed the crisis, Mrs. Rose spoke that evening to Millicent, telling her plainly that the marriage must be hurried on, as Nancy refused to go away until it was over, and it was absolutely necessary she should have change and rest at once; delay might be dangerous.

Alarmed by her manner, Millicent became alive to the gravity of the case, and made no more objections. The marriage was fixed to take place the following week — Lord Fayrer begging that it should be under his roof, and that he might be allowed to give the bride away. Already he looked upon Nancy as a daughter, having at last discovered that his son had never been insensible to her charm and beauty, and believing that ultimately, when health and strength were

restored, she would also recover her old high spirits, and that Lancelot might then woo her with success.

It was decided she was to go to the South of France with Captain and Mrs. Rose, Colonel Fayrer joining them a month or two later. The happy pair were to go to Millicent's beloved Brighton to be invigorated by the autumn breezes and bright sunshine; then they would go on to Italy, where Wolffe intended to devote himself more seriously than ever to his art, with the hope of fulfilling the promise that had been contained in that year's picture in time for the next Academy exhibition. The two sisters were not to meet again until the following spring in town.

During those few days that intervened, Nancy seemed to rally and grow brighter. The prospect of going abroad delighted her; she would have gone anywhere gladly to escape daily and hourly contemplation of her sister's happiness, though she loyally tried to rejoice in it. She was wearing her heart

away in vain efforts to conquer what, if once a folly, now seemed to her child-like innocence a deadly sin.

The wedding day came—a brilliant sunshiny day, with only faint fleecy clouds passing across a deep-blue sky, and the air so warm and breathless that the scent of the seringa with which the church was lavishly decorated hung heavily about, becoming almost overpowering in its sweetness. For years afterwards the perfume made Nancy shiver and shrink away as from an actual hurt.

Everyone within driving distance came over for the wedding ; but since Nancy could not be bridesmaid, Millicent refused to be attended by anyone to the altar.

'I would like to marry you in the gown you wore when you opened the door for me that windy day in Brighton,' Wolffe had said ; but Millicent had smilingly negatived this suggestion.

Not only was that a black gown and therefore unlucky, but her sister had given her the

most beautiful frock that the heart of bride could desire.

'Little Lady Cairne' was also magnificently attired in a costume which was cunningly designed to draw away attention from herself and supply the colour that she lacked.

She looked a forlorn figure in spite of her rich garb, as she stood a little way apart from the rest throughout the service; and afterwards, when breakfast was over and they were in the large drawing-room at Fayrer Court, waiting until it was time for the bride to don her travelling dress to catch the afternoon train, Millicent was painfully struck by her sad, almost despairing expression as their gaze met across a crowd. She moved to go to her.

Nancy saw her coming, the light from a high oriel window falling on her satin robes and lending to them that silvery sheen we imagine on an angel's wings. She looked radiantly bright and beautiful, the severity

of her young features softened by love, her whole self transfigured by this new and wonderful happiness which had come to her.

Nancy, standing in the shadow, wrapped her handsome coat closer about her, feeling very old and cold. It seemed cruel to force the contrast between themselves and their different fates upon her notice. Her temper could not stand the strain upon it; overwrought and weak, she knew the tears were welling in her eyes, and jerked her head impatiently to one side, so avoiding Millicent's earnest, anxious glance.

With a tenderly caressing touch, Millicent laid one hand beneath her chin and gently drew her face towards her.

That end of the room was deserted. The guests were grouped together, and had not yet missed their centre of attraction, so quietly had she withdrawn herself. The buzz of merriment effectually drowned the sisters' voices as they whispered together:

'Lalage!' from the bride, with yearning

fondness, 'I am so happy, I want you to be happy, too.'

'And am I not?' said Nancy, smiling bravely while she bent her brows in an elaborate curve to express surprise and amusement at the same time.

'There is nothing now to separate you and Lancelot Fayrer.'

'Nothing—nothing.'

But the words, instead of expressing satisfaction, sounded in her own ears like a dirge, as water falling, or the ticking of a clock, seems sometimes to suggest the sorrowful song of eternity:

'Forever—never: never—forever!'

'And when is it to be? We shall be very anxious to hear—Leslie and I,' urged Millicent.

'Patience—patience! It *will* be, of course, but not yet, not quite yet. Everyone is not in such a hurry as—Leslie and you.'

She laughed mischievously, and with a coquettish gesture summoned the guardsman

to her side, he having only waited for this permission to join her, and taking charge of her with a tender protectiveness and care that was not unappreciated, or always unrewarded.

So gay was Nancy then, so like her old self in her brilliant flashes of fun and light responsive laughter, that Millicent was completely reassured, and put from her a transient suspicion.

No cloud was on her brow, and even the conventional bride's tears were absent as she drove away, Leslie Wolffe beside her, his blue eyes shining — quite good-looking in his character of proud and happy bridegroom. For the future neither of them had any fears ; their misgivings about Nancy were also temporarily lulled to rest in consequence of her brave endeavours towards that end.

And Nancy, left behind, her reckless gaiety lost in immediate reaction when the necessity for its assumption had ceased, stole away into her own room, and was weeping there as

though her heart would break, with only the consciousness to console her, the certainty that Millicent was happy, and ignorant of this, her sister's bitter sorrow.

* * * * *

So the curtain falls, but the story is not ended, for little Lady Cairne is very young, and time will bring back the laughter to her lips, and a glad light into the eyes that have so lately made acquaintance with tears. She will never again be quite the same as in those days when she was wild and winsome, with a child's sweet gaiety and carelessness of nature; but a deeper, fuller happiness will come to her, 'broad-based upon' a strong man's love and a knowledge of self-sacrifice—not in vain.

THE END.

BILLING AND SONS, PRINTERS, GUILDFORD.

# A List of Books

PUBLISHED BY

# CHATTO & WINDUS,

## 214, Piccadilly, London, W.

*Sold by all Booksellers, or sent post-free for the published price by the Publishers.*

---

**ABOUT.—THE FELLAH:** An Egyptian Novel. By EDMOND ABOUT. Translated by Sir RANDAL ROBERTS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

---

**ADAMS (W. DAVENPORT), WORKS BY.**

**A DICTIONARY OF THE DRAMA.** Being a comprehensive Guide to the Plays, Playwrights, Players, and Playhouses of the United Kingdom and America. Crown 8vo, half-bound, **12s. 6d.** [*Preparing.*

**QUIPS AND QUIDDITIES.** Selected by W. D. ADAMS. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

---

**ADAMS (W. H. D.).—WITCH, WARLOCK, AND MAGICIAN:** Historical Sketches of Magic and Witchcraft in England and Scotland. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **12s.**

---

**AGONY COLUMN (THE) OF "THE TIMES,"** from 1800 to 1870. Edited, with an Introduction, by ALICE CLAY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

---

**AIDE (HAMILTON), WORKS BY.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

**CARR OF CARRLYON.** | **CONFIDENCES.**

---

**ALEXANDER (MRS.), NOVELS BY.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

**MAID, WIFE, OR WIDOW?** | **VALERIE'S FATE.**

---

**ALLEN (GRANT), WORKS BY.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

**THE EVOLUTIONIST AT LARGE.** | **COLIN CLOUT'S CALENDAR.**
**VIGNETTES FROM NATURE.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

**STRANGE STORIES.** With a Frontispiece by GEORGE DU MAURIER.
**THE BECKONING HAND.** With a Frontispiece by TOWNLEY GREEN.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

**PHILISTIA.** | **FOR MAIMIE'S SAKE.** | **THIS MORTAL COIL.**
**BABYLON.** | **IN ALL SHADES.** | **THE TENTS OF SHEM.**
**THE DEVIL'S DIE.**

**THE GREAT TABOO.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

---

**AMERICAN LITERATURE, A LIBRARY OF,** from the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. Compiled and Edited by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN and ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON. Eleven Vols., royal 8vo, cloth extra. A few copies are for sale by Messrs. CHATTO & WINDUS (published in New York by C. L. WEBSTER & Co.), price **£6 12s.** the set.

---

**ARCHITECTURAL STYLES, A HANDBOOK OF.** By A. ROSENGARTEN. Translated by W. COLLETT-SANDARS. With 630 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **7s. 6d.**

---

**ART (THE) OF AMUSING:** A Collection of Graceful Arts, GAMES, Tricks, Puzzles, and Charades. By FRANK BELLEW. 300 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **4s. 6d.**

**ARNOLD (EDWIN LESTER), WORKS BY.**
**THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHŒNICIAN.** With Introduction by Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E., and 12 Illusts. by H. M. PAGET. Three Vols.
**BIRD LIFE IN ENGLAND.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

**ARTEMUS WARD'S WORKS:** The Works of CHARLES FARRER BROWNE, better known as ARTEMUS WARD. With Portrait and Facsimile. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**—Also a POPULAR EDITION, post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**
**THE GENIAL SHOWMAN:** Life and Adventures of ARTEMUS WARD. By EDWARD P. HINGSTON. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

**ASHTON (JOHN), WORKS BY.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.
**HISTORY OF THE CHAP-BOOKS OF THE 18th CENTURY.** With 334 Illusts.
**SOCIAL LIFE IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.** With 85 Illustrations.
**HUMOUR, WIT, AND SATIRE OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.** With 82 Illusts.
**ENGLISH CARICATURE AND SATIRE ON NAPOLEON THE FIRST.** 115 Illusts.
**MODERN STREET BALLADS.** With 57 Illustrations.

**BACTERIA.—A SYNOPSIS OF THE BACTERIA AND YEAST FUNGI AND ALLIED SPECIES.** By W. B. GROVE, B.A. With 87 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

**BARDSLEY (REV. C. W.), WORKS BY.**
**ENGLISH SURNAMES:** Their Sources and Significations. Cr. 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.**
**CURIOSITIES OF PURITAN NOMENCLATURE.** Crown 8vo. cloth extra, **6s.**

**BARING GOULD (S., Author of "John Herring," &c.), NOVELS BY.**
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
**RED SPIDER.** | **EVE.**

**BARRETT (FRANK, Author of "Lady Biddy Fane,") NOVELS BY.**
**FETTERED FOR LIFE.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**
**BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.** Three Vols., crown 8vo.

**BEACONSFIELD, LORD:** A Biography. By T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P. Sixth Edition, with an Introduction. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

**BEAUCHAMP.—GRANTLEY GRANGE:** A Novel. By SHELSLEY BEAUCHAMP. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**BEAUTIFUL PICTURES BY BRITISH ARTISTS:** A Gathering of Favourites from our Picture Galleries, beautifully engraved on Steel. With Notices of the Artists by SYDNEY ARMYTAGE, M.A. Imperial 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges, **21s.**

**BECHSTEIN.—AS PRETTY AS SEVEN,** and other German Stories. Collected by LUDWIG BECHSTEIN. With Additional Tales by the Brothers GRIMM, and 98 Illustrations by RICHTER. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **6s. 6d.**; gilt edges, **7s. 6d.**

**BEERBOHM.—WANDERINGS IN PATAGONIA;** or, Life among the Ostrich Hunters. By JULIUS BEERBOHM. With Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**

**BESANT (WALTER), NOVELS BY.**
Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each; cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
**ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.** With Illustrations by FRED. BARNARD.
**THE CAPTAINS' ROOM,** &c. With Frontispiece by E. J. WHEELER.
**ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR.** With 6 Illustrations by HARRY FURNISS.
**DOROTHY FORSTER.** With Frontispiece by CHARLES GREEN.
**UNCLE JACK,** and other Stories | **CHILDREN OF GIBEON.**
**THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.** With 12 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.
**HERR PAULUS:** His Rise, his Greatness, and his Fall.
**FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.** With Illustrations by A. FORESTIER and F. WADDY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.
**TO CALL HER MINE,** &c. With 9 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.
**THE BELL OF ST. PAUL'S.**

**THE HOLY ROSE,** &c. With Frontispiece by F. BARNARD. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
**ARMOREL OF LYONESSE:** A Romance of To-day. Three Vols., crown 8vo.
**ST. KATHERINE'S BY THE TOWER.** With 12 full-page Illustrations by C. GREEN. Three Vols., crown 8vo. [*May.*
**FIFTY YEARS AGO.** With 137 Plates and Woodcuts. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **16s.**
**THE EULOGY OF RICHARD JEFFERIES.** With Portrait. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **6s.**
**THE ART OF FICTION.** Demy 8vo, **1s.**

**BESANT (WALTER) AND JAMES RICE, NOVELS BY.**
Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each: cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

| | |
|---|---|
| READY-MONEY MORTIBOY. | BY CELIA'S ARBOUR. |
| MY LITTLE GIRL. | THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET. |
| WITH HARP AND CROWN. | THE SEAMY SIDE. |
| THIS SON OF VULCAN. | THE CASE OF MR. LUCRAFT, &c. |
| THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY. | 'TWAS IN TRAFALGAR'S BAY, &c. |
| THE MONKS OF THELEMA. | THE TEN YEARS' TENANT, &c. |

*** There is also a LIBRARY EDITION of the above Twelve Volumes, handsomely set in new type, on a large crown 8vo page, and bound in cloth extra, **6s.** each.

**BENNETT (W. C., LL.D.), WORKS BY.** Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.** each.
A BALLAD HISTORY OF ENGLAND. | SONGS FOR SAILORS.

**BEWICK (THOMAS) AND HIS PUPILS.** By AUSTIN DOBSON. With 95 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

**BLACKBURN'S (HENRY) ART HANDBOOKS.**
ACADEMY NOTES, separate years, from 1875–1887, 1889, and 1890, each **1s.**
ACADEMY NOTES, 1891. With Illustrations. **1s.** [*May.*
ACADEMY NOTES, 1875–79. Complete in One Vol., with 600 Illusts. Cloth limp, **6s.**
ACADEMY NOTES, 1880–84. Complete in One Vol., with 700 Illusts. Cloth limp, **6s.**
GROSVENOR NOTES, 1877. **6d.**
GROSVENOR NOTES, separate years, from 1878 to 1890, each **1s.**
GROSVENOR NOTES, Vol. I., 1877–82. With 300 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, **6s.**
GROSVENOR NOTES, Vol. II., 1883–87. With 300 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, **6s.**
THE NEW GALLERY, 1888–1890. With numerous Illustrations, each **1s.**
THE NEW GALLERY, 1891. With Illustrations. **1s.** [*May*
ENGLISH PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY. 114 Illustrations. **1s.**
OLD MASTERS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY. 128 Illustrations. **1s. 6d.**
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY. 242 Illusts. cl., **3s.**
THE PARIS SALON, 1891. With Facsimile Sketches. **3s.** [*May.*
THE PARIS SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS, 1891. With Sketches. **3s. 6d.** [*May.*

**BLAKE (WILLIAM):** India-proof Etchings from his Works by WILLIAM BELL SCOTT. With descriptive Text. Folio, half-bound boards, **21s.**

**BLIND.—THE ASCENT OF MAN:** A Poem. By MATHILDE BLIND. Crown 8vo, printed on hand-made paper cloth extra, **5s.**

**BOURNE (H. R. FOX), WORKS BY.**
ENGLISH MERCHANTS: Memoirs in Illustration of the Progress of British Commerce. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS: The History of Journalism. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cl., **25s.**
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

**BOWERS' (G.) HUNTING SKETCHES.** Oblong 4to, hf.-bd. bds., **21s.** each.
CANTERS IN CRAMPSHIRE. | LEAVES FROM A HUNTING JOURNAL.

**BOYLE (FREDERICK), WORKS BY.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
CHRONICLES OF NO-MAN'S LAND. | CAMP NOTES.
SAVAGE LIFE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**

**BRAND'S OBSERVATIONS ON POPULAR ANTIQUITIES;** chiefly illustrating the Origin of our Vulgar Customs, Ceremonies, and Superstitions. With the Additions of Sir HENRY ELLIS, and Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**BREWER (REV. DR.), WORKS BY.**
THE READER'S HANDBOOK OF ALLUSIONS, REFERENCES, PLOTS, AND STORIES. Fifteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS, WITH THE DATES: Being the Appendices to 'The Reader's Handbook,' separately printed. Crown 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**
A DICTIONARY OF MIRACLES. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**BREWSTER (SIR DAVID), WORKS BY.** Post 8vo, cl. ex., **4s. 6d.** each.
MORE WORLDS THAN ONE: Creed of Philosopher and Hope of Christian. Plates.
THE MARTYRS OF SCIENCE: GALILEO, TYCHO BRAHE, and KEPLER. With Portraits.
LETTERS ON NATURAL MAGIC. With numerous Illustrations.

## BRET HARTE, WORKS BY.

LIBRARY EDITION, Complete in Six Volumes, crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

**BRET HARTE'S COLLECTED WORKS.** Arranged and Revised by the Author.
Vol. I. COMPLETE POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS. With Steel Portrait.
Vol. II. LUCK OF ROARING CAMP—BOHEMIAN PAPERS—AMERICAN LEGENDS.
Vol. III. TALES OF THE ARGONAUTS—EASTERN SKETCHES.
Vol. IV. GABRIEL CONROY.
Vol. V. STORIES—CONDENSED NOVELS, &c.
Vol. VI. TALES OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

**THE SELECT WORKS OF BRET HARTE,** in Prose and Poetry. With Introductory Essay by J. M. BELLEW. Portrait of Author, and 50 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **7s. 6d.**

**BRET HARTE'S POETICAL WORKS.** Hand-made paper & buckram. Cr. 8vo, **4s. 6d.**

**THE QUEEN OF THE PIRATE ISLE.** With 28 original Drawings by KATE GREENAWAY, reproduced in Colours by EDMUND EVANS. Small 4to, cloth, **5s.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

**A WAIF OF THE PLAINS.** With 60 Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD.
**A WARD OF THE GOLDEN GATE.** With 59 Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD.
**A SAPPHO OF GREEN SPRINGS,** &c. With Two Illustrations by HUME NISBET.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

**GABRIEL CONROY.** | **THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP,** &c.
**AN HEIRESS OF RED DOG,** &c. | **CALIFORNIAN STORIES.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

**FLIP.** | **MARUJA.** | **A PHYLLIS OF THE SIERRAS.**

Fcap. 8vo. picture cover, **1s.** each.

**THE TWINS OF TABLE MOUNTAIN.** | **JEFF BRIGGS'S LOVE STORY.**

## BRILLAT-SAVARIN.—GASTRONOMY AS A FINE ART. By BRILLAT-SAVARIN. Translated by R. E. ANDERSON, M.A. Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**

## BRYDGES.—UNCLE SAM AT HOME. By HAROLD BRYDGES. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

## BUCHANAN'S (ROBERT) WORKS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

**SELECTED POEMS OF ROBERT BUCHANAN.** With Frontispiece by T. DALZIEL.
**THE EARTHQUAKE;** or, Six Days and a Sabbath.
**THE CITY OF DREAM:** An Epic Poem. With Two Illustrations by P. MACNAB.
**THE OUTCAST:** A Rhyme for the Time. With 12 Full-page Illustrations and numerous Vignettes. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **8s.**

**ROBERT BUCHANAN'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS.** With Steel-plate Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

**THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.**
**A CHILD OF NATURE.** Frontispiece.
**GOD AND THE MAN.** With 11 Illustrations by FRED. BARNARD.
**THE MARTYRDOM OF MADELINE.** With Frontispiece by A. W. COOPER.
**LOVE ME FOR EVER.** Frontispiece.
**ANNAN WATER.** | **FOXGLOVE MANOR.**
**THE NEW ABELARD.**
**MATT:** A Story of a Caravan. Front.
**THE MASTER OF THE MINE.** Front.
**THE HEIR OF LINNE.**

## BURTON (CAPTAIN).—THE BOOK OF THE SWORD: Being a History of the Sword and its Use in all Countries, from the Earliest Times. By RICHARD F. BURTON. With over 400 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **32s.**

## BURTON (ROBERT).

**THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY:** A New Edition, with translations of the Classical Extracts. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**MELANCHOLY ANATOMISED:** Being an Abridgment, for popular use, of BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

## CAINE (T. HALL), NOVELS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

**SHADOW OF A CRIME.** | **A SON OF HAGAR.** | **THE DEEMSTER.**

## CAMERON (COMMANDER).—THE CRUISE OF THE "BLACK PRINCE" PRIVATEER. By V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N., C.B. With Two Illustrations by P. MACNAB. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

## CAMERON (MRS. H. LOVETT), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

JULIET'S GUARDIAN. | DECEIVERS EVER.

**CARLYLE (THOMAS) ON THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.** With Life by R. H. SHEPHERD, and Three Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **1s. 6d.**

**THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1834 to 1872.** Edited by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. With Portraits. Two Vols., crown 8vo. cloth extra, **24s.**

**CARLYLE (JANE WELSH), LIFE OF.** By Mrs. ALEXANDER IRELAND. With Portrait and Facsimile Letter. Small demy 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**CHAPMAN'S (GEORGE) WORKS.** Vol. I. contains the Plays complete, including the doubtful ones. Vol. II., the Poems and Minor Translations, with an Introductory Essay by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Vol. III., the Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

**CHATTO AND JACKSON.—A TREATISE ON WOOD ENGRAVING,** Historical and Practical. By WILLIAM ANDREW CHATTO and JOHN JACKSON. With an Additional Chapter by HENRY G. BOHN, and 450 fine Illusts. Large 4to, hf.-bd., **28s.**

**CHAUCER FOR CHILDREN:** A Golden Key. By Mrs. H. R. HAWEIS. With 8 Coloured Plates and 30 Woodcuts. Small 4to, cloth extra, **6s.**

**CHAUCER FOR SCHOOLS.** By Mrs. H. R. HAWEIS. Demy 8vo, cloth limp. **2s. 6d.**

**CLARE.—FOR THE LOVE OF A LASS:** A Tale of Tynedale. By AUSTIN CLARE. Post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

**CLIVE (MRS. ARCHER), NOVELS BY.** Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each.

**PAUL FERROLL.** | **WHY PAUL FERROLL KILLED HIS WIFE.**

**CLODD (EDW., F.R.A.S.).—MYTHS AND DREAMS.** Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **5s.**

**COBBAN.—THE CURE OF SOULS:** A Story. By J. MACLAREN COBBAN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**COLEMAN (JOHN), WORKS BY.**

**PLAYERS AND PLAYWRIGHTS I HAVE KNOWN.** Two Vols., 8vo, cloth, **24s.**

**CURLY:** An Actor's Story. With 21 Illusts. by J. C. DOLLMAN. Cr. 8vo, cl., **1s. 6d.**

**COLLINS (C. ALLSTON).—THE BAR SINISTER.** Post 8vo, 2s.

**COLLINS (MORTIMER AND FRANCES), NOVELS BY.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

**SWEET ANNE PAGE.** | **FROM MIDNIGHT TO MIDNIGHT.** | **TRANSMIGRATION.**
**BLACKSMITH AND SCHOLAR.** | **YOU PLAY ME FALSE.** | **VILLAGE COMEDY.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

**A FIGHT WITH FORTUNE.** | **SWEET AND TWENTY.** | **FRANCES.**

**COLLINS (WILKIE), NOVELS BY.**

Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each; cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

**ANTONINA.** With a Frontispiece by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.
**BASIL.** Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and J. MAHONEY.
**HIDE AND SEEK.** Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and J. MAHONEY.
**AFTER DARK.** With Illustrations by A. B. HOUGHTON.
**THE DEAD SECRET.** With a Frontispiece by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.
**QUEEN OF HEARTS.** With a Frontispiece by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.
**THE WOMAN IN WHITE.** With Illusts. by Sir J. GILBERT, R.A., and F. A. FRASER.
**NO NAME.** With Illustrations by Sir J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., and A. W. COOPER.
**MY MISCELLANIES.** With a Steel-plate Portrait of WILKIE COLLINS.
**ARMADALE.** With Illustrations by G. H. THOMAS.
**THE MOONSTONE.** With Illustrations by G. DU MAURIER and F. A. FRASER.
**MAN AND WIFE.** With Illustrations by WILLIAM SMALL.
**POOR MISS FINCH.** Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and EDWARD HUGHES.
**MISS OR MRS.?** With Illusts. by S. L. FILDES, R.A., and HENRY WOODS, A.R.A.
**THE NEW MAGDALEN.** Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and C. S. REINHARDT.
**THE FROZEN DEEP.** Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and J. MAHONEY.
**THE LAW AND THE LADY.** Illusts. by S. L. FILDES, R.A., and SYDNEY HALL.
**THE TWO DESTINIES.**
**THE HAUNTED HOTEL.** Illustrated by ARTHUR HOPKINS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **THE FALLEN LEAVES.** | **HEART AND SCIENCE.** | **THE EVIL GENIUS.** |
| **JEZEBEL'S DAUGHTER.** | **"I SAY NO."** | **LITTLE NOVELS.** |
| **THE BLACK ROBE.** | **A ROGUE'S LIFE.** | **THE LEGACY OF CAIN.** |

**BLIND LOVE.** With a Preface by WALTER BESANT, and 36 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

**COLLINS (CHURTON).—A MONOGRAPH ON DEAN SWIFT.** By J. CHURTON COLLINS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **8s.** [*Shortly.*

**COLMAN'S HUMOROUS WORKS:** "Broad Grins," "My Nightgown and Slippers," and other Humorous Works of GEORGE COLMAN. With Life by G. B. BUCKSTONE, and Frontispiece by HOGARTH. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**COLQUHOUN.—EVERY INCH A SOLDIER:** A Novel. By M. J. COLQUHOUN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**CONVALESCENT COOKERY:** A Family Handbook. By CATHERINE RYAN. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

**CONWAY (MONCURE D.), WORKS BY.**

**DEMONOLOGY AND DEVIL-LORE.** With 65 Illustrations. Third Edition. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, **28s.**
**A NECKLACE OF STORIES.** 25 Illusts. by W. J. HENNESSY. Sq. 8vo, cloth, **6s.**
**PINE AND PALM:** A Novel. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **21s.**
**GEORGE WASHINGTON'S RULES OF CIVILITY** Traced to their Sources and Restored. Fcap. 8vo, Japanese vellum, **2s. 6d.**

**COOK (DUTTON), NOVELS BY.**

**PAUL FOSTER'S DAUGHTER.** Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**
**LEO.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**CORNWALL.—POPULAR ROMANCES OF THE WEST OF ENGLAND;** or, The Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall. Collected by ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S. Two Steel-plates by GEO. CRUIKSHANK. Cr. 8vo. cl., **7s. 6d.**

**CRADDOCK.—THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.** By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**; cl. limp, **2s. 6d.**

**CRUIKSHANK'S COMIC ALMANACK.** Complete in Two SERIES: The FIRST from 1835 to 1843; the SECOND from 1844 to 1853. A Gathering of the BEST HUMOUR of THACKERAY, HOOD, MAYHEW, ALBERT SMITH, A'BECKETT, ROBERT BROUGH, &c. With numerous Steel Engravings and Woodcuts by CRUIKSHANK, HINE, LANDELLS, &c. Two Vols, crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **7s. 6d.** each.
**THE LIFE OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.** By BLANCHARD JERROLD. With 84 Illustrations and a Bibliography Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**CUMMING (C. F. GORDON), WORKS BY.** Demy 8vo, cl. ex., **8s. 6d.** each.

**IN THE HEBRIDES.** With Autotype Facsimile and 23 Illustrations.
**IN THE HIMALAYAS AND ON THE INDIAN PLAINS.** With 42 Illustrations.
**VIA CORNWALL TO EGYPT.** With Photogravure Frontis. Demy 8vo, cl., **7s. 6d.**

**CUSSANS.—A HANDBOOK OF HERALDRY;** with Instructions for Tracing Pedigrees and Deciphering Ancient MSS., &c. By JOHN E. CUSSANS. With 408 Woodcuts, Two Coloured and Two Plain Plates. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**CYPLES (W.)—HEARTS of GOLD.** Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, bds., **2s.**

**DANIEL.—MERRIE ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME.** By GEORGE DANIEL. With Illustrations by ROBERT CRUIKSHANK. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

**DAUDET.—THE EVANGELIST;** or, Port Salvation. By ALPHONSE DAUDET. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**DAVENANT.—HINTS FOR PARENTS ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION FOR THEIR SONS.** By F. DAVENANT, M.A. Post 8vo. **1s.**; cl., **1s. 6d.**

**DAVIES (DR. N. E. YORKE-), WORKS BY.**

Crown 8vo, **1s.** each; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.** each.

**ONE THOUSAND MEDICAL MAXIMS AND SURGICAL HINTS.**
**NURSERY HINTS:** A Mother's Guide in Health and Disease.
**FOODS FOR THE FAT:** A Treatise on Corpulency, and a Dietary for its Cure.
**AIDS TO LONG LIFE.** Crown 8vo, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

**DAVIES' (SIR JOHN) COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS,** including Psalms I. to L. in Verse, and other hitherto Unpublished MSS., for the first time Collected and Edited, with Memorial-Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, **12s.**

**DE MAISTRE.—A JOURNEY ROUND MY ROOM.** By XAVIER DE MAISTRE. Translated by HENRY ATTWELL. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

**DE MILLE.—A CASTLE IN SPAIN.** By JAMES DE MILLE. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**DERBY (THE).—THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE TURF:** A Chronicle of the RACE FOR THE DERBY, from Diomed to Donovan. With Notes on the Winning Horses, the Men who trained them, Jockeys who rode them, and Gentlemen to whom they belonged; also Notices of the Betting and Betting Men of the period, and Brief Accounts of THE OAKS. By LOUIS HENRY CURZON. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

**DERWENT (LEITH), NOVELS BY.** Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** ea.; post 8vo, bds., **2s.** ea.
**OUR LADY OF TEARS.** | **CIRCE'S LOVERS.**

**DICKENS (CHARLES), NOVELS BY.** Post 8vo. illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
**SKETCHES BY BOZ.** | **NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.**
**THE PICKWICK PAPERS.** | **OLIVER TWIST.**

**THE SPEECHES OF CHARLES DICKENS,** 1841–1870. With a New Bibliography. Edited by RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**—Also a SMALLER EDITION, in the *Mayfair Library*, post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

**ABOUT ENGLAND WITH DICKENS.** By ALFRED RIMMER. With 57 Illustrations by C. A. VANDERHOOF, ALFRED RIMMER, and others. Sq. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**DICTIONARIES.**

**A DICTIONARY OF MIRACLES:** Imitative, Realistic, and Dogmatic. By the Rev. E. C. BREWER, LL.D. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**THE READER'S HANDBOOK OF ALLUSIONS, REFERENCES, PLOTS, AND STORIES.** By the Rev. E. C. BREWER, LL.D. With an ENGLISH BIBLIOGRAPHY. Fifteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. **7s. 6d.**

**AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS, WITH THE DATES.** Cr. 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

**FAMILIAR SHORT SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN.** With Historical and Explanatory Notes. By SAMUEL A. BENT, A M. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**SLANG DICTIONARY:** Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s. 6d.**

**WOMEN OF THE DAY:** A Biographical Dictionary. By F. HAYS. Cr. 8vo, cl., **5s.**

**WORDS, FACTS, AND PHRASES:** A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. By ELIEZER EDWARDS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. **7s. 6d.**

**DIDEROT.—THE PARADOX OF ACTING.** Translated, with Annotations, from Diderot's "Le Paradoxe sur le Comédien," by WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK. With a Preface by HENRY IRVING. Crown 8vo, parchment, **4s. 6d.**

**DOBSON (AUSTIN), WORKS BY.**

**THOMAS BEWICK & HIS PUPILS.** With 95 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

**FOUR FRENCHWOMEN:** MADEMOISELLE DE CORDAY; MADAME ROLAND; THE PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE; MADAME DE GENLIS. Fcap. 8vo, hf.-roxburghe, **2s. 6d.**

**DOBSON (W. T.), WORKS BY.** Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
**LITERARY FRIVOLITIES, FANCIES, FOLLIES, AND FROLICS.**
**POETICAL INGENUITIES AND ECCENTRICITIES.**

**DONOVAN (DICK), DETECTIVE STORIES BY.**
Post 8vo. illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
**THE MAN-HUNTER.** | **TRACKED AND TAKEN.**
**CAUGHT AT LAST!** | **WHO POISONED HETTY DUNCAN?**
**A DETECTIVE'S TRIUMPHS.** [*Preparing.*

**THE MAN FROM MANCHESTER.** With 23 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**DOYLE (A. CONAN,** Author of "Micah Clarke"), **NOVELS BY.**
**THE FIRM OF GIRDLESTONE.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
**STRANGE SECRETS.** Told by CONAN DOYLE, PERCY FITZGERALD, FLORENCE MARRYAT, &c. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., Eight Illusts., **6s.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

**DRAMATISTS, THE OLD.** With Vignette Portraits. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.** per Vol.
**BEN JONSON'S WORKS.** With Notes Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by WM. GIFFORD. Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Three Vols.
**CHAPMAN'S WORKS.** Complete in Three Vols. Vol. I. contains the Plays complete; Vol. II., Poems and Minor Translations, with an Introductory Essay by A. C. SWINBURNE; Vol. III., Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey.
**MARLOWE'S WORKS.** Edited, with Notes, by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.
**MASSINGER'S PLAYS.** From GIFFORD'S Text. Edit. by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.

**DUNCAN (SARA JEANNETTE), WORKS BY.**
**A SOCIAL DEPARTURE:** How Orthodocia and I Went round the World by Ourselves. With 111 Illustrations by F. H. Townsend. Crown 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.**
**AN AMERICAN GIRL IN LONDON.** With 80 Illustrations by F. H. Townsend. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** *[Preparing.*

**DYER.—THE FOLK-LORE OF PLANTS.** By Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

**EARLY ENGLISH POETS.** Edited, with Introductions and Annotations, by Rev. A. B. Grosart, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, **6s.** per Volume.
**FLETCHER'S (GILES) COMPLETE POEMS.** One Vol.
**DAVIES' (SIR JOHN) COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS.** Two Vols.
**HERRICK'S (ROBERT) COMPLETE COLLECTED POEMS.** Three Vols.
**SIDNEY'S (SIR PHILIP) COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS.** Three Vols.

**EDGCUMBE.—ZEPHYRUS:** A Holiday in Brazil and on the River Plate. By E. R. Pearce Edgcumbe. With 41 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

**EDWARDES (MRS. ANNIE), NOVELS BY:**
**A POINT OF HONOUR.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
**ARCHIE LOVELL.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

**EDWARDS (ELIEZER).—WORDS, FACTS, AND PHRASES:** A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. By Eliezer Edwards. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**EDWARDS (M. BETHAM-), NOVELS BY.**
**KITTY.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**
**FELICIA.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**EGGLESTON (EDWARD).—ROXY:** A Novel. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

**EMANUEL.—ON DIAMONDS AND PRECIOUS STONES:** Their History, Value, and Properties; with Simple Tests for ascertaining their Reality. By Harry Emanuel, F.R.G.S. With Illustrations, tinted and plain. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.**

**ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE, THE:** A Practical Guide to all interested in Selecting or Building a House; with Estimates of Cost, Quantities, &c. By C. J. Richardson. With Coloured Frontispiece and 600 Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.**

**EWALD (ALEX. CHARLES, F.S.A.), WORKS BY.**
**THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PRINCE CHARLES STUART,** Count of Albany (The Young Pretender). With a Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
**STORIES FROM THE STATE PAPERS.** With an Autotype. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

**EYES, OUR:** How to Preserve Them from Infancy to Old Age. By John Browning, F.R.A.S. With 70 Illusts. Eleventh Edition. Crown 8vo, cl., **1s.**

**FAMILIAR SHORT SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN.** By Samuel Arthur Bent, A.M. Fifth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**FARADAY (MICHAEL), WORKS BY.** Post 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.** each.
**THE CHEMICAL HISTORY OF A CANDLE:** Lectures delivered before a Juvenile Audience. Edited by William Crookes, F.C.S. With numerous Illustrations.
**ON THE VARIOUS FORCES OF NATURE, AND THEIR RELATIONS TO EACH OTHER.** Edited by William Crookes, F.C.S. With Illustrations.

**FARRER (J. ANSON), WORKS BY.**
**MILITARY MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
**WAR:** Three Essays, reprinted from "Military Manners." Cr. 8vo, **1s.**; cl., **1s. 6d.**

**FELLOW (A) OF TRINITY:** A Novel. By Alan St. Aubyn. With a "Note" by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**FICTION.—A CATALOGUE OF NEARLY SIX HUNDRED WORKS OF FICTION** published by Chatto & Windus, with a Short Critical Notice of each (40 pages, demy 8vo), will be sent free upon application.

**FIN-BEC.—THE CUPBOARD PAPERS:** Observations on the Art of Living and Dining. By Fin-Bec. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

**FIREWORKS, THE COMPLETE ART OF MAKING;** or, The Pyrotechnist's Treasury. By Thomas Kentish. With 267 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cl., **5s.**

**FITZGERALD (PERCY, M.A., F.S.A.), WORKS BY.**

**THE WORLD BEHIND THE SCENES.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
**LITTLE ESSAYS:** Passages from Letters of CHARLES LAMB. Post 8vo, cl., **2s. 6d.**
**A DAY'S TOUR:** Journey through France and Belgium. With Sketches. Cr. 4to. **1s.**
**FATAL ZERO.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

**BELLA DONNA.** | **LADY OF BRANTOME.** | **THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.**
**POLLY.** | **NEVER FORGOTTEN.** | **SEVENTY-FIVE BROOKE STREET.**

**LIFE OF JAMES BOSWELL (of Auchinleck).** With an Account of his Sayings, Doings, and Writings. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, **24s.** [*Preparing.*

**FLETCHER'S (GILES, B.D.) COMPLETE POEMS:** Christ's Victorie in Heaven, Christ's Victorie on Earth, Christ's Triumph over Death, and Minor Poems. With Notes by Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, **6s.**

**FLUDYER (HARRY) AT CAMBRIDGE:** A Series of Family Letters. Post 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

**FONBLANQUE (ALBANY).—FILTHY LUCRE.** Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

**FRANCILLON (R. E.), NOVELS BY.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

**ONE BY ONE.** | **QUEEN COPHETUA.** | **A REAL QUEEN.** | **KING OR KNAVE?**

**OLYMPIA.** Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** | **ESTHER'S GLOVE.** Fcap. 8vo, pict. cover, **1s.**
**ROMANCES OF THE LAW.** Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

**FREDERIC (HAROLD), NOVELS BY.**

**SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
**THE LAWTON GIRL.** With Frontispiece by F. BARNARD. Cr. 8vo, cloth ex., **6s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**FRENCH LITERATURE, A HISTORY OF.** By HENRY VAN LAUN. Three Vols., demy 8vo, cloth boards, **7s. 6d.** each.

**FRENZENY.—FIFTY YEARS ON THE TRAIL:** Adventures of JOHN Y. NELSON, Scout, Guide, and Interpreter. By HARRINGTON O'REILLY. With 100 Illustrations by PAUL FRENZENY. Crown 8vo, **3s. 6d.**; cloth extra, **4s. 6d.**

**FRERE.—PANDURANG HARI;** or, Memoirs of a Hindoo. With a Preface by Sir H. BARTLE FRERE, G.C.S.I., &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

**FRISWELL (HAIN).—ONE OF TWO:** A Novel. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

**FROST (THOMAS), WORKS BY.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

**CIRCUS LIFE AND CIRCUS CELEBRITIES.** | **LIVES OF THE CONJURERS.**
**THE OLD SHOWMEN AND THE OLD LONDON FAIRS.**

**FRY'S (HERBERT) ROYAL GUIDE TO THE LONDON CHARITIES.** Showing their Name, Date of Foundation, Objects, Income, Officials, &c. Edited by JOHN LANE. Published Annually. Crown 8vo, cloth, **1s. 6d.**

**GARDENING BOOKS.** Post 8vo, **1s.** each; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.** each.

**A YEAR'S WORK IN GARDEN AND GREENHOUSE:** Practical Advice as to the Management of the Flower, Fruit, and Frame Garden. By GEORGE GLENNY.
**OUR KITCHEN GARDEN:** Plants, and How we Cook Them. By TOM JERROLD.
**HOUSEHOLD HORTICULTURE.** By TOM and JANE JERROLD. Illustrated.
**THE GARDEN THAT PAID THE RENT.** By TOM JERROLD.

**MY GARDEN WILD, AND WHAT I GREW THERE.** By FRANCIS G. HEATH. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, **6s.**

**GARRETT.—THE CAPEL GIRLS:** A Novel. By EDWARD GARRETT. Crown 8vo, cloth extra **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, THE. 1s.** Monthly. In addition to the Articles upon subjects in Literature, Science, and Art, for which this Magazine has so high a reputation, "**TABLE TALK**" by SYLVANUS URBAN appears monthly.
*** *Bound Volumes for recent years kept in stock,* **8s. 6d.** *each. Cases for binding,* **2s.**

**GENTLEMAN'S ANNUAL, THE.** Published Annually in November. **1s.**

**GERMAN POPULAR STORIES.** Collected by the Brothers GRIMM and Translated by EDGAR TAYLOR. With Introduction by JOHN RUSKIN, and 22 Steel Plates by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Square 8vo, cloth, **6s. 6d.**; gilt edges, **7s. 6d.**

**GIBBON (CHARLES), NOVELS BY.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

| | |
|---|---|
| ROBIN GRAY. | LOVING A DREAM. |
| QUEEN OF THE MEADOW. | THE GOLDEN SHAFT. |
| THE FLOWER OF THE FOREST. | OF HIGH DEGREE. |
| | IN HONOUR BOUND. |

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

| | |
|---|---|
| THE DEAD HEART. | A HEART'S PROBLEM. |
| FOR LACK OF GOLD. | BY MEAD AND STREAM. |
| WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY? | THE BRAES OF YARROW. |
| FOR THE KING. | FANCY FREE. |
| BLOOD-MONEY. | A HARD KNOT. |
| IN PASTURES GREEN. | HEART'S DELIGHT. |
| IN LOVE AND WAR. | |

**GIBNEY (SOMERVILLE).—SENTENCED!** Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cl., 1s. 6d.

**GILBERT (WILLIAM), NOVELS BY.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

| | |
|---|---|
| DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS. | JAMES DUKE, COSTERMONGER. |
| THE WIZARD OF THE MOUNTAIN. | |

**GILBERT (W. S.), ORIGINAL PLAYS BY.** In Two Series, each complete in itself, price **2s. 6d.** each.

The FIRST SERIES contains: The Wicked World—Pygmalion and Galatea—Charity—The Princess—The Palace of Truth—Trial by Jury.

The SECOND SERIES: Broken Hearts—Engaged—Sweethearts—Gretchen—Dan'l Druce—Tom Cobb—H.M.S. "Pinafore"—The Sorcerer—Pirates of Penzance.

**EIGHT ORIGINAL COMIC OPERAS** written by W. S. GILBERT. Containing: The Sorcerer—H.M.S. "Pinafore"—Pirates of Penzance—Iolanthe—Patience—Princess Ida—The Mikado—Trial by Jury. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

**THE "GILBERT AND SULLIVAN" BIRTHDAY BOOK:** Quotations for Every Day in the Year, Selected from Plays by W. S. GILBERT set to Music by Sir A. SULLIVAN. Compiled by ALEX. WATSON. Royal 16mo, Jap. leather, **2s. 6d.**

**GLANVILLE.—THE LOST HEIRESS:** A Tale of Love and Battle. By ERNEST GLANVILLE. 2 Illusts. by HUME NISBET. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

**GLENNY.—A YEAR'S WORK IN GARDEN AND GREENHOUSE:** Practical Advice to Amateur Gardeners as to the Management of the Flower, Fruit, and Frame Garden. By GEORGE GLENNY. Post 8vo, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

**GODWIN.—LIVES OF THE NECROMANCERS.** By WILLIAM GODWIN. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

**GOLDEN TREASURY OF THOUGHT, THE:** An Encyclopædia of QUOTATIONS. Edited by THEODORE TAYLOR. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **7s. 6d.**

**GOWING.—FIVE THOUSAND MILES IN A SLEDGE:** A Midwinter Journey Across Siberia. By LIONEL F. GOWING. With 30 Illustrations by C. J. UREN, and a Map by E. WELLER. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, **8s.**

**GRAHAM.—THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE:** A Story. By LEONARD GRAHAM. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**

**GREEKS AND ROMANS, THE LIFE OF THE,** described from Antique Monuments. By ERNST GUHL and W. KONER. Edited by Dr. F. HUEFFER. With 545 Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**GREENWOOD (JAMES), WORKS BY** Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

| | |
|---|---|
| THE WILDS OF LONDON. | LOW-LIFE DEEPS. |

**GREVILLE (HENRY), NOVELS BY:**

**NIKANOR.** Translated by ELIZA E. CHASE. With 8 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **6s.**

**A NOBLE WOMAN.** Translated by ALBERT D. VANDAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra **3s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**HABBERTON (JOHN,** Author of "Helen's Babies"), **NOVELS BY,** Post 8vo, illustrated boards **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

| | |
|---|---|
| BRUETON'S BAYOU. | COUNTRY LUCK. |

**HAIR, THE:** Its Treatment in Health, Weakness, and Disease. Translated from the German of Dr. J. PINCUS. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

**HAKE (DR. THOMAS GORDON), POEMS BY.** Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.** each.
**NEW SYMBOLS.** | **LEGENDS OF THE MORROW.** | **THE SERPENT PLAY.**
**MAIDEN ECSTASY.** Small 4to, cloth extra, **8s.**

**HALL.—SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER.** By Mrs. S. C. HALL. With numerous Illustrations on Steel and Wood by MACLISE, GILBERT, HARVEY, and GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Medium 8vo cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**HALLIDAY (ANDR.).—EVERY-DAY PAPERS.** Post 8vo, bds., 2s.

**HANDWRITING, THE PHILOSOPHY OF.** With over 100 Facsimiles and Explanatory Text. By DON FELIX DE SALAMANCA. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

**HANKY-PANKY:** A Collection of Very Easy Tricks, Very Difficult Tricks, White Magic, Sleight of Hand, &c. Edited by W. H. CREMER. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.**

**HARDY (LADY DUFFUS).—PAUL WYNTER'S SACRIFICE.** By Lady DUFFUS HARDY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**HARDY (THOMAS).—UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.** By THOMAS HARDY, Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd." Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

**HARWOOD.—THE TENTH EARL.** By J. BERWICK HARWOOD. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**HAWEIS (MRS. H. R.), WORKS BY.** Square 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.
**THE ART OF BEAUTY.** With Coloured Frontispiece and 91 Illustrations.
**THE ART OF DECORATION.** With Coloured Frontispiece and 74 Illustrations.
**CHAUCER FOR CHILDREN.** With 8 Coloured Plates and 30 Woodcuts.
**THE ART OF DRESS.** With 32 Illustrations. Post 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**
**CHAUCER FOR SCHOOLS.** Demy 8vo cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

**HAWEIS (Rev. H. R., M.A.).—AMERICAN HUMORISTS:** WASHINGTON IRVING, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, ARTEMUS WARD, MARK TWAIN, and BRET HARTE. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, **6s.**

**HAWLEY SMART.—WITHOUT LOVE OR LICENCE:** A Novel. By HAWLEY SMART. Crown 8vo cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

**HAWTHORNE.—OUR OLD HOME.** By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Annotated with Passages from the Author's Note-book, and Illustrated with 31 Photogravures. Two Vols., crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **15s.**

**HAWTHORNE (JULIAN), NOVELS BY.**
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
**GARTH.** | **ELLICE QUENTIN.** | **BEATRIX RANDOLPH.** | **DUST.**
**SEBASTIAN STROME.** | **DAVID POINDEXTER.**
**FORTUNE'S FOOL.** | **THE SPECTRE OF THE CAMERA.**
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
**MISS CADOGNA.** | **LOVE—OR A NAME.**
**MRS. GAINSBOROUGH'S DIAMONDS.** Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, **1s.**
**A DREAM AND A FORGETTING.** Post 8vo, cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

**HAYS.—WOMEN OF THE DAY:** A Biographical Dictionary of Notable Contemporaries. By FRANCES HAYS. Crow 8vo. cloth extra, **5s.**

**HEATH.—MY GARDEN WILD, AND WHAT I GREW THERE.** By FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, **6s.**

**HELPS (SIR ARTHUR), WORKS BY.** Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
**ANIMALS AND THEIR MASTERS.** | **SOCIAL PRESSURE.**
**IVAN DE BIRON:** A Novel. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

**HENDERSON.—AGATHA PAGE:** A Novel. By ISAAC HENDERSON. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

**HERRICK'S (ROBERT) HESPERIDES, NOBLE NUMBERS, AND COMPLETE COLLECTED POEMS.** With Memorial-Introduction and Notes by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D.; Steel Portrait, &c. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cl. bds., **18s.**

**HERTZKA.—FREELAND:** A Social Anticipation. By Dr. THEODOR HERTZKA. Translated by ARTHUR RANSOM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

**HESSE-WARTEGG.—TUNIS:** The Land and the People. By Chevalier ERNST VON HESSE-WARTEGG. With 22 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

**HINDLEY (CHARLES), WORKS BY.**

**TAVERN ANECDOTES AND SAYINGS:** Including the Origin of Signs, and Reminiscences connected with Taverns, Coffee Houses, Clubs, &c. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

**THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A CHEAP JACK.** By ONE OF THE FRATERNITY. Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

**HOEY.—THE LOVER'S CREED.** By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**HOLLINGSHEAD (JOHN).—NIAGARA SPRAY.** Crown 8vo, **1s.**

**HOLMES.—THE SCIENCE OF VOICE PRODUCTION AND VOICE PRESERVATION:** A Popular Manual for the Use of Speakers and Singers. By GORDON HOLMES, M.D. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

**HOLMES (OLIVER WENDELL), WORKS BY.**

**THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.** Illustrated by J. GORDON THOMSON. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**—Another Edition, in smaller type, with an Introduction by G. A. SALA. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

**THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.** Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

**HOOD'S (THOMAS) CHOICE WORKS,** in Prose and Verse. With Life of the Author, Portrait, and 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**HOOD'S WHIMS AND ODDITIES.** With 85 Illustrations. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

**HOOD (TOM).—FROM NOWHERE TO THE NORTH POLE:** A Noah's Arkæological Narrative. By TOM HOOD. With 25 Illustrations by W. BRUNTON and E. C. BARNES. Square 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, **6s.**

**HOOK'S (THEODORE) CHOICE HUMOROUS WORKS;** including his Ludicrous Adventures, Bons Mots, Puns, and Hoaxes. With Life of the Author, Portraits, Facsimiles, and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**HOOPER.—THE HOUSE OF RABY:** A Novel. By Mrs. GEORGE HOOPER. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**HOPKINS.—"'TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY:"** A Novel. By TIGHE HOPKINS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**HORNE.—ORION:** An Epic Poem. By RICHARD HENGIST HORNE. With Photographic Portrait by SUMMERS. Tenth Edition. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s.**

**HORSE (THE) AND HIS RIDER:** An Anecdotic Medley. By "THORMANBY." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

**HUNT.—ESSAYS BY LEIGH HUNT:** A TALE FOR A CHIMNEY CORNER, and other Pieces. Edited, with an Introduction, by EDMUND OLLIER. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bd., **2s** Also in sm. sq. 8vo, cl. extra, at same price.

**HUNT (MRS. ALFRED), NOVELS BY.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

**THE LEADEN CASKET.** | **SELF-CONDEMNED.** | **THAT OTHER PERSON.**

**THORNICROFT'S MODEL.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s**

**HYDROPHOBIA:** An Account of M. PASTEUR'S System. Containing a Translation of all his Communications on the Subject, the Technique of his Method, and Statistics. By RENAUD SUZOR, M.B. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

**INGELOW (JEAN).—FATED TO BE FREE.** With 24 Illustrations by G. J. PINWELL. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**INDOOR PAUPERS.** By ONE OF THEM. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

**IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR, SONGS OF.** Collected and Edited by A. P. RCEVAL GRAVES. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

**JAMES.—A ROMANCE OF THE QUEEN'S HOUNDS.** By CHARLES JAMES. Post 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

**JANVIER.—PRACTICAL KERAMICS FOR STUDENTS.** By CATHERINE A. JANVIER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

**JAY (HARRIETT), NOVELS BY.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE DARK COLLEEN. | THE QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT.

**JEFFERIES (RICHARD), WORKS BY.** Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
NATURE NEAR LONDON. | THE LIFE OF THE FIELDS. | THE OPEN AIR.
THE EULOGY OF RICHARD JEFFERIES. By WALTER BESANT. Second Edition. With a Photograph Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

**JENNINGS (H. J.), WORKS BY.**
CURIOSITIES OF CRITICISM. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**
LORD TENNYSON: A Biographical Sketch. With a Photograph. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s.**

**JEROME.—STAGELAND:** Curious Habits and Customs of its Inhabitants. By JEROME K. JEROME. With 64 Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE. Sixteenth Thousand. Fcap. 4to, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

**JERROLD.—THE BARBER'S CHAIR; & THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS.** By DOUGLAS JERROLD. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

**JERROLD (TOM), WORKS BY.** Post 8vo, **1s.** each; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.** each.
THE GARDEN THAT PAID THE RENT.
HOUSEHOLD HORTICULTURE: A Gossip about Flowers. Illustrated.
OUR KITCHEN GARDEN: The Plants we Grow, and How we Cook Them.

**JESSE.—SCENES AND OCCUPATIONS OF A COUNTRY LIFE.** By EDWARD JESSE. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

**JONES (WILLIAM, F.S.A.), WORKS BY.** Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **7s. 6d.** each.
FINGER-RING LORE: Historical, Legendary, and Anecdotal. With nearly 300 Illustrations. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged.
CREDULITIES, PAST AND PRESENT. Including the Sea and Seamen, Miners, Talismans, Word and Letter Divination, Exorcising and Blessing of Animals, Birds, Eggs, Luck, &c. With an Etched Frontispiece.
CROWNS AND CORONATIONS: A History of Regalia. With 100 Illustrations.

**JONSON'S (BEN) WORKS.** With Notes Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Colonel CUNNINGHAM. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

**JOSEPHUS, THE COMPLETE WORKS OF.** Translated by WHISTON. Containing "The Antiquities of the Jews" and "The Wars of the Jews." With 52 Illustrations and Maps. Two Vols., demy 8vo, half-bound, **12s. 6d.**

**KEMPT.—PENCIL AND PALETTE:** Chapters on Art and Artists. By ROBERT KEMPT. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

**KERSHAW.—COLONIAL FACTS AND FICTIONS:** Humorous Sketches. By MARK KERSHAW. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**

**KEYSER.—CUT BY THE MESS:** A Novel. By ARTHUR KEYSER. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

**KING (R. ASHE), NOVELS BY.** Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** ea.; post 8vo, bds., **2s.** ea.
A DRAWN GAME. | "THE WEARING OF THE GREEN."
PASSION'S SLAVE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
BELL BARRY. 2 vols., crown 8vo.

**KINGSLEY (HENRY), NOVELS BY.**
OAKSHOTT CASTLE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
NUMBER SEVENTEEN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

**KNIGHTS (THE) OF THE LION:** A Romance of the Thirteenth Century. Edited, with an Introduction, by the MARQUESS of LORNE, K.T. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.**

**KNIGHT.—THE PATIENT'S VADE MECUM:** How to Get Most Benefit from Medical Advice. By WILLIAM KNIGHT, M.R.C.S., and EDWARD KNIGHT, L.R.C.P. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

**LAMB'S (CHARLES) COMPLETE WORKS,** in Prose and Verse. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by R. H. SHEPHERD. With Two Portraits and Facsimile of a page of the "Essay on Roast Pig." Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **7s. 6d.**

**THE ESSAYS OF ELIA.** Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

**LITTLE ESSAYS:** Sketches and Characters by CHARLES LAMB, selected from his Letters by PERCY FITZGERALD. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

**LANDOR.—CITATION AND EXAMINATION OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,** &c., before Sir THOMAS LUCY, touching Deer-stealing, 19th September, 1582. To which is added, **A CONFERENCE OF MASTER EDMUND SPENSER** with the Earl of Essex, touching the State of Ireland, 1595. By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Fcap. 8vo, half-Roxburghe, **2s. 6d.**

**LANE.—THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS,** commonly called in England **THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.** Translated from the Arabic, with Notes, by EDWARD WILLIAM LANE. Illustrated by many hundred Engravings from Designs by HARVEY. Edited by EDWARD STANLEY POOLE. With a Preface by STANLEY LANE-POOLE. Three Vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

**LARWOOD (JACOB), WORKS BY.**

**THE STORY OF THE LONDON PARKS.** With Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**

**ANECDOTES OF THE CLERGY:** The Antiquities, Humours, and Eccentricities of the Cloth. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

**FORENSIC ANECDOTES.** | **THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.**

**LEIGH (HENRY S.), WORKS BY.**

**CAROLS OF COCKAYNE.** Printed on hand-made paper, bound in buckram, **5s.**

**JEUX D'ESPRIT.** Edited by HENRY S. LEIGH. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

**LEYS (JOHN).—THE LINDSAYS:** A Romance. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

**LIFE IN LONDON;** or, The History of JERRY HAWTHORN and CORINTHIAN TOM. With CRUIKSHANK'S Coloured Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** [*New Edition preparing.*

**LINSKILL. - IN EXCHANGE FOR A SOUL.** By MARY LINSKILL. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**LINTON (E. LYNN), WORKS BY.** Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

**WITCH STORIES.** | **OURSELVES:** ESSAYS ON WOMEN.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

**SOWING THE WIND.**
**PATRICIA KEMBALL.**
**ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS.**
**THE WORLD WELL LOST.**
**UNDER WHICH LORD?**
**"MY LOVE!"**
**IONE.**
**PASTON CAREW, Millionaire & Miser.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

**THE REBEL OF THE FAMILY.** | **WITH A SILKEN THREAD.**

**LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.** With numerous Illustrations on Steel and Wood. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**LUCY.—GIDEON FLEYCE:** A Novel. By HENRY W. LUCY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**LUSIAD (THE) OF CAMOENS.** Translated into English Spenserian Verse by ROBERT FFRENCH DUFF. With 14 Plates. Demy 8vo, cloth boards, **18s.**

**MACALPINE (AVERY), NOVELS BY.**

**TERESA ITASCA,** and other Stories. Crown 8vo, bound in canvas, **2s. 6d.**

**BROKEN WINGS.** With 6 Illusts. by W. J. HENNESSY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

**MACCOLL (HUGH), NOVELS BY.**

**MR. STRANGER'S SEALED PACKET.** Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cl. extra, **3s.**

**EDNOR WHITLOCK.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

## McCARTHY (JUSTIN, M.P.), WORKS BY.

**A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES,** from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880. Four Vols. demy 8vo, cloth extra, **12s.** each.—Also a POPULAR EDITION, in Four Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.—And a JUBILEE EDITION, with an Appendix of Events to the end of 1886, in Two Vols., large crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

**A SHORT HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.** One Vol., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**—Also a CHEAP POPULAR EDITION, post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

**A HISTORY OF THE FOUR GEORGES.** Four Vols. demy 8vo, cloth extra, **12s.** each. [Vols. I. & II. *ready.*

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

**THE WATERDALE NEIGHBOURS.**
**MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER.**
**A FAIR SAXON.**
**LINLEY ROCHFORD.**
**DEAR LADY DISDAIN.**
**MISS MISANTHROPE.**
**DONNA QUIXOTE.**
**THE COMET OF A SEASON.**
**MAID OF ATHENS.**
**CAMIOLA:** A Girl with a Fortune.

**"THE RIGHT HONOURABLE."** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., and Mrs. CAMPBELL-PRAED. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

## McCARTHY (JUSTIN H., M.P.), WORKS BY.

**THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.** Four Vols., 8vo, **12s.** each. [Vols. I. & II. *ready.*
**AN OUTLINE OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND.** Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**
**IRELAND SINCE THE UNION:** Irish History, 1798–1886. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**
**ENGLAND UNDER GLADSTONE, 1880–85.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

**HAFIZ IN LONDON:** Poems. Small 8vo, gold cloth, **3s. 6d.**
**HARLEQUINADE:** Poems. Small 4to, Japanese vellum, 8s.

**OUR SENSATION NOVEL.** Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s 6d.**
**DOOM!** An Atlantic Episode. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**
**DOLLY:** A Sketch. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**
**LILY LASS:** A Romance. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

## MACDONALD.—WORKS OF FANCY AND IMAGINATION. By

GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D. Ten Vols., cloth extra, gilt edges, in cloth case, **21s.** Or the Vols. may be had separately, bound in grolier cloth, at **2s. 6d.** each.

Vol. I. WITHIN AND WITHOUT.—THE HIDDEN LIFE.
" II. THE DISCIPLE.—THE GOSPEL WOMEN.—BOOK OF SONNETS.—ORGAN SONGS.
" III. VIOLIN SONGS.—SONGS OF THE DAYS AND NIGHTS.—A BOOK OF DREAMS.—ROADSIDE POEMS.—POEMS FOR CHILDREN.
" IV. PARABLES.—BALLADS.—SCOTCH SONGS.
" V. & VI. PHANTASTES: A Faerie Romance. | Vol. VII. THE PORTENT.
" VIII. THE LIGHT PRINCESS.—THE GIANT'S HEART.—SHADOWS.
" IX. CROSS PURPOSES.—THE GOLDEN KEY.—THE CARASOYN.—LITTLE DAYLIGHT.
" X. THE CRUEL PAINTER.—THE WOW O' RIVVEN.—THE CASTLE.—THE BROKEN SWORDS.—THE GRAY WOLF.—UNCLE CORNELIUS.

## MACDONELL.—QUAKER COUSINS: A Novel. By AGNES MACDONELL.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

## MACGREGOR.—PASTIMES AND PLAYERS: Notes on Popular Games. By ROBERT MACGREGOR. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

## MACKAY.—INTERLUDES AND UNDERTONES; or, Music at Twilight.

By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

## MACLISE PORTRAIT GALLERY (THE) OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS: 85 PORTRAITS; with Memoirs — Biographical, Critical, Bibliographical, and Anecdotal—illustrative of the Literature of the former half of the Present Century, by WILLIAM BATES, B.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

## MACQUOID (MRS.), WORKS BY. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

**IN THE ARDENNES.** With 50 Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID.
**PICTURES AND LEGENDS FROM NORMANDY AND BRITTANY.** With 34 Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID.
**THROUGH NORMANDY.** With 92 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID, and a Map.
**THROUGH BRITTANY.** With 35 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID, and a Map.
**ABOUT YORKSHIRE.** With 67 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

**THE EVIL EYE,** and other Stories. | **LOST ROSE.**

**MAGIC LANTERN, THE,** and its Management: including full Practical Directions for producing the Limelight, making Oxygen Gas, and preparing Lantern Slides. By T. C. HEPWORTH. With 10 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

**MAGICIAN'S OWN BOOK, THE:** Performances with Cups and Balls, Eggs, Hats, Handkerchiefs, &c. All from actual Experience. Edited by W. H. CREMER. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.**

**MAGNA CHARTA:** An Exact Facsimile of the Original in the British Museum, 3 feet by 2 feet, with Arms and Seals emblazoned in Gold and Colours, **5s.**

**MALLOCK (W. H.), WORKS BY.**

**THE NEW REPUBLIC.** Post 8vo, picture cover, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**
**THE NEW PAUL & VIRGINIA:** Positivism on an Island. Post 8vo, cloth, **2s. 6d.**
**POEMS.** Small 4to, parchment, **8s.**
**IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

**MALLORY'S (SIR THOMAS) MORT D'ARTHUR:** The Stories of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table. (A Selection.) Edited by B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

**MARK TWAIN, WORKS BY.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

**THE CHOICE WORKS OF MARK TWAIN.** Revised and Corrected throughout by the Author. With Life, Portrait, and numerous Illustrations.
**ROUGHING IT,** and **INNOCENTS AT HOME.** With 200 Illusts. by F. A. FRASER.
**THE GILDED AGE.** By MARK TWAIN and C. D. WARNER. With 212 Illustrations.
**MARK TWAIN'S LIBRARY OF HUMOUR.** With 197 Illustrations.
**A YANKEE AT THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR.** With 220 Illusts. by BEARD.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra (illustrated), **7s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each.

**THE INNOCENTS ABROAD;** or New Pilgrim's Progress. With 234 Illustrations. (The Two-Shilling Edition is entitled **MARK TWAIN'S PLEASURE TRIP.**)
**THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER.** With 111 Illustrations.
**A TRAMP ABROAD.** With 314 Illustrations.
**THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER.** With 190 Illustrations.
**LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.** With 300 Illustrations.
**ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN.** With 174 Illusts. by E. W. KEMBLE.

**THE STOLEN WHITE ELEPHANT,** &c. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

**MARLOWE'S WORKS.** Including his Translations. Edited, with Notes and Introductions, by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

**MARRYAT (FLORENCE), NOVELS BY.** Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each.

**A HARVEST OF WILD OATS.** | **WRITTEN IN FIRE.** | **FIGHTING THE AIR.**
**OPEN! SESAME!** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**

**MASSINGER'S PLAYS.** From the Text of WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

**MASTERMAN.—HALF-A-DOZEN DAUGHTERS:** A Novel. By J. MASTERMAN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**MATTHEWS.—A SECRET OF THE SEA,** &c. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

**MAYHEW.—LONDON CHARACTERS AND THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LONDON LIFE.** By HENRY MAYHEW. With Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**

**MENKEN.—INFELICIA:** Poems by ADAH ISAACS MENKEN. With Biographical Preface, Illustrations by F. E. LUMMIS and F. O. C. DARLEY, and Facsimile of a Letter from CHARLES DICKENS. Small 4to, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**MEXICAN MUSTANG (ON A),** through Texas to the Rio Grande. By A. E. SWEET and J. ARMOY KNOX. With 265 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**MIDDLEMASS (JEAN), NOVELS BY.** Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each.

**TOUCH AND GO.** | **MR. DORILLION.**

**MILLER.—PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE YOUNG;** or, The House of Life: Human Physiology, with its application to the Preservation of Health. By Mrs. F. FENWICK MILLER. With numerous Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

MILTON (J. L.), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, **1s.** each; cloth, **1s. 6d.** each.
THE HYGIENE OF THE SKIN. With Directions for Diet, Soaps, Baths, &c.
THE BATH IN DISEASES OF THE SKIN.
THE LAWS OF LIFE, AND THEIR RELATION TO DISEASES OF THE SKIN.
THE SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF LEPROSY. Demy 8vo, **1s.**

MINTO (WM.)—WAS SHE GOOD OR BAD? Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

MOLESWORTH (MRS.), NOVELS BY.
HATHERCOURT RECTORY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
THAT GIRL IN BLACK. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

MOORE (THOMAS), WORKS BY.
THE EPICUREAN; and ALCIPHRON. Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**
PROSE AND VERSE, Humorous, Satirical, and Sentimental, by THOMAS MOORE; with Suppressed Passages from the MEMOIRS OF LORD BYRON. Edited by R. HERNE SHEPHERD. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

MUDDOCK (J. E.), STORIES BY.
STORIES WEIRD AND WONDERFUL. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**
THE DEAD MAN'S SECRET; or, The Valley of Gold: A Narrative of Strange Adventure. With a Frontispiece by F. BARNARD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

MURRAY (D. CHRISTIE), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| A LIFE'S ATONEMENT. | A MODEL FATHER. | A BIT OF HUMAN NATURE. |
| JOSEPH'S COAT. | HEARTS. | FIRST PERSON SINGULAR. |
| COALS OF FIRE. | THE WAY OF THE WORLD. | CYNIC FORTUNE. |
| VAL STRANGE. | | |

BY THE GATE OF THE SEA. Post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**
OLD BLAZER'S HERO. With Three Illustrations by A. MCCORMICK. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

MURRAY (D. CHRISTIE) & HENRY HERMAN, WORKS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
ONE TRAVELLER RETURNS.
PAUL JONES'S ALIAS. With 13 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER and G. NICOLET.
THE BISHOPS' BIBLE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

MURRAY.—A GAME OF BLUFF: A Novel. By HENRY MURRAY. Post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

NISBET.—"BAIL UP!" A Romance of BUSHRANGERS AND BLACKS. By HUME NISBET. With Frontispiece and Vignette. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

NOVELISTS.—HALF-HOURS WITH THE BEST NOVELISTS OF THE CENTURY. Edit. by H. T. MACKENZIE BELL. Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** [*Preparing.*

O'CONNOR.—LORD BEACONSFIELD: A Biography. By T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P. Sixth Edition, with an Introduction. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

O'HANLON (ALICE), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE UNFORESEEN. | CHANCE? OR FATE?

OHNET (GEORGES), NOVELS BY.
DOCTOR RAMEAU. Translated by Mrs. CASHEL HOEY. With 9 Illustrations by E. BAYARD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
A LAST LOVE. Translated by ALBERT D. VANDAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
A WEIRD GIFT. Translated by ALBERT D. VANDAM. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**

OLIPHANT (MRS.), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE PRIMROSE PATH. | THE GREATEST HEIRESS IN ENGLAND.
WHITELADIES. With Illustrations by ARTHUR HOPKINS and HENRY WOODS, A.R.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

O'REILLY (MRS.).—PHŒBE'S FORTUNES. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

O'SHAUGHNESSY (ARTHUR), POEMS BY.
LAYS OF FRANCE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **10s. 6d.**
MUSIC AND MOONLIGHT. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
SONGS OF A WORKER, Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

## OUIDA, NOVELS BY.

Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| HELD IN BONDAGE. | FOLLE-FARINE. | MOTHS. |
| TRICOTRIN. | A DOG OF FLANDERS. | PIPISTRELLO. |
| STRATHMORE. | PASCAREL. | A VILLAGE COMMUNE. |
| CHANDOS. | TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES. | IN MAREMMA. |
| CECIL CASTLEMAINE'S GAGE. | SIGNA. | BIMBI. |
| IDALIA. | IN A WINTER CITY. | WANDA. |
| UNDER TWO FLAGS. | ARIADNE. | FRESCOES. |
| PUCK. | FRIENDSHIP. | PRINCESS NAPRAXINE. |
| | | OTHMAR. \| GUILDEROY. |

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

SYRLIN. | RUFFINO.

WISDOM, WIT, AND PATHOS, selected from the Works of OUIDA by F. SYDNEY MORRIS. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**—CHEAP EDITION, illustrated boards, **2s.**

## PAGE (H. A.), WORKS BY.

THOREAU: His Life and Aims. With Portrait. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

ANIMAL ANECDOTES. Arranged on a New Principle. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

## PASCAL'S PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

A New Translation, with Historical Introduction and Notes by T. M'CRIE, D.D. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

## PAUL.—GENTLE AND SIMPLE.

By MARGARET A. PAUL. With Frontispiece by HELEN PATERSON. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

## PAYN (JAMES), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

| | |
|---|---|
| LOST SIR MASSINGBERD. | A GRAPE FROM A THORN. |
| WALTER'S WORD. | FROM EXILE. |
| LESS BLACK THAN WE'RE PAINTED. | SOME PRIVATE VIEWS. |
| BY PROXY. | THE CANON'S WARD. |
| HIGH SPIRITS. | THE TALK OF THE TOWN. |
| UNDER ONE ROOF. | HOLIDAY TASKS. |
| A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT. | GLOW-WORM TALES. |
| | THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE. |

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

| | |
|---|---|
| HUMOROUS STORIES. | THE CLYFFARDS OF CLYFFE. |
| THE FOSTER BROTHERS. | FOUND DEAD. |
| THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE. | GWENDOLINE'S HARVEST. |
| MARRIED BENEATH HIM. | A MARINE RESIDENCE. |
| BENTINCK'S TUTOR. | MIRK ABBEY. |
| A PERFECT TREASURE. | NOT WOOED, BUT WON. |
| A COUNTY FAMILY. | TWO HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD. |
| LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON. | THE BEST OF HUSBANDS. |
| A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE. | HALVES. |
| CARLYON'S YEAR. | CECIL'S TRYST. |
| MURPHY'S MASTER. | FALLEN FORTUNES. |
| AT HER MERCY. | WHAT HE COST HER. |
| | KIT: A MEMORY. \| FOR CASH ONLY. |

IN PERIL AND PRIVATION: Stories of MARINE ADVENTURE Re-told. With 17 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

NOTES FROM THE "NEWS." Crown 8vo, portrait cover, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

THE BURNT MILLION. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

THE WORD AND THE WILL. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

SUNNY STORIES, and some SHADY ONES. With a Frontispiece by FRED. BARNARD. Crown 8vo cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** [*Shortly.*

## PENNELL (H. CHOLMONDELEY), WORKS BY.

Post 8vo, cl., **2s. 6d.** each.

PUCK ON PEGASUS. With Illustrations.

PEGASUS RE-SADDLED. With Ten full-page Illustrations by G. DU MAURIER.

THE MUSES OF MAYFAIR. Vers de Société, Selected by H. C. PENNELL.

## PHELPS (E. STUART), WORKS BY.

Post 8vo. **1s.** each; cloth, **1s. 6d.** each.

| | |
|---|---|
| BEYOND THE GATES. By the Author of "The Gates Ajar." | AN OLD MAID'S PARADISE. |
| | BURGLARS IN PARADISE. |

JACK THE FISHERMAN. Illustrated by C. W. REED. Cr 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

## PIRKIS (C. L.), NOVELS BY.

TROOPING WITH CROWS. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**

LADY LOVELACE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**PLANCHE (J. R.), WORKS BY.**
**THE PURSUIVANT OF ARMS**; or, Heraldry Founded upon Facts. With Coloured Frontispiece, Five Plates, and 209 Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.**
**SONGS AND POEMS**, 1819-1879. Introduction by Mrs. MACKARNESS. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s.**

**PLUTARCH'S LIVES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.** Translated from the Greek, with Notes Critical and Historical, and a Life of Plutarch, by JOHN and WILLIAM LANGHORNE. With Portraits. Two Vols., demy 8vo, half-bound, **10s. 6d.**

**POE'S (EDGAR ALLAN) CHOICE WORKS**, in Prose and Poetry. Introduction by CHAS. BAUDELAIRE, Portrait, and Facsimiles. Cr. 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.**
**THE MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET**, &c. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**POPE'S POETICAL WORKS.** Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

**PRICE (E. C.), NOVELS BY.**
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
**VALENTINA.** | **THE FOREIGNERS.** | **MRS. LANCASTER'S RIVAL.**
**GERALD.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**PRINCESS OLGA.—RADNA**; or, The Great Conspiracy of 1881. By the Princess OLGA. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

**PROCTOR (RICHARD A., B.A.), WORKS BY.**
**FLOWERS OF THE SKY.** With 55 Illusts. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
**EASY STAR LESSONS.** With Star Maps for Every Night in the Year, Drawings of the Constellations, &c Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
**FAMILIAR SCIENCE STUDIES.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
**SATURN AND ITS SYSTEM.** With 13 Steel Plates. Demy 8vo, cloth ex., **10s. 6d.**
**MYSTERIES OF TIME AND SPACE.** With Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
**THE UNIVERSE OF SUNS.** With numerous Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth ex., **6s.**
**WAGES AND WANTS OF SCIENCE WORKERS.** Crown 8vo, **1s. 6d.**

**RAMBOSSON.—POPULAR ASTRONOMY.** By J. RAMBOSSON, Laureate of the Institute of France. With numerous Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**RANDOLPH.—AUNT ABIGAIL DYKES**: A Novel. By Lt.-Colonel GEORGE RANDOLPH, U.S.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**READE (CHARLES), NOVELS BY.**
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, illustrated, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each.
**PEG WOFFINGTON.** Illustrated by S. L. FILDES, R.A.—Also a POCKET EDITION, set in New Type, in Elzevir style, fcap. 8vo, half-leather, **2s. 6d.**
**CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE.** Illustrated by WILLIAM SMALL.—Also a POCKET EDITION, set in New Type, in Elzevir style, fcap. 8vo, half-leather, **2s. 6d.**
**IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.** Illustrated by G. J. PINWELL.
**THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH.** Illustrated by HELEN PATERSON.
**THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A THIEF**, &c. Illustrated by MATT STRETCH.
**LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.** Illustrated by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.
**THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.** Illusts. by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and C. KEENE
**THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH.** Illustrated by CHARLES KEENE.
**HARD CASH.** Illustrated by F. W. LAWSON.
**GRIFFITH GAUNT.** Illustrated by S. L. FILDES, R.A., and WILLIAM SMALL.
**FOUL PLAY.** Illustrated by GEORGE DU MAURIER.
**PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.** Illustrated by ROBERT BARNES.
**A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.** Illustrated by EDWARD HUGHES and A. W. COOPER.
**A SIMPLETON.** Illustrated by KATE CRAUFURD.
**THE WANDERING HEIR.** Illustrated by HELEN PATERSON, S. L. FILDES, R.A., C. GREEN, and HENRY WOODS, A.R.A.
**A WOMAN-HATER.** Illustrated by THOMAS COULDERY.
**SINGLEHEART AND DOUBLEFACE.** Illustrated by P. MACNAB.
**GOOD STORIES OF MEN AND OTHER ANIMALS.** Illustrated by E. A. ABBEY, PERCY MACQUOID, R.W.S., and JOSEPH NASH.
**THE JILT**, and other Stories. Illustrated by JOSEPH NASH.
**READIANA.** With a Steel-plate Portrait of CHARLES READE.

**BIBLE CHARACTERS**: Studies of David, Paul, &c. Fcap. 8vo, leatherette, **1s.**

**SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF CHARLES READE.** With an Introduction by Mrs. ALEX. IRELAND, and a Steel-Plate Portrait. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **6s.** [*Preparing.*

**RIDDELL (MRS. J. H.), NOVELS BY.**
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
**HER MOTHER'S DARLING.** | **WEIRD STORIES.**
**THE PRINCE OF WALES'S GARDEN PARTY.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
**UNINHABITED HOUSE.** | **FAIRY WATER.** | **MYSTERY IN PALACE GARDENS.**

**RIMMER (ALFRED), WORKS BY.** Square 8vo, cloth gilt, **7s. 6d.** each.
**OUR OLD COUNTRY TOWNS.** With 55 Illustrations.
**RAMBLES ROUND ETON AND HARROW.** With 50 Illustrations.
**ABOUT ENGLAND WITH DICKENS.** With 58 Illusts. by C. A. VANDERHOOF, &c.

**ROBINSON CRUSOE.** By DANIEL DEFOE. (MAJOR'S EDITION.) With 37 Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**

**ROBINSON (F. W.), NOVELS BY.**
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
**WOMEN ARE STRANGE.** | **THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.**

**ROBINSON (PHIL), WORKS BY.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.
**THE POETS' BIRDS.** | **THE POETS' BEASTS.**
**THE POETS AND NATURE: REPTILES, FISHES, INSECTS.** *[Preparing.*

**ROCHEFOUCAULD'S MAXIMS AND MORAL REFLECTIONS.** With Notes, and an Introductory Essay by SAINTE-BEUVE. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

**ROLL OF BATTLE ABBEY, THE:** A List of the Principal Warriors who came from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and Settled in this Country, A.D. 1066–7. With Arms emblazoned in Gold and Colours. Handsomely printed, **5s.**

**ROWLEY (HON. HUGH), WORKS BY.** Post 8vo, cloth, **2s. 6d.** each.
**PUNIANA: RIDDLES AND JOKES.** With numerous Illustrations.
**MORE PUNIANA.** Profusely Illustrated.

**RUNCIMAN (JAMES), STORIES BY.**
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
**SKIPPERS AND SHELLBACKS.** | **GRACE BALMAIGN'S SWEETHEART.**
**SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS.**

**RUSSELL (W. CLARK), BOOKS AND NOVELS BY:**
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
**ROUND THE GALLEY-FIRE.** | **A BOOK FOR THE HAMMOCK.**
**IN THE MIDDLE WATCH.** | **MYSTERY OF THE "OCEAN STAR."**
**A VOYAGE TO THE CAPE.** | **THE ROMANCE OF JENNY HARLOWE.**
**ON THE FO'K'SLE HEAD.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
**AN OCEAN TRAGEDY.** Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**
**MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.** Three Vols., crown 8vo.

**SALA.—GASLIGHT AND DAYLIGHT.** By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**SANSON.—SEVEN GENERATIONS OF EXECUTIONERS:** Memoirs of the Sanson Family (1688 to 1847). Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

**SAUNDERS (JOHN), NOVELS BY.**
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
**GUY WATERMAN.** | **THE LION IN THE PATH.** | **THE TWO DREAMERS.**
**BOUND TO THE WHEEL.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

**SAUNDERS (KATHARINE), NOVELS BY.**
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
**MARGARET AND ELIZABETH.** | **HEART SALVAGE.**
**THE HIGH MILLS.** | **SEBASTIAN.**
**JOAN MERRYWEATHER.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
**GIDEON'S ROCK.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

**SCIENCE-GOSSIP:** An Illustrated Medium of Interchange for Students and Lovers of Nature. Edited by Dr. J. E. TAYLOR, F.L.S., &c. Devoted to Geology, Botany, Physiology, Chemistry, Zoology, Microscopy, Telescopy, Physiography, Photography, &c. Price **4d.** Monthly; or **5s.** per year, post-free. Vols. I. to XIX. may be had, **7s. 6d.** each; Vols. XX. to date, **5s.** each. Cases for Binding, **1s. 6d.**

**SECRET OUT, THE:** One Thousand Tricks with Cards; with Entertaining Experiments in Drawing-room or "White Magic." By W. H. CREMER. With 300 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.**

**SEGUIN (L. G.), WORKS BY.**

**THE COUNTRY OF THE PASSION PLAY (OBERAMMERGAU)** and the Highlands of Bavaria. With Map and 37 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

**WALKS IN ALGIERS.** With 2 Maps and 16 Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

**SENIOR (WM.).—BY STREAM AND SEA.** Post 8vo, cloth, **2s. 6d.**

**SHAKESPEARE, THE FIRST FOLIO.**—MR WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDIES, HISTORIES, AND TRAGEDIES. Published according to the true Originall Copies. London, Printed by ISAAC IAGGARD and ED. BLOUNT. 1623.—A reduced Photographic Reproduction. Small 8vo, half-Roxburghe, **7s. 6d.**

**SHAKESPEARE FOR CHILDREN: LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE.** With Illustrations, coloured and plain, by J. MOYR SMITH. Crown 4to, cloth, **6s.**

**SHARP.—CHILDREN OF TO-MORROW:** A Novel. By WILLIAM SHARP. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

**SHELLEY.—THE COMPLETE WORKS IN VERSE AND PROSE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.** Edited, Prefaced, and Annotated by R. HERNE SHEPHERD. Five Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, **3s. 6d.** each.

**POETICAL WORKS,** in Three Vols.:

Vol. I. Introduction by the Editor; Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson; Shelley's Correspondence with Stockdale; The Wandering Jew; Queen Mab, with the Notes; Alastor, and other Poems; Rosalind and Helen; Prometheus Unbound; Adonais, &c.

Vol. II. Laon and Cythna; The Cenci; Julian and Maddalo; Swellfoot the Tyrant; The Witch of Atlas; Epipsychidion: Hellas.

Vol. III. Posthumous Poems; The Masque of Anarchy; and other Pieces.

**PROSE WORKS,** in Two Vols.:

Vol. I. The Two Romances of Zastrozzi and St. Irvyne; the Dublin and Marlow Pamphlets; A Refutation of Deism; Letters to Leigh Hunt, and some Minor Writings and Fragments.

Vol. II. The Essays; Letters from Abroad; Translations and Fragments, Edited by Mrs. SHELLEY. With a Bibliography of Shelley, and an Index of the Prose Works.

**SHERARD.—ROGUES:** A Novel. By R. H. SHERARD. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

**SHERIDAN (GENERAL). — PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF GENERAL P. H. SHERIDAN.** With Portraits and Facsimiles. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, **24s.**

**SHERIDAN'S (RICHARD BRINSLEY) COMPLETE WORKS.** With Life and Anecdotes. Including his Dramatic Writings, his Works in Prose and Poetry, Translations, Speeches, Jokes, &c. With 10 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl., **7s. 6d.**

**THE RIVALS, THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL,** and other Plays. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

**SHERIDAN'S COMEDIES: THE RIVALS** and **THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.** Edited, with an Introduction and Notes to each Play, and a Biographical Sketch, by BRANDER MATTHEWS. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, half-parchment, **12s. 6d.**

**SIDNEY'S (SIR PHILIP) COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS,** including all those in "Arcadia." With Portrait, Memorial-Introduction, Notes, &c. by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, **18s.**

**SIGNBOARDS:** Their History. With Anecdotes of Famous Taverns and Remarkable Characters. By JACOB LARWOOD and JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. With Coloured Frontispiece and 94 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**SIMS (GEORGE R.), WORKS BY.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

**ROGUES AND VAGABONDS.**
**THE RING O' BELLS.**
**MARY JANE'S MEMOIRS.**
**MARY JANE MARRIED.**
**TALES OF TO-DAY.**
**DRAMAS OF LIFE.** With 60 Illustrations.

**TINKLETOP'S CRIME.** With a Frontispiece by MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN.

Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.** each; cloth, **1s. 6d.** each.

**HOW THE POOR LIVE; and HORRIBLE LONDON.**

**THE DAGONET RECITER AND READER:** being Readings and Recitations in Prose and Verse, selected from his own Works by GEORGE R. SIMS.

**THE CASE OF GEORGE CANDLEMAS.**

**SISTER DORA:** A Biography. By MARGARET LONSDALE. With Four Illustrations. Demy 8vo, picture cover, **4d.**; cloth, **6d.**

**SKETCHLEY.—A MATCH IN THE DARK.** By Arthur Sketchley. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**SLANG DICTIONARY (THE):** Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s. 6d.**

**SMITH (J. MOYR), WORKS BY.**

**THE PRINCE OF ARGOLIS.** With 130 Illusts. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
**TALES OF OLD THULE.** With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **6s.**
**THE WOOING OF THE WATER WITCH.** Illustrated. Post 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

**SOCIETY IN LONDON.** By A Foreign Resident. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

**SOCIETY IN PARIS:** The Upper Ten Thousand. A Series of Letters from Count Paul Vasili to a Young French Diplomat. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

**SOMERSET.—SONGS OF ADIEU.** By Lord Henry Somerset. Small 4to, Japanese vellum, **6s.**

**SPALDING.—ELIZABETHAN DEMONOLOGY:** An Essay on the Belief in the Existence of Devils. By T. A. Spalding, LL.B. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

**SPEIGHT (T. W.), NOVELS BY.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

**THE MYSTERIES OF HERON DYKE.**
**BY DEVIOUS WAYS,** and **A BARREN TITLE.**
**THE GOLDEN HOOP.**
**HOODWINKED;** and **THE SANDYCROFT MYSTERY.**

Post 8vo, cloth limp, **1s. 6d.** each.

**A BARREN TITLE.** | **WIFE OR NO WIFE?**

**THE SANDYCROFT MYSTERY.** Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**

**SPENSER FOR CHILDREN.** By M. H. Towry. With Illustrations by Walter J. Morgan. Crown 4to, cloth gilt, **6s.**

**STARRY HEAVENS (THE):** A Poetical Birthday Book. Royal 16mo, cloth extra, **2s. 6d.**

**STAUNTON.—THE LAWS AND PRACTICE OF CHESS.** With an Analysis of the Openings. By Howard Staunton. Edited by Robert B. Wormald. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. **5s.**

**STEDMAN (E. C.), WORKS BY.**

**VICTORIAN POETS.** Thirteenth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **9s.**
**THE POETS OF AMERICA.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **9s.**

**STERNDALE.—THE AFGHAN KNIFE:** A Novel. By Robert Armitage Sterndale. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

**STEVENSON (R. LOUIS), WORKS BY.** Post 8vo, cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

**TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY.** Eighth Edit. With a Frontis. by Walter Crane.
**AN INLAND VOYAGE.** Fourth Edition. With a Frontispiece by Walter Crane.

Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **6s.** each.

**FAMILIAR STUDIES OF MEN AND BOOKS.** Fifth Edition.
**THE SILVERADO SQUATTERS.** With a Frontispiece. Third Edition.
**THE MERRY MEN.** Second Edition. | **UNDERWOODS:** Poems. Fifth Edition.
**MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS.** Third Edition.
**VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE,** and other Papers. Fifth Edition. | **BALLADS.**

Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **6s.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

**NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS.** Eleventh Edition. | **PRINCE OTTO.** Sixth Edition.

**FATHER DAMIEN:** An Open Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, hand-made and brown paper, **1s.**

**STODDARD.—SUMMER CRUISING IN THE SOUTH SEAS.** By C. Warren Stoddard. Illustrated by Wallis Mackay. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**

**STORIES FROM FOREIGN NOVELISTS.** With Notices by Helen and Alice Zimmern. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**STRANGE MANUSCRIPT (A) FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER.** With 19 Illustrations by GILBERT GAUL. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

**STRUTT'S SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND;** including the Rural and Domestic Recreations, May Games, Mummeries, Shows, &c., from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. Edited by WILLIAM HONE. With 140 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**SUBURBAN HOMES (THE) OF LONDON:** A Residential Guide. With a Map, and Notes on Rental, Rates, and Accommodation Crown 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.**

**SWIFT'S (DEAN) CHOICE WORKS,** in Prose and Verse. With Memoir, Portrait, and Facsimiles of the Maps in "Gulliver's Travels." Cr. 8vo, cl., **7s. 6d.**

**GULLIVER'S TRAVELS,** and **A TALE OF A TUB.** Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

**A MONOGRAPH ON SWIFT.** By J. CHURTON COLLINS. Cr. 8vo, cloth, **8s.** [*Shortly.*

**SWINBURNE (ALGERNON C.), WORKS BY.**

**SELECTIONS FROM POETICAL WORKS OF A. C. SWINBURNE.** Fcap. 8vo, **6s.**
**ATALANTA IN CALYDON.** Cr. 8vo, **6s.**
**CHASTELARD:** A Tragedy. Cr. 8vo. **7s.**
**NOTES ON POEMS AND REVIEWS.** Demy 8vo, **1s.**
**POEMS AND BALLADS.** FIRST SERIES. Crown 8vo or fcap. 8vo, **9s.**
**POEMS AND BALLADS.** SECOND SERIES. Crown 8vo or fcap. 8vo. **9s.**
**POEMS AND BALLADS.** THIRD SERIES. Crown 8vo, **7s.**
**SONGS BEFORE SUNRISE.** Crown 8vo, **10s. 6d.**
**BOTHWELL:** A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, **12s. 6d.**
**SONGS OF TWO NATIONS.** Cr. 8vo, **6s.**
**GEORGE CHAPMAN.** (*See* Vol. II. of G. CHAPMAN'S Works.) Crown 8vo, **6s.**
**ESSAYS AND STUDIES.** Cr. 8vo, **12s.**
**ERECHTHEUS:** A Tragedy. Cr. 8vo, **6s.**
**SONGS OF THE SPRINGTIDES.** Crown 8vo, **6s.**
**STUDIES IN SONG.** Crown 8vo, **7s.**
**MARY STUART:** A Tragedy. Cr. 8vo **8s.**
**TRISTRAM OF LYONESSE.** Cr. 8vo, **9s.**
**A CENTURY OF ROUNDELS.** Sm. 4to, **8s.**
**A MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY.** Cr. 8vo, **7s.**
**MARINO FALIERO:** A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, **6s.**
**A STUDY OF VICTOR HUGO.** Cr. 8vo, **6s.**
**MISCELLANIES.** Crown 8vo, **12s.**
**LOCRINE:** A Tragedy. Cr. 8vo, **6s.**
**A STUDY OF BEN JONSON.** Cr. 8vo. **7s.**

**SYMONDS.—WINE, WOMEN, AND SONG:** Mediæval Latin Students' Songs. With Essay and Trans. by J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS. Fcap. 8vo, parchment, **6s.**

**SYNTAX'S (DR.) THREE TOURS:** In Search of the Picturesque, in Search of Consolation, and in Search of a Wife. With ROWLANDSON'S Coloured Illustrations, and Life of the Author by J. C. HOTTEN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**TAINE'S HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.** Translated by HENRY VAN LAUN. Four Vols., medium 8vo, cloth boards, **30s.**—POPULAR EDITION, Two Vols., large crown 8vo, cloth extra, **15s.**

**TAYLOR'S (BAYARD) DIVERSIONS OF THE ECHO CLUB:** Burlesques of Modern Writers. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

**TAYLOR (DR. J. E., F.L.S.), WORKS BY.** Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **7s. 6d.** each.

**THE SAGACITY AND MORALITY OF PLANTS:** A Sketch of the Life and Conduct of the Vegetable Kingdom. With a Coloured Frontispiece and 100 Illustrations.

**OUR COMMON BRITISH FOSSILS,** and Where to Find Them. 331 Illustrations.

**THE PLAYTIME NATURALIST.** With 360 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, **5s.**

**TAYLOR'S (TOM) HISTORICAL DRAMAS.** Containing "Clancarty," "Jeanne Dare," "'Twixt Axe and Crown," "The Fool's Revenge," "Arkwright's Wife," "Anne Boleyn," "Plot and Passion." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

*** The Plays may also be had separately, at **1s.** each.

**TENNYSON (LORD):** A Biographical Sketch. By H. J. JENNINGS. With a Photograph-Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

**THACKERAYANA:** Notes and Anecdotes. Illustrated by Hundreds of Sketches by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, depicting Humorous Incidents in his School-life, and Favourite Characters in the Books of his Every-day Reading. With a Coloured Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**THAMES.—A NEW PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE THAMES,** By A. S. KRAUSSE. With 330 Illustrations Post 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

**THOMAS (BERTHA), NOVELS BY.** Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** ea.; post 8vo, **2s.** ea.
**CRESSIDA.** | **THE VIOLIN-PLAYER.** | **PROUD MAISIE.**

**THOMSON'S SEASONS, and CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.** Introduction by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, and Illustrations on Steel and Wood. Cr. 8vo. cl., **7s. 6d.**

**THORNBURY (WALTER), WORKS BY.** Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **7s. 6d.** each.
**THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF J. M. W. TURNER.** Founded upon Letters and Papers furnished by his Friends. With Illustrations in Colours.
**HAUNTED LONDON.** Edit. by E. WALFORD, M.A. Illusts. by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards. **2s.** each.
**OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.** | **TALES FOR THE MARINES.**

**TIMBS (JOHN), WORKS BY.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.
**THE HISTORY OF CLUBS AND CLUB LIFE IN LONDON:** Anecdotes of its Famous Coffee-houses, Hostelries, and Taverns. With 42 Illustrations.
**ENGLISH ECCENTRICS AND ECCENTRICITIES:** Stories of Wealth and Fashion, Delusions, Impostures, and Fanatic Missions, Sporting Scenes, Eccentric Artists, Theatrical Folk, Men of Letters, &c. With 48 Illustrations.

**TROLLOPE (ANTHONY), NOVELS BY.**
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
**THE WAY WE LIVE NOW.** | **MARION FAY.**
**KEPT IN THE DARK.** | **MR. SCARBOROUGH'S FAMILY.**
**FRAU FROHMANN.** | **THE LAND-LEAGUERS.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
**GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.** | **JOHN CALDIGATE.** | **AMERICAN SENATOR.**

**TROLLOPE (FRANCES E.), NOVELS BY.**
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
**LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA.** | **MABEL'S PROGRESS.** | **ANNE FURNESS.**

**TROLLOPE (T. A.).—DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.** Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

**TROWBRIDGE.—FARNELL'S FOLLY:** A Novel. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

**TYTLER (C. C. FRASER-).—MISTRESS JUDITH:** A Novel. By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

**TYTLER (SARAH), NOVELS BY.**
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
**WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.** | **LADY BELL.**
**THE BRIDE'S PASS.** | **BURIED DIAMONDS.**
**NOBLESSE OBLIGE.** | **THE BLACKHALL GHOSTS.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
**SAINT MUNGO'S CITY.** | **DISAPPEARED.**
**BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.** | **THE HUGUENOT FAMILY.**
**CITOYENNE JACQUELINE.**

**VILLARI.—A DOUBLE BOND.** By LINDA VILLARI. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover. **1s.**

**WALT WHITMAN, POEMS BY.** Edited, with Introduction, by WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI. With Portrait. Cr. 8vo, hand-made paper and buckram, **6s.**

**WALTON AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER;** or, The Contemplative Man's Recreation, by IZAAK WALTON; and Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear Stream, by CHARLES COTTON. With Memoirs and Notes by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, and 61 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth antique, **7s. 6d.**

**WARD (HERBERT), WORKS BY.**
**FIVE YEARS WITH THE CONGO CANNIBALS.** With 92 Illustrations by the Author, VICTOR PERARD, and W. B. DAVIS. Third ed. Roy. 8vo, cloth ex., **14s.**
**MY LIFE WITH STANLEY'S REAR GUARD.** With a Map by F. S. WELLER, F.R.G.S. Post 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

**WARNER.—A ROUNDABOUT JOURNEY.** By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

## WALFORD (EDWARD, M.A.), WORKS BY.

**WALFORD'S COUNTY FAMILIES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM (1891).** Containing the Descent, Birth, Marriage, Education, &c., of 12,000 Heads of Families, their Heirs, Offices, Addresses, Clubs, &c. Royal 8vo, cloth gilt, **50s.**

**WALFORD'S SHILLING PEERAGE (1891).** Containing a List of the House of Lords, Scotch and Irish Peers, &c. 32mo, cloth, **1s.**

**WALFORD'S SHILLING BARONETAGE (1891).** Containing a List of the Baronets of the United Kingdom, Biographical Notices, Addresses, &c. 32mo, cloth, **1s.**

**WALFORD'S SHILLING KNIGHTAGE (1891).** Containing a List of the Knights of the United Kingdom, Biographical Notices, Addresses, &c. 32mo, cloth, **1s.**

**WALFORD'S SHILLING HOUSE OF COMMONS (1891).** Containing a List of all Members of Parliament, their Addresses, Clubs, &c. 32mo, cloth, **1s.**

**WALFORD'S COMPLETE PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, KNIGHTAGE, AND HOUSE OF COMMONS (1891).** Royal 32mo, cloth extra, gilt edges, **5s.**

**WALFORD'S WINDSOR PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, AND KNIGHTAGE (1891).** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **12s. 6d.**

**TALES OF OUR GREAT FAMILIES.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

**WILLIAM PITT:** A Biography. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

## WARRANT TO EXECUTE CHARLES I.

A Facsimile, with the 59 Signatures and Seals. Printed on paper 22 in. by 14 in. **2s.**

**WARRANT TO EXECUTE MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.** A Facsimile, including Queen Elizabeth's Signature and the Great Seal. **2s.**

## WEATHER, HOW TO FORETELL THE, WITH POCKET SPECTROSCOPE.

By F. W. Cory. With 10 Illustrations Cr. 8vo. **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

## WESTROPP.—HANDBOOK OF POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

By Hodder M. Westropp. With Illusts. and List of Marks. Cr. 8vo, cloth, **4s. 6d.**

## WHIST.—HOW TO PLAY SOLO WHIST.

By Abraham S. Wilks and Charles F. Pardon. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

## WHISTLER'S (MR.) TEN O'CLOCK.

Cr. 8vo, hand-made paper, **1s.**

## WHITE.—THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE.

By Gilbert White, M.A. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

## WILLIAMS (W. MATTIEU, F.R.A.S.), WORKS BY.

**SCIENCE IN SHORT CHAPTERS.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**A SIMPLE TREATISE ON HEAT.** With Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

**THE CHEMISTRY OF COOKERY.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

**THE CHEMISTRY OF IRON AND STEEL MAKING.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **9s.**

## WILSON (DR. ANDREW, F.R.S.E.), WORKS BY.

**CHAPTERS ON EVOLUTION.** With 259 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

**LEAVES FROM A NATURALIST'S NOTE-BOOK.** Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

**LEISURE-TIME STUDIES.** With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

**STUDIES IN LIFE AND SENSE.** With numerous Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.**

**COMMON ACCIDENTS: HOW TO TREAT THEM.** Illusts. Cr. 8vo. **1s.**; cl., **1s. 6d.**

**GLIMPSES OF LIFE AND NATURE.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** [*Shortly.*

## WINTER (J. S.), STORIES BY.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

CAVALRY LIFE. | REGIMENTAL LEGENDS.

## WOOD.—SABINA: A Novel.

By Lady Wood. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

## WOOD (H. F.), DETECTIVE STORIES BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each: post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

**PASSENGER FROM SCOTLAND YARD.** | **ENGLISHMAN OF THE RUE CAIN.**

## WOOLLEY.—RACHEL ARMSTRONG; or, Love and Theology.

By Celia Parker Woolley. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**

## WRIGHT (THOMAS), WORKS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

**CARICATURE HISTORY OF THE GEORGES.** With 400 Pictures, Caricatures, Squibs, Broadsides, Window Pictures, &c.

**HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF THE GROTESQUE IN ART, LITERATURE, SCULPTURE, AND PAINTING.** Illustrated by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.

## YATES (EDMUND), NOVELS BY.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

**LAND AT LAST.** | **THE FORLORN HOPE.** | **CASTAWAY.**

# LISTS OF BOOKS CLASSIFIED IN SERIES.

*** *For full cataloguing, see alphabetical arrangement, pp. 1–25.*

## THE MAYFAIR LIBRARY.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** per Volume.

**A Journey Round My Room.** By XAVIER DE MAISTRE.
**Quips and Quiddities.** By W. D. ADAMS.
**The Agony Column of "The Times."**
**Melancholy Anatomised:** Abridgment of "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy."
**The Speeches of Charles Dickens.**
**Literary Frivolities, Fancies, Follies, and Frolics.** By W. T. DOBSON.
**Poetical Ingenuities.** By W. T. DOBSON.
**The Cupboard Papers.** By FIN-BEC.
**W. S. Gilbert's Plays.** FIRST SERIES.
**W. S. Gilbert's Plays.** SECOND SERIES.
**Songs of Irish Wit and Humour.**
**Animals and Masters.** By Sir A. HELPS.
**Social Pressure.** By Sir A. HELPS.
**Curiosities of Criticism.** H. J. JENNINGS.
**Holmes's Autocrat of Breakfast-Table.**
**Pencil and Palette.** By R. KEMPT.
**Little Essays:** from LAMB's Letters.
**Forensic Anecdotes.** By JACOB LARWOOD
**Theatrical Anecdotes.** JACOB LARWOOD.
**Jeux d'Esprit.** Edited by HENRY S. LEIGH.
**Witch Stories.** By E. LYNN LINTON.
**Ourselves.** By E. LYNN LINTON.
**Pastimes & Players.** By R. MACGREGOR.
**New Paul and Virginia.** W. H. MALLOCK.
**New Republic.** By W. H. MALLOCK.
**Puck on Pegasus.** By H. C. PENNELL.
**Pegasus Re-Saddled.** By H. C. PENNELL.
**Muses of Mayfair.** Ed. H. C. PENNELL.
**Thoreau:** His Life & Aims. By H. A. PAGE.
**Punlana.** By Hon. HUGH ROWLEY.
**More Punlana.** By Hon. HUGH ROWLEY.
**The Philosophy of Handwriting.**
**By Stream and Sea.** By WM. SENIOR.
**Leaves from a Naturalist's Note-Book.** By Dr. ANDREW WILSON.

## THE GOLDEN LIBRARY.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.** per Volume.

**Bayard Taylor's Diversions of the Echo Club.**
**Bennett's Ballad History of England.**
**Bennett's Songs for Sailors.**
**Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers.**
**Pope's Poetical Works.**
**Holmes's Autocrat of Breakfast Table.**
**Holmes's Professor at Breakfast Table.**
**Jesse's Scenes of Country Life.**
**Leigh Hunt's Tale for a Chimney Corner.**
**Mallory's Mort d'Arthur:** Selections.
**Pascal's Provincial Letters.**
**Rochefoucauld's Maxims & Reflections.**

## THE WANDERER'S LIBRARY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

**Wanderings in Patagonia.** By JULIUS BEERBOHM. Illustrated.
**Camp Notes.** By FREDERICK BOYLE.
**Savage Life.** By FREDERICK BOYLE.
**Merrie England in the Olden Time.** By G. DANIEL. Illustrated by CRUIKSHANK.
**Circus Life.** By THOMAS FROST.
**Lives of the Conjurers.** THOMAS FROST.
**The Old Showmen and the Old London Fairs.** By THOMAS FROST.
**Low-Life Deeps.** By JAMES GREENWOOD.
**Wilds of London.** JAMES GREENWOOD.
**Tunis.** Chev. HESSE-WARTEGG. 22 Illusts.
**Life and Adventures of a Cheap Jack.**
**World Behind the Scenes.** P. FITZGERALD.
**Tavern Anecdotes and Sayings.**
**The Genial Showman.** By E. P. HINGSTON.
**Story of London Parks.** JACOB LARWOOD.
**London Characters.** By HENRY MAYHEW.
**Seven Generations of Executioners.**
**Summer Cruising in the South Seas.** By C. WARREN STODDARD. Illustrated.

## POPULAR SHILLING BOOKS.

**Harry Fludyer at Cambridge.**
**Jeff Briggs's Love Story.** BRET HARTE.
**Twins of Table Mountain.** BRET HARTE.
**A Day's Tour.** By PERCY FITZGERALD.
**Esther's Glove.** By R. E. FRANCILLON.
**Sentenced!** By SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.
**The Professor's Wife.** By L. GRAHAM.
**Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds.** By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.
**Niagara Spray.** By J. HOLLINGSHEAD.
**A Romance of the Queen's Hounds.** By CHARLES JAMES.
**The Garden that Paid the Rent.** By TOM JERROLD.
**Cut by the Mess.** By ARTHUR KEYSER.
**Our Sensation Novel.** J. H. MCCARTHY.
**Doom!** By JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, M.P.
**Dolly.** By JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, M.P.
**Lily Lass.** JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, M.P.
**Was She Good or Bad?** By W. MINTO.
**That Girl in Black.** Mrs. MOLESWORTH.
**Notes from the "News."** By JAS. PAYN.
**Beyond the Gates.** By E. S. PHELPS.
**Old Maid's Paradise.** By E. S. PHELPS.
**Burglars in Paradise.** By E. S. PHELPS.
**Jack the Fisherman.** By E. S. PHELPS.
**Trooping with Crows.** By C. L. PIRKIS.
**Bible Characters.** By CHARLES READE.
**Rogues.** By R. H. SHERARD.
**The Dagonet Reciter.** By G. R. SIMS.
**How the Poor Live.** By G. R. SIMS.
**Case of George Candlemas.** G. R. SIMS.
**Sandycroft Mystery.** T. W. SPEIGHT.
**Hoodwinked.** By T. W. SPEIGHT.
**Father Damien.** By R. L. STEVENSON.
**A Double Bond.** By LINDA VILLARI.
**My Life with Stanley's Rear Guard.** By HERBERT WARD.

## MY LIBRARY.

Choice Works, printed on laid paper, bound half-Roxburghe, **2s. 6d.** each.

**Four Frenchwomen.** By AUSTIN DOBSON.
**Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare.** By W. S. LANDOR.
**Christie Johnstone.** By CHARLES READE. With a Photogravure Frontispiece.
**Peg Woffington.** By CHARLES READE.

## THE POCKET LIBRARY.

Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and hf.-bd., **2s.** each.

**The Essays of Elia.** By CHARLES LAMB.
**Robinson Crusoe.** Edited by JOHN MAJOR. With 37 Illusts. by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.
**Whims and Oddities.** By THOMAS HOOD. With 85 Illustrations.
**The Barber's Chair,** and **The Hedgehog Letters.** By DOUGLAS JERROLD.
**Gastronomy as a Fine Art.** By BRILLAT-SAVARIN. Trans. R. E. ANDERSON, M.A.
**The Epicurean,** &c. By THOMAS MOORE.
**Leigh Hunt's Essays.** Ed E. OLLIER.
**The Natural History of Selborne.** By GILBERT WHITE.
**Gulliver's Travels,** and **The Tale of a Tub.** By Dean SWIFT.
**The Rivals, School for Scandal,** and other Plays by RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.
**Anecdotes of the Clergy.** J. LARWOOD.

## THE PICCADILLY NOVELS.

LIBRARY EDITIONS OF NOVELS BY THE BEST AUTHORS, many Illustrated, crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

### By GRANT ALLEN.

Philistia.
Babylon
In all Shades.
The Tents of Shem.
For Maimie's Sake.
The Devil's Die.
This Mortal Coil.
The Great Taboo.

### By ALAN ST. AUBYN.

A Fellow of Trinity.

### By Rev. S. BARING GOULD.

Red Spider.
Eve.

### By W. BESANT & J. RICE.

My Little Girl.
Case of Mr. Lucraft.
This Son of Vulcan.
Golden Butterfly.
By Celia's Arbour.
Monks of Thelema.
The Seamy Side.
Ten Years' Tenant.
Ready-Money Mortiboy.
With Harp and Crown.
'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.
The Chaplain of the Fleet.

### By WALTER BESANT.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
The Captains' Room.
All in a Garden Fair
The World Went Very Well Then.
For Faith and Freedom.
Dorothy Forster.
Uncle Jack.
Children of Gibeon.
Herr Paulus.
Bell of St. Paul's.
To Call Her Mine.

### By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

The Shadow of the Sword.
A Child of Nature.
The Martyrdom of Madeline.
God and the Man.
Love Me for Ever.
Annan Water.
Matt.
The New Abelard.
Foxglove Manor.
Master of the Mine.
Heir of Linne.

### By HALL CAINE.

The Shadow of a Crime.
A Son of Hagar.
The Deemster.

### MORT. & FRANCES COLLINS.

Sweet Anne Page.
From Midnight to Midnight.
Blacksmith and Scholar.
Village Comedy.
Transmigration.
You Play Me False

### By Mrs. H. LOVETT CAMERON.

Juliet's Guardian.
Deceivers Ever.

### By WILKIE COLLINS.

Armadale.
After Dark.
No Name.
Antonina.
Basil.
Hide and Seek.
The Dead Secret.
Queen of Hearts.
My Miscellanies.
Woman in White.
The Moonstone.
Man and Wife.
Poor Miss Finch.
Miss or Mrs?
New Magdalen.
The Frozen Deep.
The Two Destinies.
Law and the Lady.
Haunted Hotel.
The Fallen Leaves.
Jezebel's Daughter.
The Black Robe.
Heart and Science.
"I Say No."
Little Novels.
The Evil Genius.
The Legacy of Cain
A Rogue's Life.
Blind Love.

### By DUTTON COOK.

Paul Foster's Daughter.

### By WILLIAM CYPLES.

Hearts of Gold.

### By ALPHONSE DAUDET.

The Evangelist; or, Port Salvation.

### By JAMES DE MILLE.

A Castle in Spain.

### By J. LEITH DERWENT.

Our Lady of Tears.
Circe's Lovers.

### By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDES.

Archie Lovell.

### By PERCY FITZGERALD.

Fatal Zero.

### By R. E. FRANCILLON.

Queen Cophetua.
One by One.
A Real Queen.
King or Knave?

### Prof. by Sir BARTLE FRERE.

Pandurang Hari.

### By EDWARD GARRETT.

The Capel Girls.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—*continued.*

**By CHARLES GIBBON.**

Robin Gray.
In Honour Bound.
Loving a Dream.
Queen of the Meadow.
The Flower of the Forest.
The Golden Shaft.
Of High Degree.

**By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.**

Garth.
Ellice Quentin.
Sebastian Strome.
David Poindexter's Disappearance.
The Spectre of the Camera.
Dust.
Fortune's Fool.
Beatrix Randolph.

**By Sir A. HELPS.**

Ivan de Biron.

**By ISAAC HENDERSON.**

Agatha Page.

**By Mrs. ALFRED HUNT.**

The Leaden Casket.
That other Person.
Self-Condemned.

**By JEAN INGELOW.**

Fated to be Free.

**By R. ASHE KING.**

A Drawn Game.
"The Wearing of the Green."

**By HENRY KINGSLEY.**

Number Seventeen.

**By E. LYNN LINTON.**

Patricia Kemball.
Under which Lord?
"My Love!"
The Atonement of Leam Dundas.
The World Well Lost.
Ione.
Paston Carew.
Sowing the Wind.

**By HENRY W. LUCY.**

Gideon Fleyce.

**By JUSTIN McCARTHY.**

A Fair Saxon.
Linley Rochford.
Miss Misanthrope.
The Waterdale Neighbours.
My Enemy's Daughter.
Dear Lady Disdain.
The Comet of a Season.
Donna Quixote.
Maid of Athens.
Camiola.

**By AGNES MACDONELL.**

Quaker Cousins.

**By FLORENCE MARRYAT.**

Open! Sesame!

**By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.**

Life's Atonement.
Joseph's Coat.
A Model Father.
A Bit of Human Nature.
First Person Singular.
Cynic Fortune.
The Way of the World.
Coals of Fire.
Val Strange.
Hearts.

**By MURRAY & HERMAN.**

The Bishops' Bible.

**By GEORGES OHNET.**

A Weird Gift.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—*continued.*

**By Mrs. OLIPHANT.**

Whiteladies.

**By OUIDA.**

Held in Bondage.
Strathmore.
Chandos.
Under Two Flags.
Idalia.
Cecil Castlemaine's Gage.
Tricotrin.
Puck.
Folle Farine.
A Dog of Flanders.
Pascarel.
Signa.
Princess Naprax-ine.
Two Little Wooden Shoes.
In a Winter City.
Ariadne.
Friendship.
Moths.
Ruffino.
Pipistrello.
A Village Commune
Bimbi.
Wanda.
Frescoes.
In Maremma.
Othmar.
Syrlin.
Guilderoy.

**By MARGARET A. PAUL.**

Gentle and Simple.

**By JAMES PAYN.**

Lost Sir Massingberd.
Less Black than We're Painted.
A Confidential Agent.
A Grape from a Thorn.
Some Private Views.
In Peril and Privation.
The Mystery of Mirbridge.
The Canon's Ward.
Walter's Word.
By Proxy.
High Spirits.
Under One Roof.
From Exile.
Glow-worm Tales.
Talk of the Town.
Holiday Tasks.
The Burnt Million.
Sunny Stories.

**By E. C. PRICE.**

Valentina.
Mrs. Lancaster's Rival.
The Foreigners.

**By CHARLES READE.**

It is Never Too Late to Mend.
The Double Marriage.
Love Me Little, Love Me Long.
The Cloister and the Hearth.
The Course of True Love.
The Autobiography of a Thief.
Put Yourself in his Place.
A Terrible Temptation.
Singleheart and Doubleface.
Good Stories of Men and other Animals.
Hard Cash.
Peg Woffington.
Christie Johnstone.
Griffith Gaunt.
Foul Play.
Wandering Heir.
A Woman-Hater.
A Simpleton.
Readiana.
The Jilt.

**By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.**

Her Mother's Darling.
Prince of Wales's Garden Party.
Weird Stories.

**By F. W. ROBINSON.**

Women are Strange.
The Hands of Justice.

**By W. CLARK RUSSELL.**

An Ocean Tragedy.

**By JOHN SAUNDERS.**

Guy Waterman.
Bound to the Wheel
The Lion in the Path.
Two Dreamers.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—*continued.*

**By KATHARINE SAUNDERS.**

Margaret and Elizabeth.
Gideon's Rock. | Heart Salvage.
The High Mills. | Sebastian.

**By HAWLEY SMART.**

Without Love or Licence.

**By R. A. STERNDALE.**

The Afghan Knife.

**By BERTHA THOMAS.**

Proud Maisie. | Cressida.
The Violin-player.

**By FRANCES E. TROLLOPE.**

Like Ships upon the Sea.
Anne Furness. | Mabel's Progress.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—*continued.*

**By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.**

Frau Frohmann. | Kept in the Dark.
Marion Fay. | Land-Leaguers.
The Way We Live Now.
Mr. Scarborough's Family.

**By IVAN TURGENIEFF, &c.**

Stories from Foreign Novelists.

**By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.**

Mistress Judith.

**By SARAH TYTLER.**

The Bride's Pass. | Lady Bell.
Noblesse Oblige. | Buried Diamonds.
What She Came Through.
The Blackhall Ghosts.

# CHEAP EDITIONS OF POPULAR NOVELS.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

**By ARTEMUS WARD.**

Artemus Ward Complete.

**By EDMOND ABOUT.**

The Fellah.

**By HAMILTON AIDE.**

Carr of Carrlyon. | Confidences.

**By Mrs. ALEXANDER.**

Maid, Wife, or Widow? | Valerie's Fate.

**By GRANT ALLEN.**

Strange Stories. | The Devil's Die.
Philistia. | This Mortal Coil.
Babylon. | In all Shades.
The Beckoning Hand.
For Maimie's Sake. | Tents of Shem.

**By ALAN ST. AUBYN.**

A Fellow of Trinity.

**By Rev. S. BARING GOULD.**

Red Spider. | Eve.

**By FRANK BARRETT.**

Fettered for Life.

**By SHELSLEY BEAUCHAMP.**

Grantley Grange.

**By W. BESANT & J. RICE.**

This Son of Vulcan. | By Celia's Arbour.
My Little Girl. | Monks of Thelema.
Case of Mr. Lucraft. | The Seamy Side.
Golden Butterfly. | Ten Years' Tenant.
Ready-Money Mortiboy.
With Harp and Crown.
'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.
The Chaplain of the Fleet.

**By WALTER BESANT.**

Dorothy Forster. | Uncle Jack.
Children of Gibeon. | Herr Paulus.
All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
The Captains' Room.
All in a Garden Fair.
The World Went Very Well Then.
For Faith and Freedom.

**By FREDERICK BOYLE.**

Camp Notes. | Savage Life.
Chronicles of No-man's Land.

**By BRET HARTE.**

Flip. | Californian Stories
Maruja. | Gabriel Conroy.
An Heiress of Red Dog.
The Luck of Roaring Camp.
A Phyllis of the Sierras.

**By HAROLD BRYDGES.**

Uncle Sam at Home.

**By ROBERT BUCHANAN.**

The Shadow of the Sword. | The Martyrdom of Madeline.
A Child of Nature. | Annan Water.
God and the Man. | The New Abelard.
Love Me for Ever. | Matt.
Foxglove Manor. | The Heir of Linne.
The Master of the Mine.

**By HALL CAINE.**

The Shadow of a Crime.
A Son of Hagar. | The Deemster.

**By Commander CAMERON.**

The Cruise of the "Black Prince."

**By Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON**

Deceivers Ever. | Juliet's Guardian

**By AUSTIN CLARE.**

For the Love of a Lass.

**By Mrs. ARCHER CLIVE.**

Paul Ferroll.
Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife.

**By MACLAREN COBBAN.**

The Cure of Souls.

**By C. ALLSTON COLLINS.**

The Bar Sinister.

**MORT. & FRANCES COLLINS**

Sweet Anne Page. | Transmigration.
From Midnight to Midnight.
A Fight with Fortune.
Sweet and Twenty. | Village Comedy.
Frances. | You Play me False.
Blacksmith and Scholar.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

**By WILKIE COLLINS.**

Armadale.
After Dark.
No Name.
Antonina. | Basil.
Hide and Seek.
The Dead Secret.
Queen of Hearts.
Miss or Mrs?
New Magdalen.
The Frozen Deep.
Law and the Lady.
The Two Destinies.
Haunted Hotel.
Legacy of Caln.
A Rogue's Life.
My Miscellanies.
Woman in White.
The Moonstone.
Man and Wife.
Poor Miss Finch.
The Fallen Leaves.
Jezebel's Daughter
The Black Robe.
Heart and Science.
"I Say No."
The Evil Genius.
Little Novels.

**By M. J. COLQUHOUN.**

Every Inch a Soldier.

**By DUTTON COOK.**

Leo. | Paul Foster's Daughter.

**By C. EGBERT CRADDOCK.**

Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains.

**By WILLIAM CYPLES.**

Hearts of Gold.

**By ALPHONSE DAUDET.**

The Evangelist; or, Port Salvation.

**By JAMES DE MILLE.**

A Castle in Spain.

**By J. LEITH DERWENT.**

Our Lady of Tears. | Circe's Lovers.

**By CHARLES DICKENS.**

Sketches by Boz.
Pickwick Papers.
Oliver Twist.
Nicholas Nickleby.

**By DICK DONOVAN.**

The Man-Hunter. | Caught at Last!
Tracked and Taken.
Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan?
The Man from Manchester.
A Detective's Triumphs.

**By CONAN DOYLE, &c.**

Strange Secrets.

**By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDES.**

A Point of Honour. | Archie Lovell.

**By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.**

Felicia. | Kitty.

**By EDWARD EGGLESTON.**

Roxy.

**By PERCY FITZGERALD.**

Bella Donna.
Never Forgotten.
Polly.
Fatal Zero.
The Second Mrs. Tillotson.
Seventy-five Brooke Street.
The Lady of Brantome.

**ALBANY DE FONBLANQUE.**

Filthy Lucre.

**By R. E. FRANCILLON.**

Olympia.
One by One.
A Real Queen.
Queen Cophetua.
King or Knave?
Romances of Law.

**By HAROLD FREDERICK.**

Seth's Brother's Wife.
The Lawton Girl.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

**By HAIN FRISWELL.**

One of Two.

**By EDWARD GARRETT.**

The Capel Girls.

**By CHARLES GIBBON.**

Robin Gray.
Fancy Free.
For Lack of Gold.
What will the World Say?
In Love and War.
For the King.
In Pastures Green.
Queen of Meadow.
A Heart's Problem.
The Dead Heart.
In Honour Bound.
Flower of Forest.
Braes of Yarrow.
The Golden Shaft.
Of High Degree.
Mead and Stream.
Loving a Dream.
A Hard Knot.
Heart's Delight.
Blood-Money.

**By WILLIAM GILBERT.**

Dr. Austin's Guests. | James Duke.
The Wizard of the Mountain.

**By HENRY GREVILLE.**

A Noble Woman.

**By JOHN HABBERTON.**

Brueton's Bayou. | Country Luck.

**By ANDREW HALLIDAY.**

Every-Day Papers.

**By Lady DUFFUS HARDY.**

Paul Wynter's Sacrifice.

**By THOMAS HARDY.**

Under the Greenwood Tree.

**By J. BERWICK HARWOOD.**

The Tenth Earl.

**By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.**

Garth.
Ellice Quentin.
Fortune's Fool.
Miss Cadogna.
Sebastian Strome.
Dust.
Beatrix Randolph.
Love—or a Name.
David Poindexter's Disappearance.
The Spectre of the Camera.

**By Sir ARTHUR HELPS.**

Ivan de Biron.

**By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY.**

The Lover's Creed.

**By Mrs. GEORGE HOOPER.**

The House of Raby.

**By TIGHE HOPKINS.**

'Twixt Love and Duty.

**By Mrs. ALFRED HUNT.**

Thornicroft's Model.
That Other Person.
Self Condemned.
Leaden Casket.

**By JEAN INGELOW.**

Fated to be Free.

**By HARRIETT JAY.**

The Dark Colleen.
The Queen of Connaught.

**By MARK KERSHAW.**

Colonial Facts and Fictions.

**By R. ASHE KING.**

A Drawn Game. | Passion's Slave.
"The Wearing of the Green."

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

**By HENRY KINGSLEY.**
Oakshott Castle.

**By JOHN LEYS.**
The Lindsays.

**By MARY LINSKILL.**
In Exchange for a Soul.

**By E. LYNN LINTON.**
Patricia Kemball. | Paston Carew.
World Well Lost. | "My Love!"
Under which Lord? | Ione.
The Atonement of Leam Dundas.
With a Silken Thread.
The Rebel of the Family.
Sowing the Wind.

**By HENRY W. LUCY.**
Gideon Fleyce.

**By JUSTIN McCARTHY.**
A Fair Saxon. | Donna Quixote.
Linley Rochford. | Maid of Athens.
Miss Misanthrope. | Camiola.
Dear Lady Disdain.
The Waterdale Neighbours.
My Enemy's Daughter.
The Comet of a Season.

**By AGNES MACDONELL.**
Quaker Cousins.

**KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.**
The Evil Eye. | Lost Rose.

**By W. H. MALLOCK.**
The New Republic.

**By FLORENCE MARRYAT.**
Open! Sesame! | Fighting the Air.
A Harvest of Wild Oats.
Written in Fire.

**By J. MASTERMAN**
Half-a-dozen Daughters.

**By BRANDER MATTHEWS.**
A Secret of the Sea.

**By JEAN MIDDLEMASS.**
Touch and Go. | Mr. Dorillion.

**By Mrs. MOLESWORTH.**
Hathercourt Rectory.

**By J. E. MUDDOCK.**
Stories Weird and Wonderful.
The Dead Man's Secret.

**By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.**
A Model Father. | Old Blazer's Hero.
Joseph's Coat. | Hearts.
Coals of Fire. | Way of the World.
Val Strange. | Cynic Fortune.
A Life's Atonement.
By the Gate of the Sea.
A Bit of Human Nature.
First Person Singular.

**By MURRAY and HERMAN.**
One Traveller Returns.
Paul Jones's Alias.

**By HENRY MURRAY.**
A Game of Bluff.

**By ALICE O'HANLON.**
The Unforeseen. | Chance? or Fate?

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

**By GEORGES OHNET.**
Doctor Rameau. | A Last Love.

**By Mrs. OLIPHANT.**
Whiteladies. | The Primrose Path.
The Greatest Heiress in England.

**By Mrs. ROBERT O'REILLY.**
Phœbe's Fortunes.

**By OUIDA.**
Held in Bondage. | Two Little Wooden Shoes.
Strathmore. | Ariadne.
Chandos. | Friendship.
Under Two Flags. | Moths.
Idalia. | Pipistrello.
Cecil Castlemaine's Gage. | A Village Commune.
Tricotrin. | Bimbi.
Puck. | Wanda.
Folle Farine. | Frescoes.
A Dog of Flanders. | In Maremma.
Pascarel. | Othmar.
Signa. | Guilderoy.
Princess Napraxine. | Ouida's Wisdom, Wit, and Pathos.
In a Winter City.

**MARGARET AGNES PAUL.**
Gentle and Simple.

**By JAMES PAYN.**
Bentinck's Tutor. | £200 Reward.
Murphy's Master. | Marine Residence.
A County Family. | Mirk Abbey.
At Her Mercy. | By Proxy.
Cecil's Tryst. | Under One Roof.
Clyffards of Clyffe. | High Spirits.
Foster Brothers. | Carlyon's Year.
Found Dead. | From Exile.
Best of Husbands. | For Cash Only.
Walter's Word. | Kit.
Halves. | The Canon's Ward
Fallen Fortunes. | Talk of the Town.
Humorous Stories. | Holiday Tasks.
Lost Sir Massingberd.
A Perfect Treasure.
A Woman's Vengeance.
The Family Scapegrace.
What He Cost Her.
Gwendoline's Harvest.
Like Father, Like Son.
Married Beneath Him.
Not Wooed, but Won.
Less Black than We're Painted.
A Confidential Agent.
Some Private Views.
A Grape from a Thorn.
Glow-worm Tales.
The Mystery of Mirbridge.

**By C. L. PIRKIS.**
Lady Lovelace.

**By EDGAR A. POE.**
The Mystery of Marie Roget.

**By E. C. PRICE.**
Valentina. | The Foreigners.
Mrs. Lancaster's Rival.
Gerald.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

**By CHARLES READE.**

It is Never Too Late to Mend.
Christie Johnstone.
Put Yourself in His Place.
The Double Marriage.
Love Me Little, Love Me Long.
The Cloister and the Hearth.
The Course of True Love.
Autobiography of a Thief.
A Terrible Temptation.
The Wandering Heir.
Singleheart and Doubleface.
Good Stories of Men and other Animals.
Hard Cash. | A Simpleton.
Peg Woffington. | Readiana.
Griffith Gaunt. | A Woman-Hater.
Foul Play. | The Jilt.

**By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.**

Weird Stories. | Fairy Water.
Her Mother's Darling.
Prince of Wales's Garden Party.
The Uninhabited House.
The Mystery in Palace Gardens.

**By F. W. ROBINSON.**

Women are Strange.
The Hands of Justice.

**By JAMES RUNCIMAN.**

Skippers and Shellbacks.
Grace Balmaign's Sweetheart.
Schools and Scholars.

**By W. CLARK RUSSELL.**

Round the Galley Fire.
On the Fo'k'sle Head.
In the Middle Watch.
A Voyage to the Cape.
A Book for the Hammock.
The Mystery of the "Ocean Star."
The Romance of Jenny Harlowe.
An Ocean Tragedy.

**GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.**

Gaslight and Daylight.

**By JOHN SAUNDERS.**

Guy Waterman. | Two Dreamers.
The Lion in the Path.

**By KATHARINE SAUNDERS.**

Joan Merryweather. | Heart Salvage.
The High Mills. | Sebastian.
Margaret and Elizabeth.

**By GEORGE R. SIMS.**

Rogues and Vagabonds.
The Ring o' Bells.
Mary Jane's Memoirs.
Mary Jane Married.
Tales of To-day. | Dramas of Life.
Tinkletop's Crime.

**By ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.**

A Match in the Dark.

**By T. W. SPEIGHT.**

The Mysteries of Heron Dyke.
The Golden Hoop. | By Devious Ways.
Hoodwinked, &c.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

**By R. A. STERNDALE.**

The Afghan Knife.

**By R. LOUIS STEVENSON.**

New Arabian Nights. | Prince Otto.

**BY BERTHA THOMAS.**

Cressida. | Proud Maisie.
The Violin-player.

**By WALTER THORNBURY.**

Tales for the Marines.
Old Stories Re-told.

**T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.**

Diamond Cut Diamond.

**By F. ELEANOR TROLLOPE.**

Like Ships upon the Sea.
Anne Furness. | Mabel's Progress.

**By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.**

Frau Frohmann. | Kept in the Dark.
Marion Fay. | John Caldigate.
The Way We Live Now.
The American Senator.
Mr. Scarborough's Family.
The Land-Leaguers.
The Golden Lion of Granpere.

**By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.**

Farnell's Folly.

**By IVAN TURGENIEFF, &c.**

Stories from Foreign Novelists.

**By MARK TWAIN.**

Tom Sawyer. | A Tramp Abroad.
The Stolen White Elephant.
A Pleasure Trip on the Continent.
Huckleberry Finn.
Life on the Mississippi.
The Prince and the Pauper.

**By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.**

Mistress Judith.

**By SARAH TYTLER.**

The Bride's Pass. | Noblesse Oblige.
Buried Diamonds. | Disappeared.
Saint Mungo's City. | Huguenot Family.
Lady Bell. | Blackhall Ghosts.
What She Came Through.
Beauty and the Beast.
Citoyenne Jaqueline.

**By J. S. WINTER.**

Cavalry Life. | Regimental Legends.

**By H. F. WOOD.**

The Passenger from Scotland Yard.
The Englishman of the Rue Cain.

**By Lady WOOD.**

Sabina.

**CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.**

Rachel Armstrong; or, Love & Theology

**By EDMUND YATES.**

The Forlorn Hope. | Land at Last.
Castaway.

OGDEN, SMALE AND CO, LIMITED, PRINTERS, GREAT SAFFRON HILL, E.C.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 056542720